THE STAINLESS BANNER

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

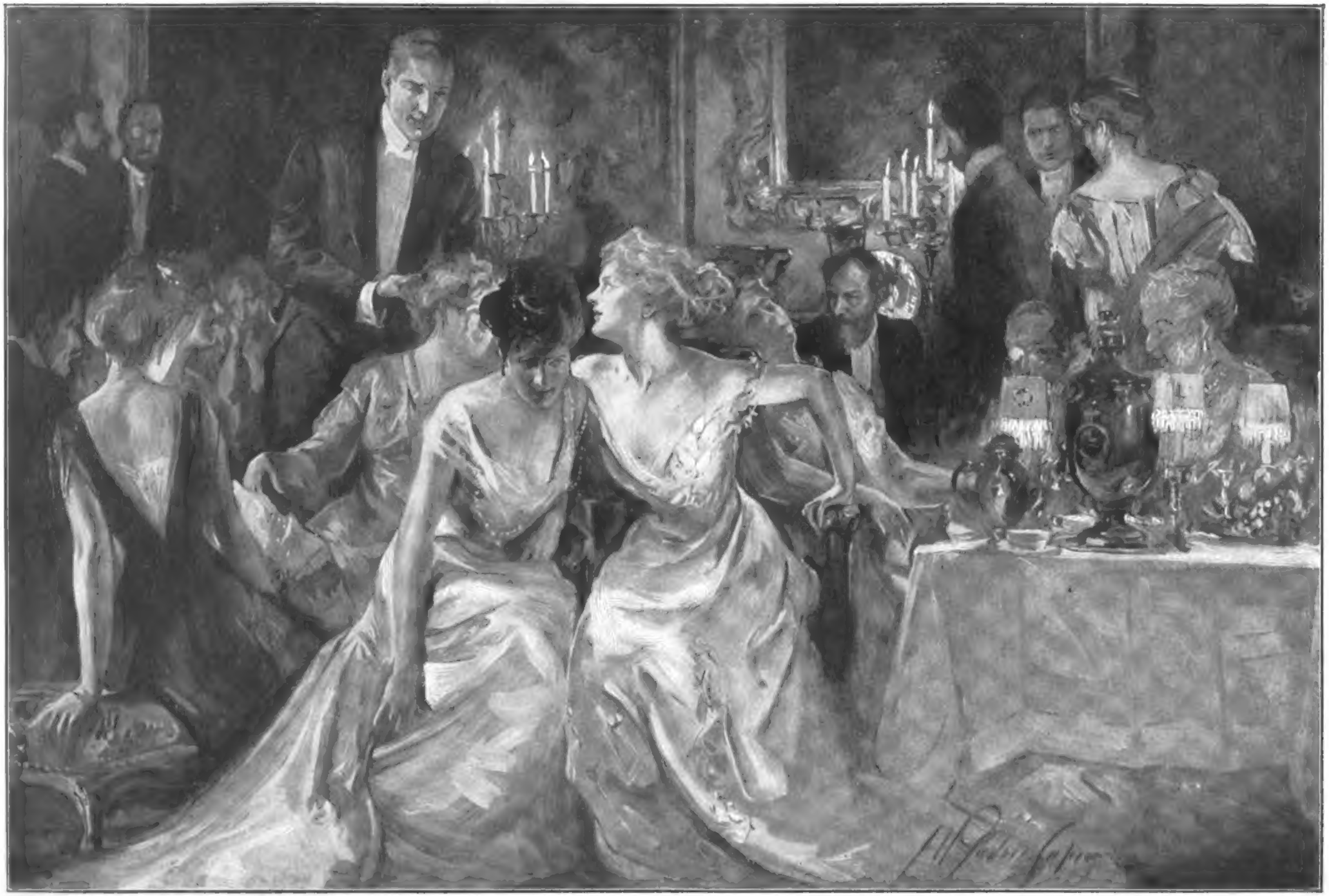
DOWN from the highlands and off the far islands,
Out of Armenia, Finland, and Spain,
Celt and Ionian, Semite, Slavonian—
Come to commingle their blood with our strain.
Why, when the Old World begs,
Why shall we take her dregs?
Why give them welcome to heart and to vein?

Spawn of the peasant—uncouth and unpleasant,
Son of the pauper and child of the thief;
Bred through the ages of dwellers in cages,
Starved of all but starvation and grief—
Why do they grope to us?
Do they bear hope to us?
What would they write us on history's leaf?

Here be a haven, but not for the craven.
Welcome each builder by brain or by hand.
Thus were the sires who lighted our fires—
God found them worthy and gave them the land.
Far will we fare with them,
All will we share with them,
But for our cause must they steadfastly stand.

Brothers, remember to nurture the ember,
Let not the glory of Lexington fade.
Sound on the clarion, honor to Marion
(He who fought starving in morass and glade),
Perry and Scott and Boone,
And what the Texas moon
Saw when the Alamo's score had been paid.

Theirs were the sorrows, and ours are the morrows;
Into our hands have they given in trust
Stainless the banners that heard their hosannas—
Flag which no heel ever ground in the dust.
They who would share its folds
Gladly must bear its folds,
This is the price they shall pay for their crust.



HIS LIPS FRAMED "GOOD-BY" AND HERS ANSWERED, BOTH SMILED BRIGHTLY—AND THAT WAS THE PARTING.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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TRAINING WITH THE "GIANTS"

By JAMES HOPPER

Author of "9009," "Caybigan," etc.

SOME time in February, when the earth is still heavily blanketed with snow and the trees stand leafless, as if cast in bronze, the professional baseball player, "wintering" in his home town, or upon his farm, receives a short and rather peremptory note from his "manager." A few days later he packs up his old uniform, still soiled with the preceding season's toil, his plated shoes, and his trusty glove (faced with a new piece of leather to last another year); he says good-by and steps aboard a train. He has been ordered to the Spring Practice.

Of this part of the proceedings Fred Tenney, first baseman of the New York "Giants" and a veteran of fourteen years, had this to say to me: "It's harder every year. My little daughters cling to me; they won't let me go. I'm teaching Myrtle to draw [Tenney paints and draws; it is his winter pastime], and she misses me. A spring will come," he said—and his keen old brown eyes took on a slight haze—"a spring will come when I won't be *able* to go!"

And young Herzog, "utility" man last year, "regular" this year, with all the promise of the future before him, said: "I hate to leave the farm when everything is just getting green. I hate to leave with things just growing. And the little girl—she's just six months old—she took my finger in her hand and held it. Some day I won't leave the farm in the spring."

And so, a bit sad for what he leaves behind, the baseball man gets on his train. He rides south. Gradually the snow diminishes, vanishes; he comes into a land where the trees are burgeoning, and finally, as he steps off at a small station, feels against his cheek the warm breath of the Gulf.

In the lobby of the hotel, a little man confronts him, a square-built little man who stands with feet apart on a firm base and whose deep-set brown eyes have a peculiar quality of unerring vision. "Hello, Mac!" the baseball man cries joyfully.

The little man is standing before him, alert, his eyes searching him swiftly from toe to head. "Well, old boy," he says at length—and there is sincerity and a subtle exhorting quality in his inflections—"well, old boy, how has it been? Glad to see you. Going to have lots of smoke this year?"

"Lots of smoke, lots of smoke," answers

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the newcomer briskly. And they look into each other's eyes and smile the smile of companion knights meeting again.

"We get out at eight-thirty every morning," says "Mac."

"I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot," answers the new arrival. For this little man he has called "Mac" is John McGraw, redoubtable warrior of the diamond and manager of the New York National Baseball Club.

And then the new man is surrounded by his old team mates. Hands are shaken, resounding slaps given and taken, swift, scrutinizing glances pass, followed by congratulations. "You look like a two-year-old!" "Feel like one, by Jove!" The baseball man's face flushes a bit, his eyes glow; he feels the muscle of his right arm. The Game has seized him again.

PITCHER WEIMAR AT THE END OF HIS DELIVERY.

The spring training of a professional baseball nine does not start in with the rush and fearful concentration of a football "season." There are many reasons for this. The conditioning of a football team means to put bodies in shape for one or two big games—each a terrific outburst of energy without thought of the morrow. But in the case of the professional baseball nine the problem is to condition the men for a season lasting many months, a season in which they will play more than one hundred and fifty games, and which—a race from the beginning—is apt to rise in a crescendo of excitement and effort, to a fearful strain. Another reason is that, whereas the conditioning of the body of a football man means hardening it to the point of standing tremendous effort and tremendous knocks, the body of the baseball man, while acquiring endurance, must preserve its subtle nicety. It must be like the movement of a fine watch—unerringly accurate, sensitive, supple, and well-oiled. It must be an instrument of precision.

"PLAYING CATCH": SNODGRASS, WALLER, DICK SCHELL (A FAN), AND BRESNAHAN.

For these reasons the spring training of the New York "Giants" starts without rush or blare. It begins with the arrival of John McGraw at the hotel of Marlin, a sleepy little Texas town with valuable but little exploited hot springs. He is there by the middle of February to receive his new recruits, who avalanche upon him during the next few days. He spends an entire two weeks with them alone, the regulars of the nine not reporting until later.

There is a lack of strenuousness about this part of the work which surprises at first and then becomes very pleasing. The land, in the first place, is a mild and soft one.

MURRAY BATTING A "FLY."

BRIDWELL PRACTISING THE "FALLAWAY" SLIDE.

From the Gulf comes a warm breath that relaxes the muscles cramped by winter. The trees are in bud; here and there a wild plum flowers in a shimmer of white; and all about, leisurely, the farmers are turning up the black loam to the blue sky. The ball "park" is about a mile and a half out of town. The men walk out to it in the caressing morning sunlight, "joshing" each other amicably, taking great draughts of the pure air, stopping at the negro cabins to tease some mammy or snapshot her pickaninny.

Arrived at the park, they pair off and toss the ball to each other two by two, gently—for all the world like little boys playing catch. Then they'll stand in a circle and pass around a medicine ball—an exercise that strengthens the trunk muscles. Then for a while, perhaps, they take turns at the plate, batting slow balls thrown to them by McGraw, trying merely, under his careful tuition, to stand up to the ball and meet it fairly and squarely. Between times there is much pure lolling upon the bench, basking in the sunshine. At intervals McGraw says suddenly: "Come on—around the park," and, leading, trots the whole squad, sighing, puffing a bit, along the fence for a complete circling of the grounds.

A BIT OF FAST WORK—"EATING UP" A GROUNDER AT SECOND BASE.

At eleven o'clock they walk back to the hotel for the hot bath and the rub-down which keeps them supple. They have lunch, and by two o'clock are again in their suits and on the way to the grounds. The afternoon passes much as the morning did. They bat a little, toss the ball, run, loll, toy with the medicine ball; then comes the walk back, the bath, dinner, a bit of lounging—and bed with dreamless sleep.

TENNEY ROUNDING THIRD BASE.

The work increases during the second week—but not very much. They stand up at the plate till they make a hit, and then run clear around the bases. The canters about the park are more frequent, and at noon, with McGraw in the lead, they are likely to trot all the way back to the hotel. When they "play catch," the ball travels a bit faster from glove to glove. Also they will line up in their regular positions and send the ball traveling from base to base, but still with gingerliness.

That is about all for the first two weeks—and yet by the end of those first two weeks John McGraw has unerringly appraised the worth of his new men. Some One (with a capital O) he has perhaps decided to be worthy of a place on the nine; two or three others, perhaps, he has concluded to keep as utility men; another, perhaps, he

"BIG CHIEF" MEYERS TAKING A LITTLE RECREATION.

FRED TENNEY GETS HIS ARM RUBBED.

keeps purely on the promise of future excellence under right tuition. Of the remainder (the greater number) he has decided to drop back some to a minor league club for further experience; while still others he has mentally dismissed, as impossibilities, forever.

By the first of March, the older men—that is, the regulars of the preceding year—begin to arrive.

RETURNING TO THE HOTEL AFTER A PRACTISE GAME AT DALLAS, TEXAS.

They drop in by twos and threes on every train—Tenney, peerless first baseman, beginning his fifteenth year of campaigning; Larry Doyle, "Happy" Larry with the smiling face and the laughing eyes, prodigal of his youth; Bridwell, the artist, insatiably working for that perfection in the chosen craft which spells beauty; Devlin, feline of feet, hawk-like of eye; Mathewson, prince of pitchers, glorious in the unconscious insolence of his youth and mastery; Wiltse, with the lean features of a medieval ascetic and the delicate fingers of a Paderewski; Crandall, blue-eyed, fair-cheeked, and timid as a girl; "Cy" Seymour—"old Cy"—hot-headed,

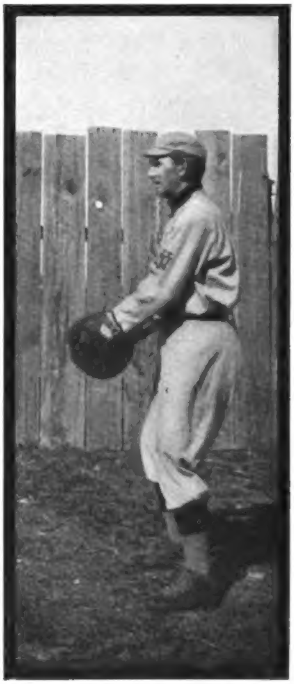
ON THE BENCH DURING A PRACTISE GAME.

WAITING FOR THEIR TURN AT BUNTING PRACTISE.

careless, impetuous, with a sizzling vocabulary—a man of that old type of professional baseball player, which is now fast dying out.

KUEPPER,
A "SOUTH-PAW."

"BATTERY DAN" FINN,
A "FAN."



BRESNAHAN,
A "COLT" CATCHER.

They arrive, smooth-faced, rosy-cheeked, sleek, and comfortable, looking ten years younger than when I saw them six months before on their last circuit. Then, going from city to city in the torrid heat, they were fighting for game after game, point after point, in the last desperate spurt for the "pennant"—which they were to lose heartbreakingly by one game decided on an unethical technicality.

Like the "colts," they start in gingerly—even more gingerly, in fact, for they are very wise. They toss the white ball gently in the sunshine, they take little slow trots around the field, they "bunt" a little. There is, again, a good deal of lolling on the bench, with reminiscences of the "wintering." Tenney has passed his winter near Boston, playing with his little daughters and teaching them to draw; he is a great "family man." Bridwell is a Nimrod. When you ask him how the hunting has been, he raises before you two fingers eloquent of regret; they mean that "Brid" missed two days' hunting during the "wintering" (they all speak of the winter, these baseball men, as might bears or 'possums). By the way, I'd give a nickel to know young Mrs. Bridwell. Young Mr. Bridwell does not drink, does not smoke, does not chew, and says "Pshaw" or "Dosh Gorn it" if he boots a grounder—which is mighty seldom. Now, all this true elegance in living, this repression, may be due to the fact that to Bridwell baseball is an art, and that for excellence in that art he is determined to sacrifice cheaper things. But this does not explain the fact that, while training or on the circuit, young Mr. Bridwell mails every day a long letter to young Mrs. Bridwell; and that every day young Mr. Bridwell receives a fatly stuffed envelope from young Mrs. Bridwell. On that subject one cannot get much from him; he has the reserve of the true lover. I'd give two nickels to know Mrs. Bridwell.

"Cy" Seymour has been in New York taking snow contracts (must be a bit of a politician, eh?). Mathewson has been playing checkers blindfold, or with his hands tied, or against fifty opponents independently and at once, and he has been working at life insurance. "Thought I'd better prepare a new career since I am no longer sure of my arm," he says seriously. This heartrending remark is due to the fact that, in the last game of last season, after bearing the brunt of the Giants' fight for the pennant (there was on the nine only one other pitcher in condition), after pitching a phenomenal number of games, and winning a still more wonderful percentage of them, "Matty" was hit, in one minute of one inning of that last game, three times in succession—which lost the game and the pennant. Lest you idealize Mathewson too much, I will add hastily that this peerless young man is as severe upon others as he is upon himself. Herzog has been working his Maryland farm, and has become the father of a baby daughter—get him in a quiet, very quiet corner, and he'll talk an hour about the wonders of that little daughter. And Larry Doyle, happy, smiling Larry of the soft brown eyes, has been acting the villain in a traveling melodrama. Corner him, and after much persuasion he will show you how he would say, with knit eyebrows and sawing teeth: "Give mah those papers, or I'llll *kkkilll* yuh!"

It is a pleasant scene. On all sides, over the low fence, the land spreads swellingly to the horizon; the sun is clear, the wind is soft, the sky is miraculously blue. A lark perches on the fence, trills a few crystalline notes, and whirs off again. A horse neighs in a clump of trees. The men upon the bench stretch and take long breaths. Upon the diamond the "colts," now sure of muscle and sinew, are performing with the ardor of youth. The ball flies from hand to hand, vibrant as a white swallow; bats crack, grounders whir, rapid feet drum on the sward. "Oh, you Mattie!" the men on the bench cry to Mathewson, who, warming up with his catcher and feeling good, has let out a link and sent a "smoker" right by their noses.

Day by day, now, a little is added to the work. A good deal of time is given to "bunting." This is the art of tapping the ball so that it will lie down in a spot in the infield so well chosen that before any of the infielders can get to it, the galloping batter has touched first base. It is a delicate art and indispensable in the modern game.

I watched McGraw keep them at it for hours. Grouped, chaffing, about the plate, they came forward in rotation. Each in turn stepped to the plate, faced the pitcher with concentrated attention, waited for a "good one," tapped it delicately, and ran like blazes—more than half of the time to see the ball, passing like a white streak before his speeding nose, settle with a thump in the first baseman's glove ahead of him. Remember that the ball is round, that the bat is round, that the ball comes from the pitcher as if shot from a cannon—for speed; as if on an invisible track of a Coney Island scenic railway—for direction. Remember also that with the progress in bunting (as in the old fight between cannon and armor) there has developed in the infielders a diabolic ingenuity at fielding bunts. It is an inspiring sight, for instance, to see Devlin, third baseman of the Giants, spring forward and snatch up ferociously a ball laid down some twenty feet ahead of him, whisk it off the ground with one hand while at full speed, and in the same movement send it in one swift, sizzling straight line to first base.

This work is good for the eye, for the legs, for the lungs of the batter, but it is the pitchers, those aristocrats of the diamond, who get the brunt of the toil. During bunting practise, McGraw puts all his pitchers to fielding.

Once I asked Mathewson why, generally, pitchers cannot bat well. "Because a pitcher is not a ball player," answered this unerring young man swiftly. This is largely true, even though epigrammatic. Pitching is an art as subtle as fencing. The pitcher is a specialist. Above all he is a pitcher. He may be, in addition, a ball player, but he may not be. If he is not, he *has* to be made into one—for pitchers do not grow on every tree.

Hence the toil of the pitchers during bunting practise. McGraw puts them in turn in the box and makes them field. If the bunt comes anywhere within the territory—a wide one—of the pitcher, he is supposed to pounce upon it and heave it ferociously and unerringly to the first base. If the bunt goes toward third, shortstop, or second, he must run like lightning to back up the first baseman. If the bunt goes toward the first baseman, he must run to cover the bag and receive the ball. All this is complicated by putting runners on bases; each time the thing to do is different, but each time it means a lightning pounce and a sharp run. Result—some ten sweating, puffing, sighing

Paderewskis of the diamond, and huge joy among the other men, who always love to see a pitcher work.

Alternating with this are long sessions of "sliding." At one time the slide was on the principle of getting there—to the coveted base—quick; the runner slid head first, like a football man tackling, and arrived in the center of a huge tornado of dust that admitted of no possible delusion as to his whereabouts. Now—and this is a McGraw invention; he calls it the "fall-away" slide—the plan is to arrive not only fast, but also as invulnerably as possible. The runner slides feet first and well behind the bag. His right leg is straight ahead, as a brake, and his left leg, extended at right angles to the body, just touches the bag with the tip of the toe. The whole body is away from the tagger; he must touch the toe to tag the man out. For hours I watched McGraw line up his men and send them in turn at the bag to practise the "fall-away" slide. It was much like the falling on the ball of a football squad, and the result to the muscle much the same, I should judge from the rueful countenance of each man as he rose.

Then the men would spread out over the diamond in their regular positions while some one batted to them. Long, high "flies" rose from the bat, up into the blue dome, hovered, fell, and lit into the cunning hands of the fielder, sprinting and circling beneath it—its very shadow. Sizzling "liners" cut the blue and disappeared into waiting mitts. "Grounders" buzzed along the earth like shells, to be intercepted by some lithe baseman, and refracted (that is the only word which describes the beautiful smoothness of it) in a white streak to first base. After each play the ball was thrown from base to base in all the different combinations necessary to all the imaginary situations; from second to first it went, from first to third, from third home, from home to second, swiftly, in sizzling streaks, drawing pure white lines against the deep blue of the sky.

The observer's enjoyment of all this would be perhaps more restful if the proceedings were more methodic. But as I have said before, the work is in large part individual, and many things can be going on at once. For instance, there may be one complete nine spread out, receiving flies from one batsman, grounders from another; on one side a man may be practising bunting "by his lonely." A little farther off two or three pitchers may be warming up, shooting cannon-balls into thumping mitts. Along the bench three or four couples will be "tossing" to each other. By their sides a few young enthusiasts will be "sliding." And behind the two regular batters another young man will be smashing out flies to an independent outfield. Twenty, thirty balls will be flying at once. And yet so unerring is the precision of these picked baseball players that an accident is very rare. The observer can wander about the field; around him bats are cracking, balls are whizzing; passing "liners" warm his nose, toy with his hair; lightning throws scrape his hat; he is never hit.

Every once in a while, if the work lags a bit, some ruffian, like Mathewson, who believes in plenty of training, shouts, "Come on—around the park," and, dropping bats, rising from the benches, the whole bunch trots behind him, with hanging tongues, in a long circling of the grounds. There is also plenty of individual advice. "Come, Bugs," says McGraw to "Bugs" Raymond; "just around that park twice. Keep along the fence—the going is better (also longer). You've got fine action, Bugs; do it again. That's right; you'll get an ice-cream soda to-night!"

For the full appreciation of this remark a paragraph of explanation is needed. It will also give an idea of McGraw's method of handling men.

"Bugs" Raymond belongs to the old type of professional baseball player. He is a big child, thoughtless, improvident, a wonder of efficiency at his craft, but totally irresponsible outside of it. He has been pitching for several years on "tail-ender" clubs—indifferently, in spite of natural gifts, because always out of condition. This year McGraw "bought" him. He bought him because of his capacities, and because he thinks he can "handle" him. And he is doing so. Thuswise:

He does not let him have any money. "Bugs" is married, and his wife is an invalid. The contract between McGraw and "Bugs" provides that the latter's salary each month shall go *in toto* to Mrs. Raymond. And Mrs. Raymond is under contract not to let "Bugs" have any of it. Result, a perpetually penniless "Bugs" living an enforced simple life. Once in a great while, at intervals judiciously selected, McGraw lets him have a dime—for an ice-cream soda. Also he buys him clothes—if very much needed. This method worked like a charm while I watched during the spring training. For the first time in his life "Bugs" found himself living a thoroughly hygienic life, colored by semi-hourly trots around the park, and by the time I left he was liking it. His body, at first puffy, had gradually regained the lithe lines of the athlete, his eyes were clear and bright, his features sharp cut; he had reacquired a professional pride in the mastery of his craft. "Bugs" Raymond will do some pitching this year.

And John McGraw, manager of the New York National Baseball Club, will grin pleasantly at those who thought him mad when he bought the erratic pitcher; and I don't know but that in some place where acts are appraised, there stands a little mark to the credit of John McGraw.

The work keeps on increasing, gradually. The afternoons now are given to practise games—little games of four or five innings played moderately at first, but lengthening day by day and gaining in seriousness till finally the whole nine innings are played almost at top speed. In these games the "colts" are pitted against the "regulars." The youngsters by this time have gained a strong team spirit of their own; also a very good opinion of their ability; they go in to beat the regulars. As they are in the better condition they succeed at first. And, succeeding, they become quite "cocky."

The regulars take these preliminary beatings good-naturedly, inwardly chuckling. Taught by long experience the necessity for very slow conditioning, they refuse to be hurried. The pitchers "lob" the ball over the plate; the basemen throw gingerly; the batters do not strain to make the first bag; they content themselves with "pulling off" some wise old trick which suddenly leaves the youngsters up in the air with open mouths. The colts lead by one run, by two runs, by three; they get "chesty" and gibe their superiors, who fusillade them with heavy repartee. Above, a circling hawk peers down astonished at the singular scene.

The colts win the first day, the second; they win for a week. And then, suddenly, one day they are nosed out in the last inning. The regulars beat them again next day; slaughter them the next; the colts never win again. They don't know just why. They are playing just as hard—harder, in fact; they can run just as fast, shout as lustily—and yet they cannot win a game. They are in the grip of superior wisdom, of subtle craft; they are the victims of superior "inside baseball."

For that is what these games are for—the development of "inside" baseball, of team work. The regulars are regaining and perfecting their team work—the colts are just learning its importance. For instance, Tenney at first base, with a colt who has just reached the bag on a hit prancing venturesomely about him, suddenly shouts in the midst of a running stream of like exclamations: "*That's* the way, George old boy!" And at the word "George" the ball whizzes from the catcher into Tenney's waiting mitt, and the colt is tagged out. There is an understanding between Tenney and Schlei, the catcher, that, at the mention of the latter's first name, he shall throw to first.

Again, a runner is at second. The pitcher is standing in his box, ball in hand, his back to the runner who is playing off his bag, his eye on the catcher. The catcher carelessly slaps his right leg; instantly the pitcher whirls and in the same movement hurls the ball toward second. At the same signal the shortstop or the second baseman has made a leap toward the bag; he gets there just in time to receive the throw and just ahead of the runner who—too late—has seen his danger.

Or, say, the regulars are batting. Bridwell has just made a hit, and is on first base. Larry Doyle is at the bat. He has two balls and no strikes; he knows that in all probability the next ball thrown to him by the pitcher will be a good one. As if out of anxiety or nervousness, he stoops down and picks up a handful of sand and rubs his bat with it. That is a signal to Bridwell; as the pitcher begins to "wind up" for his delivery, Bridwell starts at full speed for second base. And as the ball reaches Doyle, he hits it. If he makes a safe hit, so much the better; Bridwell with his start makes third on it instead of second, or home instead of the third he would have made if he had waited for the hit. But even if the hit is not a safe one, Bridwell, with his lead, is sure to make second. Added to that is the possibility of an "error" made by an infielder unnerved by Bridwell's lead.

I am giving you only a few of the rougher and most obvious plays of this kind. There is a bewildering assortment of them, and some are wonderfully subtle. In a game, the signaling of which I have given an idea is going on ceaselessly in shout and gesture —in "Give-it-to-them-George's," "Soak-it-old-boy's," "That's-the-way-we-do-it-little-man's"; in rubbing of bats, tilting of caps, or imperceptible finger movements (the deaf and dumb alphabet learned by all the Giants when they had a deaf pitcher is a convenient medium).

This is "inside" baseball. To inside baseball also belongs that class of maneuvers of which the covering of bases by the pitcher is the roughest example. For every combination of circumstances that can happen with the opponents batting or on bases, each man on the nine has a certain task—a certain thing to do, or a certain position to take. Often this task consists merely in getting behind another man to cover him and cut down the results of a possible misplay. Sometimes the thing done will prove useless a hundred times running—and will check a disaster the hundred and first time. At any rate, it must always be done, inexorably. The doing of each task, each time, by each man, may mean the "pulling out" of very close games. Some points are so subtle that a rigid obedience to them may mean the tipping of the balance in one game in a hundred and fifty. That one game, however, whenever it has been won, may mean, at the end of the season, the pennant! For the pennant is usually won by a single game.

During the practise games McGraw umpires, standing behind the pitcher with eyes keen to subtleties. "A little farther toward third," he'll murmur to the colt shortstop; "a little more, a little more; there!" Bing! The batter hits the ball, and the resulting grounder comes right for the colt's hands. "How did you know it?" asks the colt later.

"Didn't you notice how the batter was standing?" cross-questions McGraw, who uses the Socratic method. "He stands with his left foot out a bit. This means what? That he 'pulls' on the ball, that his bat does not meet the ball absolutely at right angles, but slanting a bit to the left. That, my boy, means that most of his hits go across the left half of the diamond. The whole infield should shift a bit to the left when he bats—especially when the pitcher is giving him slow balls—which he was, if only you kept your eyes open!" The example I have given is a gross one. Some of McGraw's work of that kind is sheer wizardry.

And so, with this daily routine—bunting, batting, sliding, fielding in the morning; games in the afternoon; long runs to and from the park; bathing and massaging—the whole squad gradually gets into condition and becomes instinctively alert to all the inside mysteries of the game. It is an interesting thing to watch the older men conditioning —sagely, with infinite care; with their ears, so to speak, held close to the inward voice of every muscle, of every nerve. For to these men the spring practise is a serious, sometimes a poignant thing. Each spring may be the one that will herald the subtle "going back" which has to come some time, and comes early to men working at top speed at the very height of their profession. And it is a joy, when one has begun to be haunted by the fear, to find oneself still good.

Leon Ames, the pitcher, last year seemed "all in." He was in poor health, had lost control, and was ineffective. This spring he found himself again. It was pleasant to watch him doing it; to watch him—hardly able to believe his good fortune—slowly finding again in himself the old suppleness, the speed, the craft, the unerring accuracy of eye and arm.

By the end of March our men leave Marlin and take headquarters at Dallas, where they can get games with the nines of the minor State League. These games continue to put their bodies in condition, but are especially valuable in perfecting them in their secret "inside" work. On one of the last days of the month bats are packed in their leather cases, suits in grips, and the squad is divided into two separate teams (the regulars and the colts), which, by different routes, gradually barn-storm their way to New York. From town to town they travel, playing each day a game with some local nine, meeting thus each day new pitchers, new conditions, and polishing to a perfect mechanism the intricacies of their team play.

And then comes opening day, when the two teams have again coalesced. On a clear spring afternoon—the tenth of April, say—the men of the New York National Baseball Club of the season of 1909 find themselves gathered in the clubhouse of the Polo Grounds, putting on their brand-new uniforms for the first game of the long pennant race. Calmly, slowly, with nonchalance, if they are veterans; nervously, if youngsters making their first appearance in big company, they put on the long, heavy woolen stockings; the elastic braces; the cleated shoes; the wide knickerbockers; the tight-fitting jersey; the ample shirt; the warm sweater; the visored cap. Like distant thunder there comes to them within the closed room the roar of the thirty thousand "fans" filling the stands—the fans, mad with the spring after their long winter deprivation; and with the sustained roar mingles at intervals the brassy crash of a band. It meets them, the band, at the door, and escorts them across the field. In one line, elbow to elbow, with dangling gloves, their knees unconsciously rising high to some martial tune, they march across the diamond to the joyful hail of the multitudes.

The opposing team is already there, filling its bench. Our men take their twenty minutes' "warming up" practise beneath the eye of the critical stands and bleachers, prancing a bit in spite of themselves to the rhythm of that persistent band. A bell rings; a shout goes up to heaven; the game begins.

The visiting team is already spread out over the diamond; our men are on their bench. Tenney carefully selects a bat from the row neatly lined on the ground and steps to the plate.

A hush falls over the grounds. The pitcher, gleaming ball in hand, stands in his box, eyeing Tenney with a sort of tense scrutiny, searching him for his flaw. Tenney answers the look with one of calm determination. He stands there easily at the plate, his feet a bit apart, his bat firm in hand, his head a little to one side as if listening intently——

And right here is the explanation of all the spring training. This game now beginning is the first of a long series; and yet at the end of the season, with the pennant lost or won, it may prove to have been the deciding one. This first game counts as much as the last one, to be played months hence.

And the first inning of this first game may be the deciding one. It is as significant as the last inning of the last game, now months off, at the end of the long, nerve-racking race.

And what Tenney does right now during his first time at the bat may decide this inning. What he does with the *first ball* thrown him may decide this inning, and the game, and the pennant race.

So it is that Tenney, as he stands at the plate, tensely waiting for that first ball, must be fit to the extreme of his power; must be that beautiful thing, an athlete in perfect condition, unerring of eye, keen of brain, supple of muscle.

Don't worry. He is.

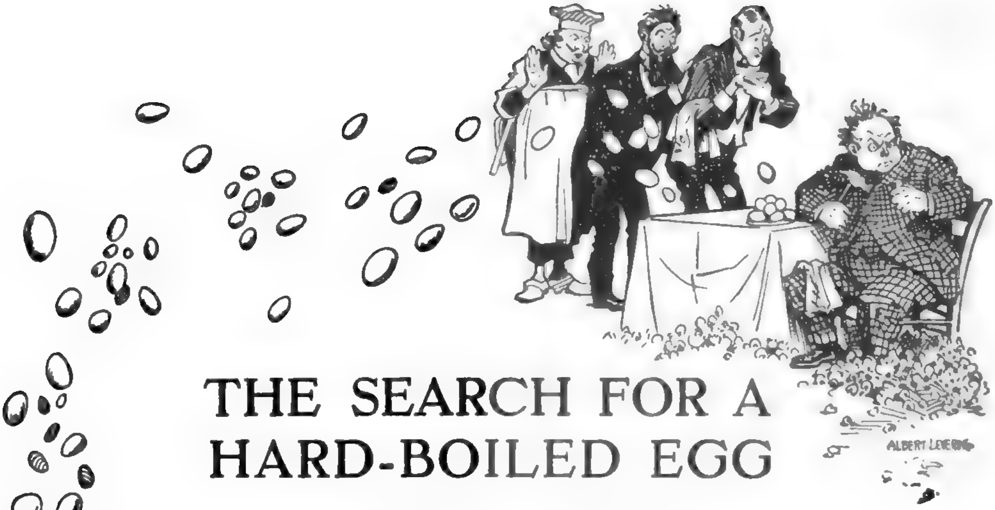
A HARBINGER OF SPRING

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

HE is so old, so threadbare, and his coat
Gapes, feebly pinned around the gaunt, gray throat,
While bleak as gusty March, shuffling and bowed,
He cries his pussy willows through the crowd.

Poor little scions from the countryside
His aching fingers must have plucked and tied,
Yet prophets of new hope, while in his eyes
The only hope is—just that some one buys.

Sweet prophets they of sun, and birth, and song
That, in his heart, have all been dead so long!
A wintry wreck—an age-worn, weary thing
Bearing the very signs of Youth and Spring!



THE SEARCH FOR A HARD-BOILED EGG

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Illustrations by Albert Levering

"BOIL the egg six minutes."

"Six minutes."

"Six minutes!"

"S-i-x m-i-n-u-t-e-s?"

"The same."

The waiter was pop-eyed by this time. He waved his hands feebly in the air, wabbled his head, and moaned in many languages.

"But," he protested, "it will hard be—the egg."

"Sure; that's the way I want it—or them, rather—hard; you know—hard."

"It — will — hard — be," and his voice trailed off into inarticulate woe.

"All right, let it come hard—or them. Look here, my dear sir, I want two eggs—or three—and I want them hard. Now get under motion. Scat!"

"It—will—hard—be," he wept, moving sidewise toward the kitchen. "It—will——"

"I know it will. I know it. If those eggs are relatives of yours and you don't want to boil them soft, I'll take something else; but if they are just ordinary eggs, comparative strangers to your family circle, I want them hard, and that goes two ways—hard boiled and hard want—do you get that?"

He didn't. He stood by the door for a space and looked at me with reproachful eyes. Presently the head waiter came. "You ordered eggs, yes?" he inquired, with a finely modulated inflection at the end, as if he were playing it on a flute.

"I ordered hard-boiled eggs," I answered, with much firmness.

"Hard-boiled eggs, yes?"

This time the "yes" had scorn, contempt, pity, pathos, and contumely in it.

"Yes."

I tried to do some vocal gymnastics with *my* "yes," but it was a flat failure. It sounded weak, and it was. I felt ashamed of it.

"Six minutes?" he continued, patronizingly.

"Yes."

This time I got a little bass into it, a fairly good growl effect.

"But they will hard be, yes?"

"Ordinarily," I explained with chilly sarcasm, "in consonance with the immutable laws of Nature, hard-boiled eggs are hard. Of course, I can foresee, from this conversation, that my hard-boiled eggs will be soft, but usually, except in Europe, where the sole expression of the egg seems to be the omelet, hard-boiled eggs are reasonably hard—indurated, you understand, not to say granitic. Please!"

He stood and smiled at me, a kindly, encouraging smile, with a dash of pleasant condescension in it, the sort of smile a father bestows on his little boy who is trying to take off his shoes without unlacing them.

"Hard-boiled eggs," he repeated softly to himself, "hard-boiled eggs. They is no such thing. You mean an omelet mit truffles."

"Certainly," I replied, "I mean an omelet with truffles, or with the latest hipless effect, or, mayhap, with the pip; and, it is quite likely, I mean pickled pigs' feet or a George Washington pie. But, as a matter of fact, I mean eggs that have been boiled six minutes."

"No, no," he whispered, "try some marmalade. We have that."

I was perfectly calm. Long weeks of dickering with European waiters had chastened me. I arose and directed: "The manager, bring the manager. Please!"

The waiter had spread the news. Here was a person who desired some extraordinary eggs, most extraordinary eggs, hard, he said—as if the outside of an egg was not hard enough! But the inside—ah, that was it—or was it? Could it be the inside? Impossible!

The manager: "What does the gentlemans desire?"

"Two plain, hard-boiled eggs of commerce. Two—count 'em—two," holding up two fingers and making a rapid oval with another finger.

"Certainly; certainly, gentlemans. It shall be done."

They brought me a pair of chubby little sausages and an anemic omelet.

You see, it is this way: No person has a license to eat hard-boiled eggs, except in the United States. You can get them in England if you take a chair and beat the idea into the reduced nobleman who hates to serve you, but does. In Paris you might as well ask for a small slice of the Eiffel Tower, broiled and garnished with one of Napoleon's battle flags. And outside of Paris, anywhere on Le Gran Circular Kilometrique (Cook's, you know, and spelled Thomas-Cooky), you get an omelet. Custom over there has decreed that eggs shall be eaten soft-boiled—when they are eaten boiled at all—warmed into a consistency that makes it advisable to take them with a sponge or with a straw; and no self-respecting European waiter will order them boiled hard for you, because he cannot comprehend the barbarous appetite that demands them, any more than he can comprehend a baked potato. Ever try to get a baked potato in France or Germany or Austria or Switzerland? That is a project of high emprise, worthy of the endeavors of any man.

Wherefore, coincident with Le Gran Circular Kilometrique began the search for a hard-boiled egg, leading variously through many countries, and finishing, ingloriously, in Switzerland. So far as Europe is concerned, there is no such thing.

Anybody could see that the little fat lady was in a hurry. The Nord Express was waiting outside, and they had told her she must get to the station early in order to have her trunk weighed. She had a trunk, a modest yellow trunk, one of those fiber affairs they sell you with the tale that it is so light you will save a lot of money in baggage charges. But the porter who brought it made as much fuss over it as if it had been full of bricks.

That was acting, and the fat little lady paid no attention to it.

"Put it there," she ordered, pointing to the scale, where an amiable brigand was waiting, flanked by a boy with the labels and a paste pot, and surrounded by admiring constituents who expressed great astonishment at the expert way he read the figures on the indicator.

The little fat lady was in a hurry, but she did not intend to be cheated, so she stepped close to the amiable brigand and peered at the scale. The amiable brigand weighed her in with the trunk, and gave her the slip, indicating, with a fine, expressive wave of his hand, the window to which she was to take it. The boy pasted the green label on, another porter seized the trunk and took it away, and the little fat lady pushed her slip through the window, where a distinguished old man peered at it for a minute and wrote on it "Sixty-six francs."

"What?" gasped the fat little lady.

"Sixty-six francs, madame."

She wrinkled her forehead into many corrugations and figured it out.

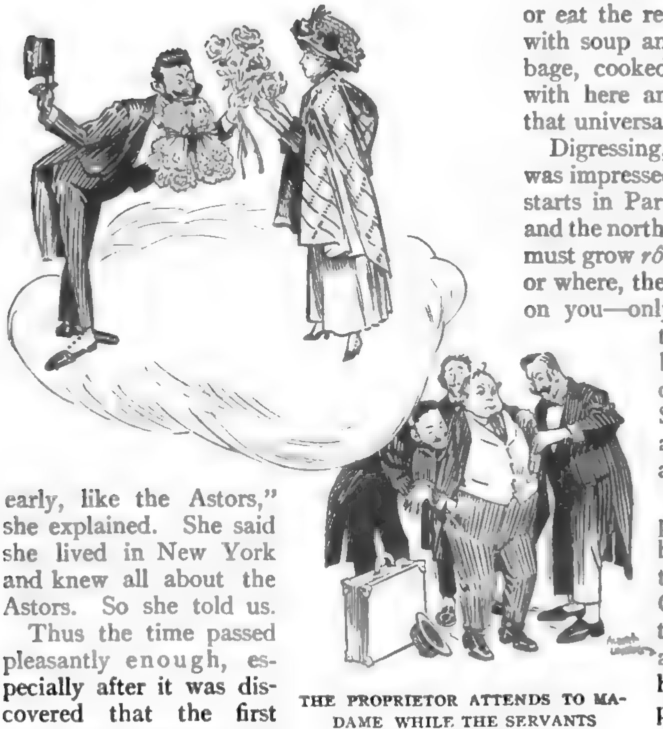
"Why, you old scoundrel," she piped, "that is thirteen dollars and twenty cents."

"Sixty-six francs, madame," insisted the man behind the window.

"For one little, tiny bit of a trunk! It's some mistake. I will not be robbed in this fashion. Weigh it again."

The trunk was gone. The fat little lady appealed wildly to everybody in sight, but from behind the window came monotonously: "Sixty-six francs."

"Good land," she said, when she was in the train, "isn't it awful? Thirteen dollars and twenty cents for that trunk to Berlin! I'd have done better if I had sent it by mail." She never knew, poor thing, she never knew that she had paid excess baggage on herself. And she talked about it for a hundred miles; but finally she forgot it, and became interested in the very remarkable fact that a great many of the towns in Germany appear to be named "Bahnhof." This caused her to mention another singular observation she had made in Paris, which was that an exceedingly large number of houses in that city, judging from the signs in the windows and on the doorposts, belong to one A. Louer, who, she thought, must be a Parisian multimillionaire. "Probably bought real-estate early, like the Astors," she explained. She said she lived in New York and knew all about the Astors. So she told us.

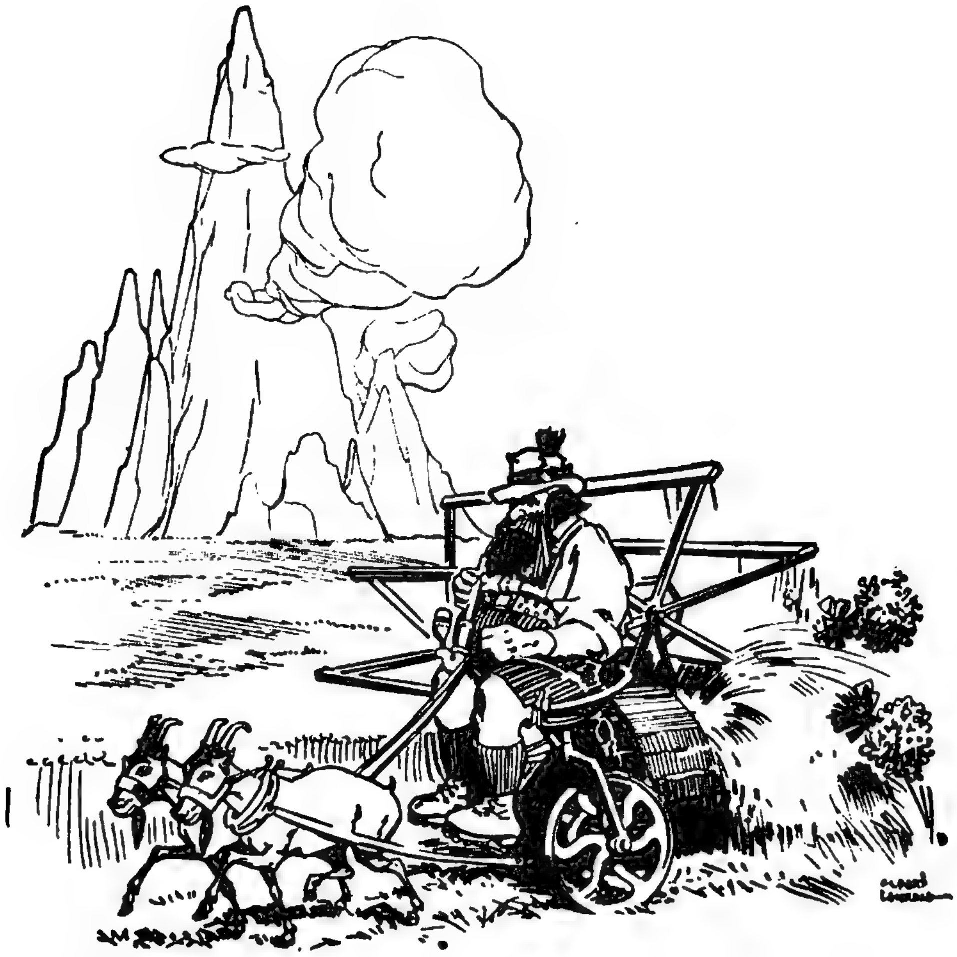

THE PROPRIETOR ATTENDS TO MADAME WHILE THE SERVANTS ATTEND TO MONSIEUR.

Thus the time passed pleasantly enough, especially after it was discovered that the first and most important rule of the train was that no passenger should go to bed with his boots on. It was gathered that a passenger might wear his coat and hat and overcoat to bed, if he wished, but the line was drawn strictly at boots. That seemed a curious regulation, for the porter, or the important person who was the equivalent for porter, shined no boots that night. It was just as well, anyhow, as there isn't a servant in all Europe, including England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, who can shine shoes or boots. This calls to mind the sad experience of the Chicago drummer who went to a London hotel, wearing tan shoes and carrying a suit case. The ambitious boot boy went into his room and shined one shoe and the suit case.

However, they have no hard-boiled eggs on the Nord Express, but on another train, in Switzerland, it looked very promising, for the waiter understood; and then a terrible thing happened. The blonde princess who occupied the big compartment, had, also, a gloomy, long, low, rakish dachshund, and she brought the dog into the dining car, holding him cosily in her lap. She consulted with the waiter as to whether she should take four cents' worth of liverwurst or eat the regular *tâble d'hote*, which began with soup and consisted mostly of red cabbage, cooked in various toothsome forms, with here and there, sprinkled through it, that universal comestible, *poulet rôti*.

Digressing, for the moment, I may say I was impressed with the *poulet rôti* belt, which starts in Paris and envelops all Switzerland and the north of Italy. The *poulets* in that belt must grow *rôti*, for no matter what you order, or where, the waiter will saw off a *poulet rôti* on you—only it isn't a pullet, mostly, although it is roasted, generally, both by you and the cook. If you can escape the *poulet rôti* in Switzerland, for example, you are a marvel. It is the basis of all Swiss eating operations.

But to return. The blonde princess held the gloomy dachshund in her lap, and sitting next to her was a fine-looking young German lad, coming home from the city. He had given his order, and while he was waiting for it he took out of his pocket a pink plush bag, opened it, and displayed a pair of gilded opera glasses, which he fondled lovingly, examined minutely, and then returned to the plush bag. It was plain enough, all the ladies in our party said. He was taking home



REAPERS . . . TO GATHER THE ENORMOUS GENUINE ALPINE EDELWEISS CROP.

a present for his sweetheart. "Probably he's engaged to her," the ladies explained, "and like as not they will be married soon. I think it is perfectly charming and romantic."

It was, probably, but some of the glamour was taken off for me by the loud explosions the sterling young lover made while eating his soup. However, that is neither here nor there. I forgot about the explosions when the gloomy dachshund of the blonde princess, seizing a moment when the princess was animatedly talking to some people at the other end of the car, escaped from her fostering lap and climbed on the table.

Then, gravely and circumspectly, as befitted his general appearance and undeniable character, the gloomy dachshund stepped across and solemnly put his right front foot into the German's soup, retaining the pose in a masterly and dignified manner.

"Madame," expostulated the German lad, "the hund his foot in my soup has inserted, he has, yet."

The blonde princess smiled charmingly. "Ach," she said, "it a pretty little trick is, no?"

"Madame," repeated the German, "I have the honor to call your attention to the hund that has his foot in my soup projected, see?"

The princess gurgled with laughter. "Observe," she called to her friends at the other end of the car, "how lieber hund Hans his foot in the soup is placing."

"Madame," thundered the German, "remove the foot of the hund that has been in my soup placed! I insist."

"Ach," she flashed at him, "you like not dogs, no?"

"I like not dogs my soup within, yes," explained the German heatedly.

"What a man; what a man!" commented the princess. "He likes not dogs in his soup," and she laughed off into a string of German that was from too far back in the book for me, while the gloomy dachshund put his other front foot in the soup, and the sterling young lover heaved with wrath.

"Madame," he shouted, desperately, "I say it to you, if you my wife were it would not be so."

"Hah," she taunted, "if I your wife were the whole hund I would put in your soup, if it pleased me, and any woman who is or was—" she was getting excited— "or will your wife be, would so do; yes."

"So?" asked the young man, tensely, grabbing the gloomy dachshund by the neck and throwing him at the blonde princess. "So? I will permit it not," and he took the pink plush bag with the opera glasses in it, dashed up the window, and hurled the bag and glasses as far as he could into the foggy night.

"So," he repeated, "we shall see, we shall see. I will no wife have."

And at that exact moment the waiter brought me an omelet, explaining that this was eggs.

Naturally, we came to Vienna. I never shall forget the guide we had in Vienna, a distinguished old Viennese, who spoke English perfectly, so we were informed, but who really needed a little editing: who spoke perfectly such English as he spoke, let us say.

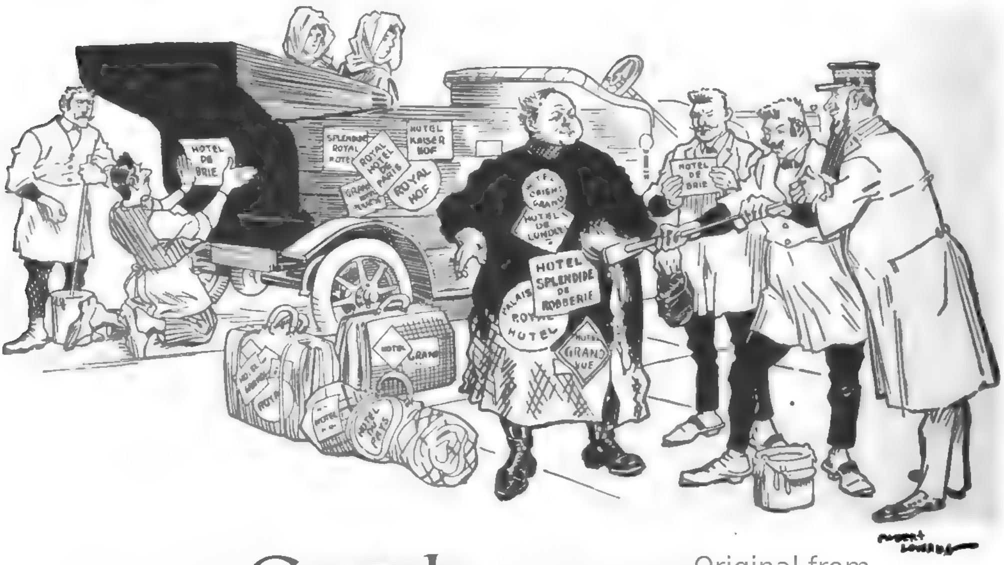
GRAND ROYAL SPLENDIDE MAGNIFIQUE
HOTEL DE BRIE

We took a carriage, one of those regular Viennese carriages, with fine horses, a dashing driver, and the carriage held together with sticking plaster. The horses in Vienna are beauties, and the drivers most skillful, but Franz Joseph shouldn't keep all the good carriages for his own use. The guide went along—insisted on it. I told him he would be much more comfortable guiding us, telepathically, from his cozy little chair in the head porter's office; but he said he was an honorable man and, inasmuch as we had attached him to our entourage, he must give us his superb service. Besides, he was not afflicted with telepathy, although he suffered excruciatingly from several wounds received while defending his country's flag, which fact he hoped the gentleman would not forget when he left the city and severed relations with himself.

He was a strange man, but clever, as guides go. He said he had worked a long time over his lecture on the various places we visited, and I could see how that might be so, for it was a complete lecture, a completed lecture, rather, never varying, no matter whether he was describing Count Lichtenstein's house, the imperial palace, or the old quarter of the city.

As we approached a building he would lift his hat, bow profoundly, wave his hands toward the edifice, and say: "Fine place—very in-trest—1873."

It bothered me for a long time, that "1873" did, but I finally worked it out. Every building, palace, castle, theatre, and monument in Vienna was erected in 1873. That is a


HOTEL DE BRIE
SPLENDIDE ROYAL HOTEL
ROYAL HOTEL DE PARIS
HOTEL KAISER HOF
ROYAL HOF
GRAND
HOTEL DE LONDRES
HOTEL SPLENDIDE DE ROBBERIE
PALAIS ROYAL HOTEL
HOTEL GRAND VUE
HOTEL GRAND
ROYAL
PALAIS PARIS
HOTEL DE BRIE

EVERY TOWN HAS A HOTEL GRAND SPLENDIDE MAGNIFIQUE.

good, satisfactory date and sounds well, and the guide used it for all occasions. It simplified matters very much to have a regular, dependable date like 1873. One can remember it handily. No person can stick me on the date of anything that ever happened or was built in Vienna. If asked, I look the questioner straight in the eye and say: "1873." It is very gratifying.

After we had wondered a bit at the great building activity in 1873 among the inhabitants of Vienna, I leaned over to the guide in the carriage and asked him if he knew a good place where I could get a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

"Fine place," he answered, "very in-trest——"

"Stop it!" I yelled. "I am talking about eggs, not about palaces or houses of parliament or rathskellers. Eggs, you know—eggs. I desire them hard boiled."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "fine place—very in-trest——"

"Tell the driver," I interrupted. He did, and the driver took us to the restaurant where one of the numerous waltz kings of that waltz-kinged city was accustomed to play his own compositions. It seems it isn't good form to ask one of these waltz kings to play another waltz king's stuff, but I didn't know it, so I sent up word to this particular wizard of the bow that if he would play "The Beautiful Blue Danube" and "Wine, Woman, and Song" for us, I would bestow largess on him sufficient to enable him to retire from the somewhat ordinary occupation of leading an orchestra in a restaurant and devote his time to composing more waltzes.

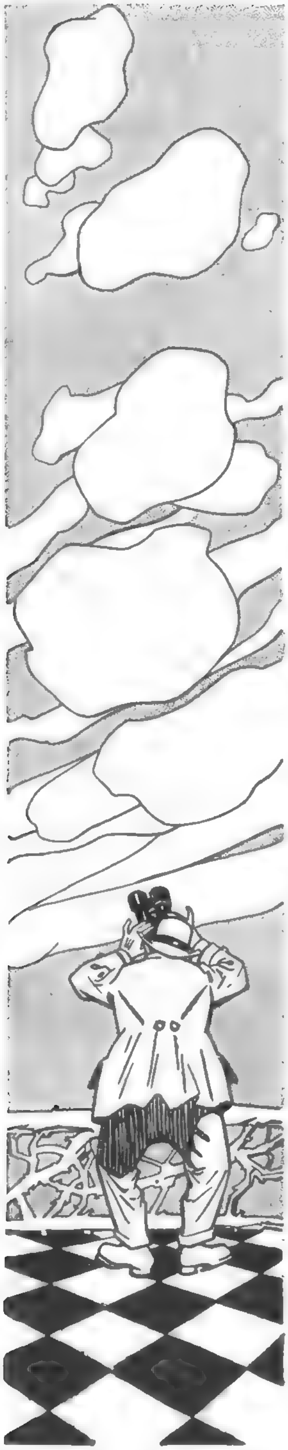
The waltz king refused haughtily and demanded that I be thrown out. He would play no waltzes not inspired by the magic of his own brain, and he didn't; whereupon, I understood why he was waltz-kinging at a restaurant. They didn't throw me out. I explained to them that I was a freeborn American citizen and had bought my way in in the regular manner freeborn persons of similar nativity are required to do, namely, by paying an ancient lady at the door sixty heller to get in and another more ancient lady ten heller for a program. It struck me then that our home restaurant keepers have something to learn from their Viennese brethren. The idea of paying to get into a restaurant so you can pay for something to eat, certainly has been overlooked by our food purveyors, although it may be argued they make one pay to get out; but then so do the Viennese.

Well, I was just as earnest here in my quest for eggs as I had been elsewhere, and I put in an order for two, hard-boiled, along with other food. I didn't get the eggs, but that did not annoy me, for I knew I shouldn't. Instead, they brought me some buns with caraway seeds on the outside, and I said: "*Bitte!*" and let it go at that.

Still, I learned something in that restaurant; it was that, in addition to the little trick of charging admission, the Viennese restaurant keepers are much better equipped in the science of getting you to pay all their servants than are their brethren anywhere else. It is a perfect system. A captain takes your order. A boy opens your water or wine. Another waiter serves you. Then, when the feast is over, they line up at the table—captain, wine boy, and waiter. You call for the bill, and a grandiose person approaches, who adds it up with a flourish and takes his stand by the others. Then the man who served takes the money and brings back the change, handing the salver to the man who added up the bill, and he gives the change to you. You have never seen him until he does his mathematics, but, after a long conversation, you discover that he gets the largest tip, the man who took the order comes next, the waiter next, and the wine boy last.

Then, when you go out, you find another ancient Viennese lady who charges you a few heller for having checked your coat, and still another who holds it. I went back and asked if I could not leave a few heller for the proprietor, but it made the waltz king so angry to see me I did not pursue the matter further. However, I was informed there would be no difficulty about leaving the heller. The proprietor would take them.

We continued the Gran Circular Kilometrique toward the home of the sturdy Swiss. Not referring to those egg efforts in Budapest that resulted mostly in goulash and also in the depressing realization that this is the country from which we get our Hungarian bands and that, apparently, the supply is inexhaustible, I have only to say that highborn Austrians are haughty people, but they do not understand the use of money. When the train reached Unzmarkt (I think the ruins of a robber tower are there—anyhow, the robbers are, if the tower isn't) a first-class car which up to that time had been peaceful and pleasant, and in which



I CLIMBED MOUNTAINS ALL OVER SWITZERLAND WITH THE AID OF A PAIR OF FIELD GLASSES.

excellent relations had been established with the train man, was thrown into vast commotion by the arrival of five Austrian nobles or near-nobles, two female and three male. All wore green hats, and they were loaded with four tons of assorted leather bags and about a ton and a half of guns in leather cases. The train man told me it was a party of something or other that had been hunting.

Much to the party's surprise, there were five Americans in the end compartment and two in the middle one. Much to their further surprise, not a person of these would go into the second-class end of the car and give the party seats. Finally, to their intense chagrin, the train man and the conductor would not throw the passengers off. It was a perplexing situation and was made worse because, although the three Americans in the rear compartment could see, from the notice, that the compartment was a four-seated one in Austria, it was only a three-seated one in Italy, where it was going. And, despite the fact that it was plainly in Austria at the time, the large American person in the compartment declared, arbitrarily, that the car, to all intents and purposes, was in Italy, and would remain so, and there would be seats for but three.

The train man rallied to the support of the American contention. He explained, volubly, to the Austrians, how impossible it was to make the people in that compartment understand anything, clutching, the while, a large silver coin he had obtained a few moments before. He also explained that, for a consideration, he might be able to do something, but the haughty Austrians hissed the Austrian equivalent for "Never!" and stood up all the way to Pontafel, which is the Austrian frontier town, saying unkind things about America and about their fellow countrymen who ran the train, but getting no seats. One became apoplectic when they were forced to move their baggage out of the aisle.

Just before reaching Pontafel, the conductor came back, and bowed and smiled to us and said a few kind words. He bowed and smiled again and said a few more kind words. Then he said if we wanted to get even with the haughty Austrians for the trouble they had caused and the noise they had made, it could be arranged. It was arranged, on a silver basis.

"Watch," said the conductor, "when I give the word we are at Pontafel. Then you get out quick so you can open the trunk for the customs, and you will see what you will see."

He gave the word, and we got out. Then he calmly locked the door, and the train drew off across the river to Pontebba, the first Italian town, drew off with every window filled with haughty Austrians cursing in their strange, guttural tongue and smiled at by the genial conductor and the train man, who left the train there and did not care.

"They do not know how to treat public servants," said the conductor. "They have no appreciation."

When the train came back, the haughty Austrians did not have time to get their baggage examined before the journey toward Venice was begun again, and they may be there yet. As I remember Pontafel, I hope they are.

And still no hard-boiled eggs. But there was a chance, a mere chance, in the *café* in the wonderful Galleria Vittore Emmanuele in Milan—the Biffi, a fine name for a *café*, I thought. I broached the subject carefully and almost got them—almost, but not quite, for at the last moment the Italian spirit of the chef revolted and he decided to do no such base thing. Instead, he sent me an omelet, made of eggs, he said.

There was a shop across the square from the Hotel Cavour where the girl said she might boil a couple, but she finally decided that was no fit way to treat eggs, and asked if I would not buy a large loaf of brown cake instead.

I went up to the cathedral. On the cathedral wall, near the stairway to the roof, is a large printed placard, which sets forth this fact:

> "THE ASCENT OF THE HIGHEST PINNACLE IS POSITIVELY NOT PERMITTED."

Directly underneath is another placard, of the same size, printed in the same kind of type and of equal antiquity—the dust and fly specks and discoloration show the placards are identical as to age—which reads:

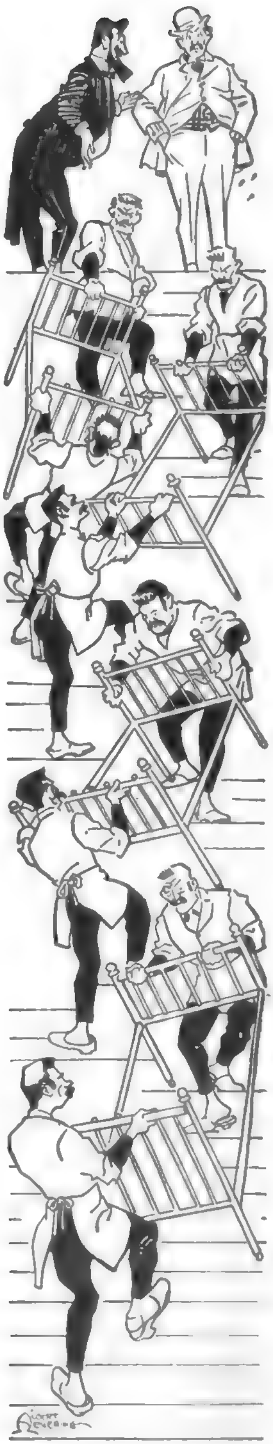
> "THE ASCENT OF THE HIGHEST PINNACLE, WHICH IS BEING RESTORED, IS EXCEPTIONALLY PERMITTED TO-DAY BY THE PAYMENT OF AN ADDITIONAL 25 CENT. FOR EACH PERSON."

That is, you cannot go up at all, but you can go up every day if you will pay twenty-five centesimi for the privilege; and I expected to coerce one of the race that evolved that sign into cooking a hard-boiled egg!

Still, when all is said and done, it was in Switzerland that the protests were strongest. This is not to be wondered at, for every Swiss is either a hotel keeper or a guide, and most of them are both. Consequently, a greater portion of the population here than elsewhere was interested in not maltreating eggs after the manner of my desire, although they are strong on omelets—and an exceedingly patriotic people. When you open one of their omelets you find a Swiss flag. If the eggs are bad, you find two flags, as Charlie Hands was wont to say.

It is this way with the Swiss: when they are young, they gather the edelweiss, becoming very expert with the reapers that must be used to gather this crop, for there is so much genuine Alpine edelweiss on sale that there is no possibility it was all picked by hand. Then, after careful competition, a certain number of the Swiss youth are set apart to be yodlers. It is a mistake to think that every Swiss is a yodler. All of them might be, but yodeling is not so lucrative an occupation as hotel keeping, so they put in the yodeling class only those who cannot talk without falsettoing the oly-ely-oh—the natural-born ones—and set aside for hotel keepers all who yodel only after being taught.

These Swiss youth are sent abroad, to England, France, Germany, anywhere they can be squeezed in, and are put in the hotels. There they learn their profession



WHAT HE NEEDED WAS ONE ROOM AND TWO BEDS.

at the expense of strangers, not of their Swiss compatriots, which would be un-Swissy. When they have become proficient in all the usual forms of robbery, they come back to Switzerland, invent a few more forms of their own, or are handed the carefully preserved recipes of their ancestors, and live happily ever afterward, finally becoming members of the Swiss Hotel Keepers' Association, which is the aristocratic end of the Swiss hotel business. Members are proposed for it when mere children, just as they are proposed at Groton or St. Paul's or the Union Club. A year or two or three in foreign hotels fits the sturdy and thrifty Swiss to hoist his own black flag on some crag—it is necessary for all the tribe to be sturdy because of the strong-arm work they practice on the travelers, and to be thrifty because they are Swiss.

Nature was very kind to Switzerland in making the Alps for her; but the Swiss have played it rather low down on the Alps by turning them into a boarding house. Nature has built other mountains that make the Swiss Alps look like mud pies, but she has not populated those other mountains with sturdy Swiss; wherefore, the other mountains are not paying interest on the cost of construction. If there were two hundred sets of Alps, populated with Swiss, all the money in the world would be centered right on those awe-inspiring glaciers and crags.

The Swiss are a careful and methodical people. They have gone painstakingly over all their places of interest and "liberally restored" them. They haven't begun liberally to restore the Alps yet, but there are signs they will build a new jung for the Jungfrau pretty soon and give the Matterhorn an up-to-date horn. Likewise, they are the star mercenaries of the world. The general philosophy of the Swiss has been that he will do anything for anybody who will give him money for doing it—and he'll be polite about it. Nowadays, they elaborate this a bit—or amend it, rather, so the creed reads they will do anything *for* or *to* anybody for money. Those are delightful winters the Swiss spend after sewing the children into their underclothes and hermetically sealing the windows, neither to be opened until the edelweiss is edelweissing again in the gay springtime—long winters spent in counting money. That is the highest joy the Swiss can have.

There is a town in Switzerland called Flims. I didn't run across Flams, but it is there, somewhere. And, like Flims, it must have a Hotel Grand Splendide Magnifique. Every town has several of these, especially the larger ones, where the hyperbole in the title is charged in the bill. Everything is charged in the bill.

"What is this?" asked a tourist, pointing to a twenty-franc item.

"That," said the suave Swiss, "is for the wonderful situation that gives you the unparalleled view of Mont Blanc."

"But, dammit, I didn't see Mont Blanc. I have been here for a week, and Mont Blanc hasn't been visible for a minute."

"Is that the fault of the hotel?" inquired the manager. "We have provided this magnificent situation. Mont Blanc is there—of that you are certain. Therefore, we cannot be blamed if you did not see it."

'Tis even so, and they learned how to do it in the great hotels on the Strand, which is another reason for our stretching out kindly "hands across the sea."

In Switzerland that marvelous institution, the head porter, flourishes in the finest flower of perfection. There are head porters elsewhere, distinguished and important personages, but the Swiss head porter is at the top of the class. He knows everything. If you ask him how far it is from Interlaken to Kalamazoo, he will tell you without an instant's hesitation. He watches you, guides you, buys for you, and speeds you on your way.

"We desire a compartment," said two ladies leaving Geneva for Paris.

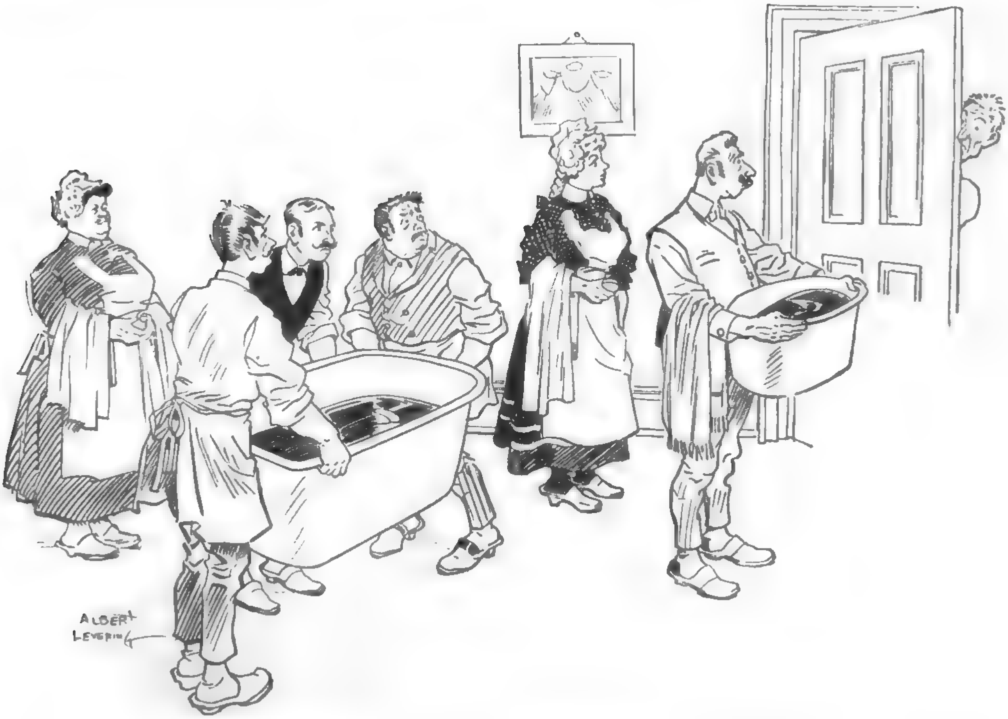
"It shall be done," the head porter promised graciously.

Time for leaving came. "Our sleeping car?" inquired the ladies.

"Madame," orated the head porter, "I assure you, everything is in order. You need have not the slightest concern. Here are the *billets*."

Contented, they paid him liberally and went to the train. Everything was in order, sure enough. He had bought them two berths in a four-berth compartment for men only, the other occupants of which were a large Swiss person and a larger German person, sex, male—and no other room on the train. And when complaint was made, the porter and the manager insisted Americans are very unreasonable and would not be served at all if it were not for their money, which is probably quite true.

But Switzerland is the place to go if you like mountains. They let you climb them, if you have that particular mania. Mountain climbing is an exciting sport, but best conducted in a chair on the porch of the hotel. I climbed mountains all over Switzerland with the aid of a pair of field glasses and various commodious settees, and I have the Alpenstock to show for it.



"HOLY SMOKE!" YELLED THE MAN FROM ST. LOUIS, "DO YOU THINK I AM COLLECTING BATHS?"

Still, the real sport in Switzerland, the occupation that keeps one all in a quiver, is getting a bath. The Swiss are economical with baths, but you can get them, if you go craftily on the hunt and stalk them from hotel to hotel.

Get them? I should say you can. My friend from St. Louis found that out. He needed personal laundering, and he saw a sign relating to baths, on the door of his room in a hotel.

"Ha!" he shouted. "Discovered! I have trailed a bath to its lair."

The bath lady came. "I desire," said my friend from St. Louis, through the crack of the wardrobe door where he was hiding, being ready, so to speak, for his bath, "I desire a *bain*—bath, you know—wash—water to get in,—*bain*, BAIN, BAIN!"

"*Oui*," replied the bath lady, waving her hand at the sign on the door.

"Sure," assented the man from St. Louis, "*bain*—you know."

"*Oui*," smiled the bath lady, and presently the procession began. First came *un bain de pieds*, then *un bain de siége*, and finally, *un grand bain*.

"Holy smoke!" yelled the man from St. Louis. "Do you think I am collecting baths? Do you think I want all the baths there are? Take some of these d—— baths away." But no. He had to take them. The attendant saw to that. If a crazy American came along and desired all the baths in stock, far be it from the Swiss hotel keeper to disappoint him. Also, far be it from him not to remember the fact in the bill.

That is a fine attribute of the Swiss. They are calm and literal. Tell a Swiss what you think you want, and that settles it. You get that, with no allowances for mistakes, temperamental shifts, or other idiosyncrasies. There was a timid traveler who, thinking the hotels would be crowded and desiring to be on the safe side, laboriously cooked up a telegram to every place where he wanted to stop, using the hotel code of the Swiss Hotel Keepers' Association. He needed one room and two beds, but everywhere he went he got four rooms with seven beds; and he kept them too, notwithstanding wild protests that he wasn't a caravan or a royal party. What does a Swiss hotel keeper know about a mistake in telegraphing?

On the frontier, the Swiss customs inspectors, who let ordinary things go through with only the most casual inspection, ran across a typewriter.

"Ah," said the head one, tapping the typewriter suspiciously, "what is?"

"That," replied the owner, feeling genial and jocose at the moment, "is a submarine boat for the Swiss navy, as you can plainly see."

"So?" inquired the customs man. "I have no schedule for submarine boats for the Swiss navy. I shall hold."

And he held all right, for three months, and there was more diplomatic correspondence about releasing that typewriter from custody than there would be over a boundary change.

Do not be jocose with the Swiss. They do not comprehend. "I desire," said the fastidious person at a Geneva hotel, "that you shall pick my salad carefully apart and wash each leaf."

The waiter bowed. He filled the order. The salad that day happened to be water cress.

P. S. Nor in Switzerland did I get the hard-boiled eggs.

WAITING FOR A TRAIN

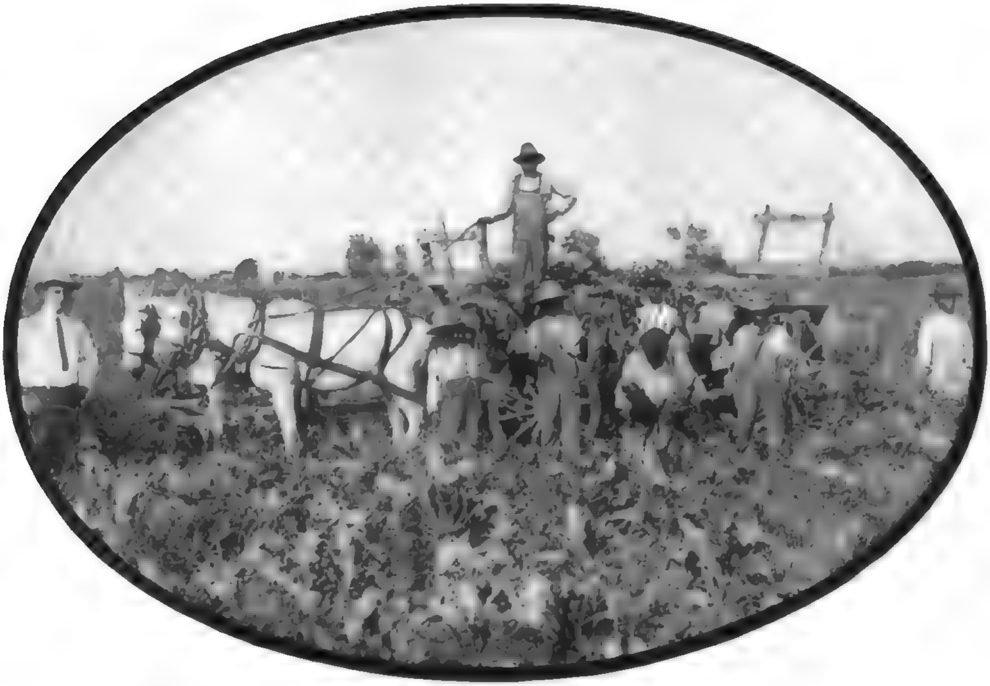
By HARRY H. KEMP

HOW the days go by, friend, sun and moon and sun;
How the hurrying, heartless years speed them, one by one.
What's the use of working when the night's so near?
I want time to dream my dream, have my share of cheer.
Let the husky farmers labor day by day;
Let them live their iron life in their iron way;
Let the plodding merchant slave for purse and pride—
For us wilding apples grow by the green wayside.

In the meadows lush and sweet hear the cattle low;
Musical the far-heard brook tinkles in its flow;
Keen the smell of plowed fields in each languid gust—
Underneath my careless shirt timid hands are thrust.
Waited on by woodland nymphs, wooed by maiden airs,
I am pulsed with wind-blown joys, freed from driven cares.
We are sons of Ishmael, errant kin to Cain—
Sitting by a water-tank waiting for a train.

Douse your pipes and dodge your heads, hide and lie in wait;
Yonder, coiling o'er the plain, creeps the distant freight.
Now the smoke is piling up, streaming hair-like back,
And the engine looms and steams down the gleaming track.

All aboard! she's off again, bearing us afar;
We are going forth to-day where strange countries are.
Just a little verse or two garnered in my brain
Underneath the water-tank waiting for a train.



LOADING SUGAR BEETS, FORTY TONS TO THE ACRE, AT SHERMAN, TEXAS.

ROBBING THE HAND THAT FEEDS

By FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The facts set forth in this article will arouse indignation, resentment, perhaps incredulity. Is the grower of farm produce so helpless in the hands of the average commission dealer as the author declares? Is it possible that mean trickery, such as is exposed here, can go on unchecked and unpunished? We can only reply that Mr. Crissey has been at work on the investigation, of which this is the result, for seven months past, and has conscientiously verified every statement of his charge.

TO those who take their creature comforts reflectively, who have eyes to look behind the largess of their own inviting tables to the fields and gardens where the good things have been grown, there is something abhorrent in the thought that the full reward of the harvest should ever be withheld from the faithful husbandman. Of all men who serve their fellows, he is most worthy of his hire who bends his back and bears the heat of the sun that the world may be well and pleasantly nourished. This is the verdict of the human race. In every honest heart there is the acknowledgment of a first debt of gratitude to those who grow things. The man of the garden, the orchard, and the field, who sets his wits and his toil against the odds of weather and weeds and pests, is a figure to whom all give increasing honor. That peculiar homage which the civilized world pays to Luther Burbank, the "wizard of the plant world," is a significant evidence of the almost universal prevalence of this sentiment.

But there is one place in which it is smothered and outraged: the market places to which the grower sends his goods represent as consistently low an order of commercial morals as may be found in the entire country.

To the tender mercies of the unspeakable "prowlers in the garden" who degrade these market places, every one of the hundreds of thousands of American growers must submit himself before he can reach us. These growers are in every portion of the country. Theirs are the apple orchards of Washington and New York; the peach orchards of Georgia and of Michigan; the onion fields of Texas and the cranberry marshes of Maine. To New York City alone they send butter to the market value of $28,000,000 annually; eggs, ten thousand carloads of them, to the market value of $25,000,000; potatoes, seventy-five carloads a day, or 3,657,539 barrels a year; apples, 2,112,717 barrels. And of apples, the *Produce News*, analyzing last year's crop as applied to New York, says that the great bulk of the common and cold storage grades went into the coolers at two dollars a barrel, but that Baldwins "are selling at $4.50 and $5, while Kings bring $4 and $5.50." And again, "Most of the greenings are moving at $4 and $6. A car was sold Monday which brought $7 [a barrel]."

These figures merely hint at the total volume of the business in the country. Other centers, great and small, buy proportionately, and, seeing merely the figures, one might be inclined to cry, "Great is the American husbandman!" But what is the fact? The grower, scattered all over the country, is for the most part without organization, and his markets are miles to thousands of miles from his fields. He cannot reach us or know us who consume his product. But the middle man, the commission merchant, centers in cities, at railway junctions, and at points where freight ships unload. He sends his agents and his alluring circulars into farming districts, soliciting business, promising the highest market prices for crops when they shall be harvested, and even paying something in advance to make certain of deliveries. And this would be good and useful business for all concerned if the commission man were straight. But only too often he is crooked.

There are, of course, honest commission men in the produce business, many of them, but their standards are not the standard of "the market street," and their practices are not representative of the practices which have prevailed for many years to the extent of dominating the business.

South Water Street, Chicago, is the second

CRATING WHITE TURNIPS FOR THE CHICAGO MARKET.

CELERY ARRIVING FOR THE MARKET.

greatest produce market in America, and therefore it may be considered representative, in its methods, of the produce markets of the country. Careful and somewhat extensive investigations have failed to indicate that its standards and methods are especially infamous above those of other produce centers —and certainly it is not *behind* its competitors in the arts of separating the grower and the shipper from the legitimate fruits of their toil. Therefore, let South Water Street stand to the reader as the type of the metropolitan market street, the great distributing center from which millions of citizens draw their supplies of produce and "truck."

The shipper, as distinct from the grower, is a local man who buys from growers whose product is not of sufficient bulk to make independent shipping profitable. He is on the ground and can collect small lots and make them up into carloads for transportation to any commission center. And as he deals direct with the grower, there is small chance of dishonest practice. His interests, therefore, generally lie with the grower as against the commission agent, with whom he must deal on the same terms as does the larger producer who does his own shipping.

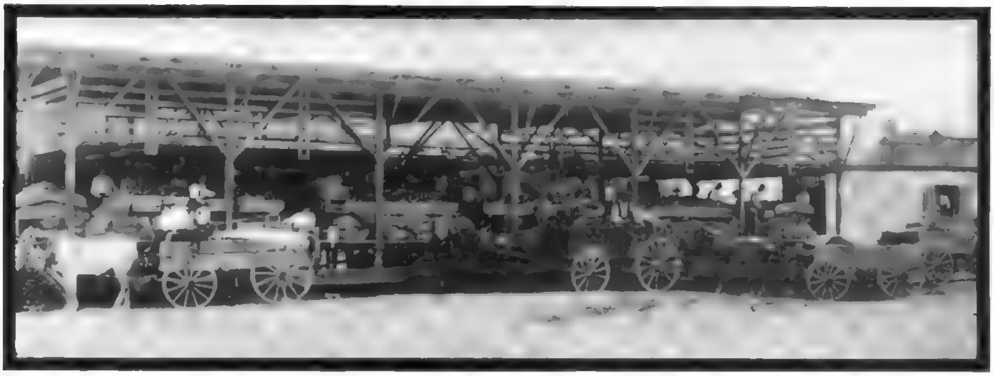
That the grower and the shipper to-day stand a better *chance* of a square deal than ever before in the history of the produce commission business is undeniable. The improvement in the past five years is marked; a better spirit is apparent. But in spite of this the commercial integrity of the market street is still at a low register.

Moreover, the fact that a shipper to-day stands a better chance of getting an honest return on his goods is mainly owing to two causes which are quite apart from a higher standard of commercial morals on the street; compulsion, not conversion to a higher code, has driven the average commission merchant from the old line of undisguised fraud to more refined and less obvious methods of "whipping the devil around the stump." The causes which have done most to bring about this compulsory improvement in the methods of commission merchants are: organization on the part of growers and shippers, and the passage and enforcement of corrective legislation in the various states. These agencies are still in an almost infantile state of development; they have gone far enough to demonstrate the correctness of the principle of coöperation, but they are, as yet, no match for the seasoned cunning and the trained resourcefulness of the crooked commission merchant, who has taken a postgraduate course in the school of stacking the cards and loading the dice against the small shippers.

It is in the effort to arouse and inform the growers of this country—the men who work in the soil that the rest of us may be well nourished—so that they will rise up and use the powerful lever of coöperation for their own protection, that these articles are written. Should this be done, the husbandmen of America would be richer each year, by millions of dollars. In the present article it is necessary to arrive at an understanding of the prevailing practices of the produce market street, to learn how its repertoire of tricks and frauds has evolved from bold and undisguised robbing to a system of manipulations cunningly devised to keep the manipulator out of prison and at the same time to keep an unlawful share of the shipper's proceeds in the hands of "the house."

ON THE ROAD FROM CABBAGE FIELD TO MARKET.

In following this exhibition of the produce commission conjurer's bag of tricks, these facts should be borne in mind: That there always will remain a small proportion of dishonest men in all branches of human endeavor. That a certain number of growers and shippers not only fail to live up to contracts when rival commission merchants offer them higher prices, but even resort to such tricks as putting a core of gravel and coarse sand in a barrel of potatoes. And that there are many honest men in the business who abhor the fraud by which they are surrounded, who would welcome a system of coöperation among growers that would insure a full and honest return on every shipment, who would be glad to have rigid market inspection and anti-fraud laws in every state, and to see them enforced to the limit. But both of these classes of men are now lonesome in the business; they



LOADING PRODUCE FOR SHIPMENT TO CHICAGO.

are hardly representative of its prevailing spirit.

Commission men themselves have done, and are doing, something toward cleaning up their own game. They have organized the National League of Commission Merchants of the United States, which declares its foundation to be "the personal integrity and the financial responsibility of its individual members."

Again, certain of the produce trade papers have done much in the way of exposing gangs of swindlers in the commission business, and in securing their conviction. The effect of all this is, of course, wholesome and progressive.

A certain small town in the fruit section of Georgia affords three instances thoroughly typical of the old high-handed commission methods of the early '90's—methods which are still systematically followed on South Water Street and in the other great produce markets, as opportunity offers. That they are not universal now, as they practically were then, is due to the fact that the patient worm at last turned: the growers who continually suffered from such experiences finally demanded a new deal.

STOCKING UP A STREET STAND.

An artist living in Chicago acquired a little fruit farm in one of the most productive regions of Georgia, where several of his relatives had settled. Although he was seldom able to visit the place, which was operated by a brother-in-law, the artist took a keen interest in his country holdings, and talked proudly to his city neighbors and associates about his farm. Early in the season he received word from his brother-in-law that the first crop of grapes had been gathered, packed, and shipped to a South Water Street commission house. "They are beauties," the letter informed him. "Finer, sounder, sweeter grapes never went out of this part of Georgia."

Instantly the artist made out a list of a dozen friends to whom he had boasted of his farm. Then, on the day after the shipment was due to arrive, he went to the commission house to buy a dozen baskets of his own grapes for his special friends. His eye lighted with the pride of possession when he saw the baskets, stamped with his own brand, stacked up on the sidewalk and inside the commission house.

"Any grapes?" he inquired.

"Finest ever grown out of doors," responded the salesman, tilting a basket to display its contents.

"Every basket just as sound as this one," he continued; "not an unsound cluster in the whole shipment."

"What's the price?" asked the artist, wishing that his friends were with him to hear the praises of his crop.

"A dollar a basket," answered the salesman. "That may seem a little high, but it just happens that there isn't another decent basket of grapes on the street to-day, and we can get a fancy figure for every one in this shipment. They'll be gone in almost no time."

The artist made his purchase of a dozen baskets and ordered them delivered to his local grocer, with whom he had arranged for their distribution to his friends. He also bought several baskets for his own use, and found that the salesman had not overpraised the fruit.

Later he received a letter from his farm manager enclosing the account of the sale returned by the commission merchant, saying that the grapes had been received in bad condition, owing to the melting of the refrigerator ice, and that it had been necessary to throw a large part of them on the dumps as absolutely unsalable. The return was made upon a gross average price of twenty-five cents a basket. After deducting freight and commission charges, the net accounting was for an average of nineteen cents a basket.

The artist, being without ordinary business instincts or experience, immediately went to the commission merchant and demanded an explanation. Very coolly the commission merchant ordered his bookkeeper to look up the shipment.

"Yes—bad condition—spoiled," was the crisp answer.

"But," returned the artist," I know better. I bought a dozen baskets of those grapes myself; you waited on me yourself and told me there was not an unsound cluster in the whole shipment. Besides, I happen to own the farm on which those grapes were grown."

Instantly the commission man sized up his victim as a timid and unaggressive man. Stepping close to the artist, his eyes alight with anger and his fist menacingly drawn back, he replied: "See here: If you don't like the way we do business, you can go plumb to h——! Now get out!"

This bluff and the implied threat did their work: the artist retreated. He had a strong aversion to "trouble" and allowed the matter to drop after he had written the details to the man in charge of the farm.

There the story was repeated, and it finally reached the ears of a grower of enterprise and spirit, who immediately determined to find out if the South Water Street commission man to whom he had been consigning his own crops was subjecting him to the same "knocking down" process. This grower had a friend of ample means living in Chicago. So the Georgian gave his personal attention to the selection, packing, and shipment of a car of grapes. He knew that they were first class and well packed. Then his friend was instructed to buy the entire carload and to turn the grapes over to his local grocer to be retailed at whatever they might bring, telegraphing the grower the price paid the commission house for the carload and being careful to take a receipt which would designate the car number and the brand of the shipment.

Immediately upon receiving his account of sales from the commission house and the telegram from his friend, the Georgian grower came to Chicago and presented himself to the commission man. He was accompanied by his friend who had bought the entire shipment. At first the commission man insisted that the grapes had been "peddled out," as his account had stated. Then he was confronted with the receipt for the price of the whole shipment, which was very greatly in excess of the gross prices claimed to have been received by the commission house.

The Georgian thereupon very quietly remarked that, as he figured it, in the course of their business relations he had been "done" out of a substantial sum, and that if the commission merchant did not at once hand him that amount the state penitentiary at Joliet would soon receive another boarder. The commission merchant seemed to see the logic of this argument and at once paid the sum demanded.

A melon grower at the same shipping point suffered from this practice of "knocking down" to the extent that for eighteen cars of fine melons he received only a total of $205. As a result, he stopped shipping and allowed half of his crops to rot in the field. A single car shipped to Chicago, there inspected, and found to be in prime condition, cost him thirteen dollars in freight charges in excess of all receipts.

That shipping point was one of the first in Georgia to organize a growers' association to protect its husbandmen against the frauds and rapacity of the commission houses.

SOUTH WATER STREET. A NORMAL DAY IN CHICAGO'S GREAT PRODUCE DISTRICT.

A man whose life until recently has been spent as a solicitor for South Water Street houses recently said to me:

"Nobody outside the street knows how rotten this business is. Of course there are some square houses and some houses that are squarer than others, but the business of the street as a whole is honeycombed with shameful and dishonest practices and rests on a basis of fraud, trickery, and crooked dealing.

"Once I went with the boss to the Michigan grape district to solicit business," he continued. "The crop was far enough along so that we could tell about what to expect from any vineyard we inspected. Prospects were good, and the boss was out for a big killing.

"One day we came to a little house which was surrounded by a splendid vineyard heavy with growing fruit; it had been well cared for, and there was no doubt that the crop would be extra choice. A sad-eyed woman came to the door in answer to our knock, and the boss asked for her husband. She swallowed hard and finally managed to say that she had buried him the Sunday before. After talking sympathetically with her for a while the boss told her he'd like to handle her crop.

"'It's all I've got in the world,' she answered, 'and I must take care to get every

A SMALL CORNER IN VEGETABLES.

cent possible out of it. I can't afford to make any mistake, you know— it isn't as if I still had Tom to take care of me.'

"'I knew that the boss was a mighty practical old pirate, but the way he talked to that poor widow completely pulled the wool over my eyes and convinced me that he really had a soft spot in his heart and would give her a square deal, as he promised. Well, she sent the grapes to us, and they were fine—brought a fancy price. When the girl was making up the accounts and the checks for that week, she called out to the boss and asked: 'How about Mrs. W——?'

"'Pay her at the rate of nine cents.'

"I was simply astounded, for I had sold the shipment myself and knew that the price he named was a straight 'knock-down' of about two-thirds. Then it occurred to me that perhaps he had forgotten the circumstances in connection with the shipment, and so I said:

"'Jim, don't you remember that she's the woman who buried her husband the Sunday before we called?'

"'What do I care?' he answered. 'Hain't her money just as good to me as anybody's?' And that's the spirit of South Water Street and of the produce commission business the country over: Get the money and keep out of jail! I'm glad I'm out of it."

The reason why the simple and direct process of "knocking-down"—of returning to the shipper a falsified statement as to the proceeds from the sale of his shipment—is not so general to-day as it was a few years ago, is that the larger and more constant shippers have risen in revolt against the practice of sending goods upon consignment. To a very considerable extent shippers of this class, suffering under the flagrant and well-nigh universal abuses of the consignment system, have demanded and compelled at least the form of outright sales. But the crafty commission merchant has proved himself equal to the situation and has invented new devices to checkmate this move on the part of the growers.

In its simplest form, one of the favorite schemes is to refuse a shipment bought at a stated price on the ground that it is in some particular "off quality" or defective. The more perishable the goods, the more completely is the shipper at the mercy of the commission man; he feels that he must act quickly or lose the major part of his returns. Therefore he is inclined to accept a greatly reduced price or order his goods turned over, on consignment, to some other house, or perhaps sold by the purchasing house for what they will bring. It is a notable fact that a declining market is invariably accompanied by a great volume of damaged, spoiled, and off-quality produce, while the produce received on a sharply rising market is conspicuous for its standard quality and good condition! Rejections and refusals are the stock weapons, in other words, against losses upon goods received on a declining market. In the disposition of rejected shipments the conniving commission men are often able to play into each other's hands, one commission merchant turning his "rejects" over to a friendly house in which he has a direct interest or which makes a satisfactory division of the spoils.

This game is subject to many ingenious and interesting variations; and certain cities of the South and West have become so proficient in its practice as to command the admiration of the seasoned adepts of South Water Street. An important element in the game is the fact that in most states the laws permit the agent of a transportation company to make a forced sale of any rejected shipment—and that without recourse or remedy so far as the shipper is concerned.

The history of a certain carload of potatoes originating in a small town in the Wisconsin potato belt illustrates one phase of this device. This car was directed, on order at Chicago, to a provincial city in a southern state. The value of the potatoes was $217, and the freight was $158. The buyer made a peremptory rejection of the potatoes, and the agent of the transportation company last handling them sold them to a local buyer for $150. In the course of the litigation which followed, the fact was established that the man who bought the potatoes from the transportation company's agent sold them for $340. No diagram is needed to show how pleasant and profitable a business in the exchange of favors these two men—or any two men similarly situated—could drive with the weapons of rejection and forced sale in the hands of the transportation agent. And in this case the shipper was out not only his whole car of potatoes, but also the difference between the full freight bill and the amount realized by the forced sale.

Naturally, so serviceable and efficient a device for outwitting the shipper is not left to haphazard operation; it is really brought under subjection to the ruling spirit of the times and systematized. Take a city of 250,000 inhabitants as an example. Its leading produce buyers organize a corporation to buy "perishables" for them. Great care is taken to have the capitalization and the liability of this corporation held down to the lowest point consistent with practical operation. Now suppose one of the constituent members notifies the management that he needs a carload of apples. The corporation places the order at a fixed price, and the goods come forward.

If the market for those goods is advancing, they will probably be received "in good order," paid for, and the transaction will be closed.

But if the market has meantime declined, the probabilities, under the commission practice, are that the shipper will be asked for an allowance on account of "poor condition." If this is not granted, the goods will be refused, and the agent of the transportation company that has delivered them will put them up at forced sale, thus giving the stockholder in the buying corporation his opportunity to get the goods at his own price. This practice has been reduced to a science, and the shipper who can "beat the game," as it is played by these organized groups of buyers, cannot afford to waste his talents short of Monte Carlo. With the principal buyers working together in organized collusion, the situation, as to supply and demand, is seldom, if ever, beyond their control.

Still another powerful weapon in the hands of the buyers of perishable produce is that of allowing goods received by them to stand on the track, while they dispose of stock already on hand and unloaded. This is effective either in forcing the shipper to make a concession on account of a spurious claim of damage or in creating an actual deterioration in the goods.

Another convenient device for whipsawing the helpless shipper is what might be termed retroactive damages. In at least one southern state the law provides that funds paid to any bank on a transaction of this kind must be held by it for at least ninety-six hours. A produce dealer orders a carload of goods from a distant shipper, who makes a draft through a bank for the amount of the sale. The produce buyer goes to the bank, pays the draft, and secures the attached bill of lading, which, presented at the railroad station, gives him possession of the goods. Meantime, he has ordered a second carload from the same shipper.

In the mind of the shipper, the settlement for the first carload is a closed transaction, as he has received notice that the draft has been paid by the produce dealer. But the money is still in the hands of the banker in the buyer's town, and as soon as this buyer enters suit, on a claim that the goods of the first carload have proved unsatisfactory, the shipper's funds in the bank are tied up in litigation. If the shipper is inclined to "fight it out," he must do so through a commercial attorney, at long range, before a judge and jurors who are the neighbors and perhaps the friends of the buyer. This device of litigation is by no means impractical, by no means neglected, even in states which do not compel the banker to hold for ninety-six hours funds paid on draft; such a provision only permits the scheme to be played with greater certainty and leisure.

The ingenuity displayed by the crooks of the produce business in devising new tricks which will take the big end of the shippers' proceeds is little less than diabolical in its cleverness. Here is one of the most up-to-date schemes, which has been successfully worked in Chicago:

A concern sends out letters to dairy farmers and small creameries, offering a fancy price for butter—one or two cents above the market. After the butter arrives, either no accounting is made for it or it is rejected. A dispute is established, with the result that a check for an amount much smaller than the price agreed upon is finally sent to the shipper. If he is normally unsuspecting, he accepts the check as a payment on account, believing that the balance in dispute is a matter for later adjustment. He cashes the check at his local bank. In so doing he is, of course, obliged to put his endorsement upon the back of the check. Ultimately, when he renews the fight for the balance due him, he discovers that the printing upon the check is so worded that his endorsement constitutes a receipt in full for his claim.

The fact that many of the butter producers to whom these alluring offers have been sent are foreigners, accounts in some degree for the wide success of the scheme. Some of those, however, who have been keen and observing enough to notice and understand the peculiar wording of the checks have cashed them because they preferred to make sure of the funds in hand rather than to take further chances with a house which would use such a check.

It should be clearly understood that there are houses in South Water Street, and doubtless in all of the larger produce markets, which would not go to the length of operating a device of this sort—and yet such a scheme has been operated by commission men of supposed standing, whose names have been long associated with the history of "the street." Lately such a man sent hundreds of circulars and letters to butter producers in Wisconsin and Minnesota, shrewdly calculating that, as many of the names circularized were Scandinavian, he would have the advantage of dealing with men not quite so well equipped to watch his trickery as seasoned, educated Americans would be.

Among those who jumped at his bait of an "above market" price was a trusting creamery proprietor, who sent a large shipment of fine butter. The offer was at twenty-nine and one-half cents. The shipper was informed that the butter was not up to grade, an accounting was made at twenty cents instead of the agreed price, and a check on a bank at a remote point was forwarded in settlement. This shipper, or his representative, placed the matter at once in the hands of an attorney experienced in dealing with the shifty schemes of the produce commission merchant. By long distance telephone this lawyer found that the commission house had funds in the bank upon which the check was drawn, and secured an attachment against them.

Next, the South Water Street man claimed that half of the butter had been sent on to New York, and rejected by the inspector there. "Then bring the butter back here at once," replied the attorney for the shipper. A day was fixed when the recalled butter should be delivered. Meantime the attorney learned that the butter had actually been sold at thirty-two cents in New York, and paid for at that price. Even under these circumstances the commission man allowed the case to get into court—probably believing that the shipper would not appear to press the prosecution. At the last possible moment before the case was given to the jury, the produce dealer called the shipper's attorney aside and settled at twenty-eight and one-fourth cents.

But where one shipper takes prompt and decisive action and prosecutes his claim to the finish, a hundred submit to the fraud and injustice, and accept anything they can get rather than incur the expense of lawyer and court fees, and of their personal appearance at the prosecution. This reluctance of the aggrieved shipper to put up a fight to the finish, in order to secure his rights, is the very foundation upon which the shifty and dishonest produce dealer operates. "Howls," "kicks," and threats from the outraged shipper have no terrors for the produce dealer, who knows that, under his system, they will eventually shake down into a compromise, and compromised differences spell profits in his game. Occasionally the produce commission merchant who, in the vernacular of the market street, hands his country customer "a raw deal," strikes fire and uncovers a fighter; but this occurrence is so rare that he complacently takes his chances of trouble and makes any legal contest as difficult and expensive as possible for the belligerent shipper.

He knows that the little man cannot fight, and that it is only a question of time till he will "lie down and eat out of the hand." There is at least one scriptural passage of which he has a fine and practical appreciation; no one knows better than he that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The man who has lavished parental care upon a little patch of ground, who has anxiously nursed a crop from seed to harvest, and almost literally watered it with the sweat of his brow, who has put into it toil and watchfulness and backache and all the goodly cunning of the husbandman's art, is most completely at the mercy of these wolves of the market street. The subjection of these helpless ones who most need the full fruits of their toil is the easiest and the surest play in the unscrupulous game of the produce dealer. When such as these send their crops to market, they place in the hands of the dealer their only resource, for their crop is practically their all.

Again, it must be remembered that the small grower is often, if not generally, remote from the market to which his produce is sent; that it is wholly impracticable for him to follow up his shipment and make a personal appearance in a prosecution to obtain his rights. All he can do, when he discovers that he has been victimized by the sharp practice of the street, is to "take his medicine" and try to avoid being caught in the spider's web next time.

That is to say, this has been the only alternative of the small shipper until co-operation and organization struck the soil, and gave the husbandman a new strength and a new hope. And that is another story.

Defenselessness is the condition not only of the very small grower and shipper, but even of those who operate on a fairly generous scale. Each of these latter may send several carloads to market, but he cannot afford to follow them to the street in order that he may watch over, protect, and fight for them. Even if he could stand the expense of the journey, his presence is required in the field at that time above all others—for shipping time is harvest time.

Again, the shipper has a well-grounded belief in the futility of litigation and perhaps also a distrust of lawyers and courts—especially those outside of his home community. He knows that "lawing at long range" is expensive and uncertain in everything save its costliness; he recognizes the risk and the waste of "throwing good money after bad," and so he submits as helplessly to the produce dealer as does the tiller of the meager patch whose entire crop would not pay the commission man's expenses for a day.

Only the big grower, whose tillage is on a wholesale scale, is in position to see that he has a square deal, that the rewards of his husbandry are not filched from his hands in the market place. And even he can hardly follow each shipment into market. The designing and dishonest commission merchant is inclined to treat the big men with especial consideration, but even with the largest growers he takes chances now and then.

So much for the practices of the produce markets, the practices which are a part of its daily and routine operation, the methods followed by the many rather than the few, the methods which are the established traditions of the street and make its atmosphere—tricks of the trade to which the man who finds employment in the average produce commission house must be "wise" if he would hold his job! "Knocking down" on the shipper, rejecting his shipment on the false ground of "off quality" when the market is on a decline, forcing sales at the hands of transportation agents—these are the familiar and stock devices of the produce dealer and are in daily use in the market streets of the country. They are not the glaring exceptions to the common standard of practice, not the variations from the prevailing moral temperature of the place and the business; they are its ordinary incidents, known by all in the game, regretted by some who contrive to preserve a higher pitch of integrity, and winked at or actually practiced by the many.

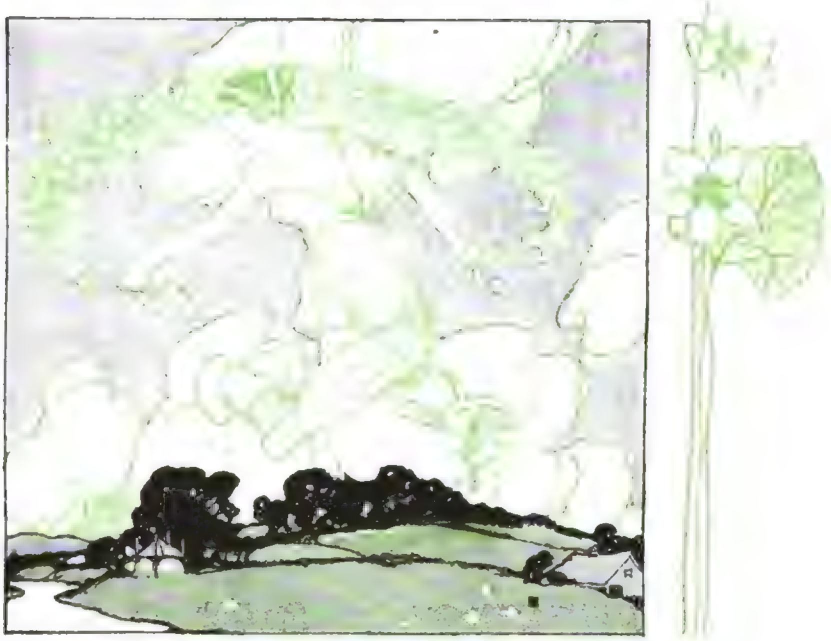
SPRING ON LONG ISLAND

By LYDIA SCHUYLER

NOT on the wind's high wing
Comes the Spring
When she comes our way;
Not on the chariots white
Of the clouds of day,
Or the pinions gray
Of the wavering mists of night;
And she comes not over the roads of the land,
By valley and plain where the great hills stand,
By the forest path or the fallow plain.
When she knows we are waiting again
She is borne by the sea from the south;
There is salt in the breath of her mouth,
There is brine in the scent of her hair,
And everywhere
The cry of the water sings
With the bird-notes that she brings.

See how the coast-lines slip
More and more to the west
From the pine-clad breast
Of Maine unto Florida's palmy tip.
See how our isle looks forth
From its anchorage here at the north
Toward the islands of Caribbee—
Nothing between but the sea.
It is there that the Spring abides
The end of our wintertides.
It is thence she comes on the shining flood
In a splendor of sunshine drest,
The north in her heart, the south in her blood,
And her feet on the white wave-crest,
So eagerly swift that we say, "She is near,"
And the day beyond, "She is here, is here!"

Then the blue of our sky is the blue of the deep-stretched sea,
The green of our banks is the green where its shallows be,
And its foam-wreaths bloom once more
In the blossoms that spray us from shore to shore,
Orchard and thicket and forest floor—
Apple, azalea, dogwood, and all
The frail things snowy and small
That cling
To the garment edge of the Spring.



ALONG THE RIPPLY RIVER

by ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES B FALLS

THE Winter had been as bleak as Absence,—lonesome, loveless, vapid,—a shudder of sleet through a deserted house.

But the Spring, in a gray silk rain-coat piped with green, came dimpling home again to you like your young mate,—rapturous with novelty, diviner yet with dear, incredulous memories. Never was there such a sky-blue sweetness! Wistful-eyed with tears, tousle-haired with breeze and sunshine, blossom-pink with mischief, blossom-white with shyness, the young Spring slipped into your yearning arms.

Just between a twilight and a dawn the miracle seemed to have happened. One night you barred your door as usual against the crisp, cross, raucous cold, and the very next morning, startled and confused, you woke to find the languorous, pouting, sweet-breathed Spring close-nestling at your stingy windows. Oh, the wonder of it! And the mystery! And the amazing, maddening mix-up of the prayer in your heart and the prance in your toes! "Flesh, or Fur, or Feathers, Clod of Earth, or Sponging Marsh Pool,—wake up, wake up, wake up!" you cried. "The Spring has come home!" And every man and every woman and every man-child and every woman-child jumped out of his sleep with the same little gaspy scream of joy and stumbled forth upon his day's dull, brick-paved task with a sudden silly, sweet choke in his throat as though he had swallowed a violet.

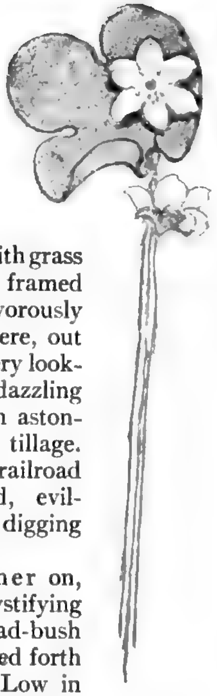
Teasing, tender, buoyant, balmy, Monday was a flame, Tuesday a color, Wednesday a perfume, Thursday a bird-song. Out from the clammy, winter-chilled houses every open door was like a plunge into a greenhouse,—steaming, exotic, fuming with fragrance, mulling with magic. Day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, the green, hot, conscious flush of the Spring spread greener and hotter and more conscious over the face of the land. The flannel-swathed city went wild with heat. Red brick sizzled in its mortar. Black asphalt melted and mired in the streets. Old gray cobblestones split apart that little, wee, delicate yellow-green tendrils might stretch out and breathe.

By Friday, a merciful Providence sent churning headaches to young school children so that the poor little sweating captives might escape the choking, blackboard tightness of the classroom and wander out into the easy meadows and lie down flat upon the large, loose grass, and stare up into the large, loose sky, and—think—and think—and think—pleasant—uncomputable—ungeographical—ungrammatical—bright blue thoughts about God and—kissy white clouds and—far, far flying bird-wings.

Oh, Friday was TRUANCY incarnate! It was the sort of day when engines run off their tracks, and horses shy at sunbeams, and hurdygurdies romp on every corner—and men and women have to go to work just the same. Work is a horrid thing to go to in the Springtime.

Young Jim Laurier, racing breathlessly down the shadeless street of his sun-scorched little city, clutched hard and wet-handed at the last platform of the last car of the very last possible morning train that ran like a smoldering, red-plush fuse to the arid, inflammable big city forty miles away. Fretted with starch, stifled with cheviot, hectored with business worry, he nodded gaspingly across the car to several other men equally warm and late, and then, limp as a rag, threw himself down into the first empty seat that he could reach and opened the little square window in luscious draught across his steaming face, just as the brazen engine bell began to clang its noisy copper tongue into its noisy copper cheek.

Instantly then from under the glowering station eaves a cool, dark smell of damp soot and cinders wafted forth most pungently. Gradually, with a whir of wheels and a long, smooth-sliding momentum, the whole railroad panorama shifted refreshingly from stranded freight cars and dingy suburban precincts to bright green fields, and purple-budded woodlands, and great gorgeous clumps of yellow-skirted, black-stockinged willow trees wallowing in groups down the swampy Spring roads. Vivid, intense, shimmeringly succulent, the whole shiny landscape—wet green, wet black, wet red, wet blue, wet yellow—loomed forth artificially like a freshly varnished painting. One by one, little white farmhouses, flitted in and out of the tremulous picture. With grass and .earth the snugly framed window-breeze grew savorously sweeter and sweeter. There, out of the bruised and showery looking clouds, a bolt of dazzling sunshine smote across an astonished field of lush brown tillage. Here, close to the busy railroad track, two bare-armed, evil-looking tramps were digging amiably for bait.

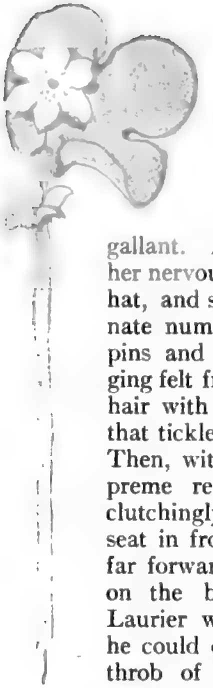


A mile or two farther on, through a vague, mystifying snow-white haze of shad-bush blossom, the Valley flaunted forth its fresh enchantment. Low in the alder bushes, like Spring's own firebrands, the red-winged blackbirds flamed from bough to bough. Along the tender, marshy meadows the Ripply River lay—molten, steel-colored, fretted with rain-drops like the disk of a music box, and the tune that it seemed to play was a simple, foolish, persistent little refrain:

"I'm a-wishin' to go fishin',
I'm a-wishin' to go fishin'."

With a surly, impatient gesture Laurier turned away from the teasing window, and slouched down into his seat, and yanked his hat brim half-way across his sun-dazzled eyes. Not until then through his lazy, darkened vision did he really begin to notice the Gray and Green Girl with gallant shoulders who sat directly in front of him.

Very softly, very slowly; very grayly—with a curve of broadcloth; very greenly—with a fluffy plume of ostrich feathers, a sense of the girl's personal presence seemed to waft back into his consciousness. With an indolent, indifferent sort of interest he watched her take off her new mouse-colored gloves and lift them absent-mindedly to her lips and blow them out in little, slim, digital, kid balloons. After a moment her shoulders began to twitch uneasily, and she took off



her cumbersome gray coat with a gaspy sigh of relief. Like any other white-rose substance stifled under cloth, her lace waist had wilted piteously, but her shoulders were still very gallant. After another moment her nervous hands flew up to her hat, and she drew out an inordinate number of savage-looking pins and lifted the heavy, sagging felt from her rumpled blond hair with its little edging curls that tickled the tips of her ears. Then, with a tiny shrug of supreme relief, she reached out clutchingly to the high-backed seat in front of her, and, leaning far forward, rested her forehead on the back of her knuckles. Laurier would have sworn that he could count the throb-throb-throb of heat-headache in her temples.

"Poor silly little goose," he reasoned, "she evidently hasn't got any spring clothes yet, so she's all togged out in her best winter duds trying to make an impression on somebody."

But even as he scoffed his own winter suit caught him between the shoulder blades with a horrid woolly fret.

Then quite suddenly, from half-way down the hot plush aisle, a fluff of yellow feathers in a reeded wicker cage began caroling madly, madly, like a suddenly vocalized jonquil in its first utter rapture of astonishment and song. The Gray and Green Girl sat up abruptly and stared around. In an instant her eyes, like Laurier's, focused on the surprising canary. Gripped close in the grimy hands of an Italian laborer, the little cramped cage rocked and shook with the shudder of the train. Every other object in the whole car fairly radiated sunshine and sweetness, but the Italian laborer reeked of very stale garlic and dark, melancholy alleys, and foul, windowless, lightless, airless, waterless rooms, affluent in nothing in the world except toddling children with hot, sticky, prying, feather-pulling fingers. And still the little canary bird sang on in its golden glory, with the slender, twig-like stripes of the cage marking off its innocent yellowness like a prison garb.

The Gray and Green Girl clasped her hands impulsively as though something hurt her even more sharply than the pain in her temples. In an uncertain, worried sort of helplessness she peered around the car for a moment, and then turned surprisingly and looked straight into Laurier's eyes. Over the back of the seat she proffered him jinglingly a small metallic coin-purse. Her face was perfectly frank but perfectly dignified, like the face of any well-bred, experienced young traveler who rates a formal introduction as no more important in a railroad emergency than grace before a bag of pop-corn.

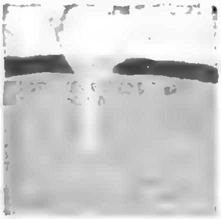
"Would you mind," she began quite distinctly, "would you mind seeing if you could buy that canary for me? I'm afraid of Italians."

Starting chivalrously to his feet, Laurier took the little flexible money-bag into his hands.

"Why, I'll be very glad indeed to buy it for you," he stammered falsely, "only I never bought a canary bird in my life. How do you do it?"

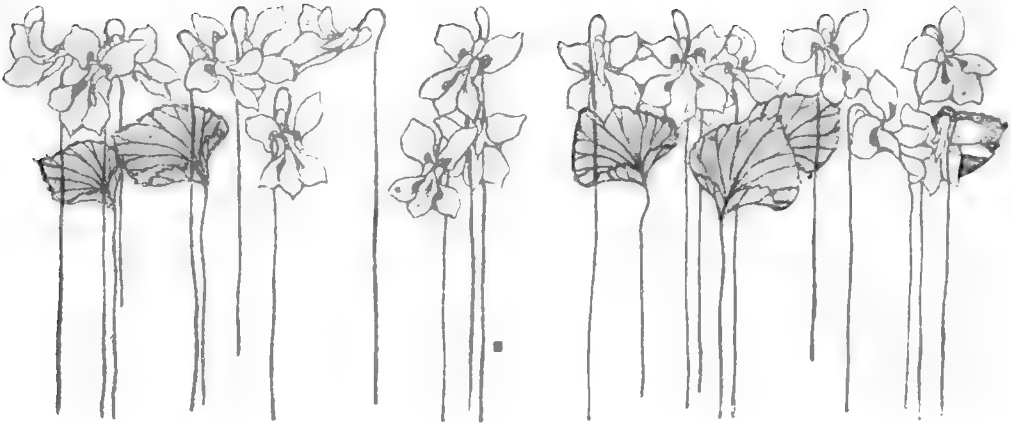
The Gray and Green Girl smiled faintly. Her cheeks were much too white. But her smile was altogether pink.

"How do you buy it?" she repeated. "Why, you just go and walk up and down the aisle. You might play that you wanted a drink of water, and then on the way back stop and admire the bird a little—but not too much. And then buy it! I think two dollars ought to buy it."



With intensely self-conscious casualness Laurier sauntered along the aisle to the grim-looking ice-water tank and quenched his thirst inordinately. Then he stopped and complained about the heat to every individual man in the car whom he knew. Finally, after a rather stingy ornithological compliment and much petulant argument, he returned to the Gray and Green Girl with a somewhat subdued canary and an extraordinarily subdued little purse.

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly as he settled the cage down adroitly on the seat in the gorgeous green shade of the ostrich feathers. "There is your pet! Now what are you going to do with him?"



"What am I going to do with him?" asked the Girl, lifting her blue eyes drowsily to Laurier's impatient question. "What am I going to do with him? I'm going to let him out."

Laurier gasped. "Let him out?" he repeated indignantly. "Why he will die. Cats will eat him."

"What of it?" drawled the Girl wearily. In another instant her slim hands groped out again to the seat in front of her, and her white face went drooping down once more against the comfort of her knuckles.

"Are you sick?" questioned Laurier.

She shook her head. "No, just tired—and my shoes hurt me," she mumbled through her fingers.

She did not lift her head again, until at a very small, very ugly railroad station a party of old men and women from the neighboring almshouse came bustling and chattering and crowding through the front doorway of the car. They were simple, void old faces for the most part—faces that Age had emptied rather than filled—but faces flooded now suddenly with a certain shallow, garrulous, phosphorescent gayety that plainly bespoke the unwonted excitement of a day's pleasure outing. With crisp and noisy delight the whole party jostled into their places, but somehow the very crispness of their pleasure seemed to strike an incongruous, minor note for a picnic, like the crispness of stale bread. And somewhere in Laurier's sleepy, sunbaked senses it made him feel very strangely faint and sick to realize that any human being was actually obliged to be old in the Springtime.

There was no "minor note," however, about the Male Attendant in charge of the party. He was just plain discord of the worst teeth-on-edge kind, and the more Laurier tried to cuddle down again into his own warm nap the more nervously, keenly conscious he became of the horrid, slate-pencil screechiness of the Attendant's personality. Smug, pious, itching with authority, the pompous fellow herded his helpless charges into their seats, snubbing one, shoving another, ridiculing a third. He was not exactly boisterous, he was not actually cruel, but just utterly, indisputably—kickable. Laurier heard a man behind him begin to swear tersely under his breath. Laurier saw the Gray and Green Girl in front of him tighten her shoulders tensely.

The train sped on, faster and faster, swaying a bit skittishly now and then—one mile, two miles, three, four, five—then stopped with sudden abrupt willfulness in the midst of a meadow, like some huge, coquettish old dame who wanted her shoe tied. As though the shoe was iron, and the buttons were nails, clang-clang-clang came the pleasant, skillful sound of iron hammering on steel.

With an absurdly audible sigh of relief one wizened little old man from the almshouse party stood up and stretched himself, and then, tripping indiscriminately over both pauper and official feet, squirmed out of his crowded corner, crossed over to Laurier's side of the car, and,

dropping down into a roomy, vacant seat, plunged his white head ecstatically out of the window. It seemed to be the ripple-ripple-ripple of the river that enchanted him. "Gee! Smell the pickerel!" he cried out vociferously.

Instantly the astonished Attendant jumped up, flushing like a furnace. "Come back here to your seat," he called sourly. "Come back here to your seat, I say."

But the command was as maddeningly impotent as whistling to a pussy cat. The Little Old Man merely turned and shook his head and grinned. "You're too fat and hot," he announced explicitly.

With a surly snarl the big Attendant lolled across the car, dragged the Little Old Man none too gently out into the aisle, and shoved him along to the open, rear door of the train.

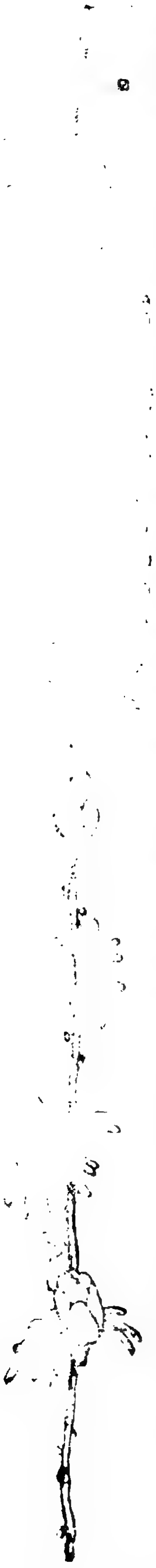
"I'll learn you to mind me when I speak," he taunted. "Now you can just get off this train and walk back home, you slobberin' fool. You can't go with us!" And he pushed his frightened, withered old victim from the platform.

Dazed, grieved, whimpering with senility, the Little Old Man stood there for a moment at the edge of the track, staring dumbly from the grinning, crimson heat in his tormentor's face to the frowning, black, cindery heat of the long, long walk home. Everybody near the rear of the car could hear the sudden, thin, sharp cry that he gave. Then he turned with tragical meekness and started jogging back along the hot, humpy, tripping, interminable stretch of sleepers.

The incident was over in a flash. The engine began to throb cautiously again. The Attendant came strutting back to his seat. The dizzy wheels gave an experimental lurch or two. People settled back in their places and straightened their neckties over their choking anger.

But the Gray and Green Girl still sat half turned around in her seat, looking back. For an instant her whole face from brow to chin seemed to wince like a goaded nerve. Then she snatched up her coat, her green-feathered hat, the awkward bird-cage, and dashed down the aisle, jumped from the slowly moving platform, and ran off just as fast as she possibly could down the railroad track after the Little Old Man. Flopping round her ankles as she ran, her unbuttoned boots flared out grotesquely, like the ferocious roll-topped footwear of a pictured pirate.

Some one in the car laughed. It was merely a nervous laugh, but the sound of it fretted Laurier. Very slowly and deliberately he stood up and sauntered back to the open door, where the dark woodwork framed, like a molding, the single vista of the slowly receding, long, straight track—with the old man's tottering figure and the girl's impulsive, chivalrous pursuit. It was a pretty picture, all blue and green and steel colored, but the track was much too lonesome. Most people's impulses end, of course, at their collar line, but Laurier's, like the Girl's, flared unexpectedly in his feet. In another second he had rammed his hat down over his ears, gauged his distance, and swung himself off upon the whirling ground. Two



or three men in the car who had watched the proceeding started up to make sure that he was all right, while the train itself went sliding on out of his ken.

As soon as he got his breath he began to whistle to the Girl. He had a nice whistle—no mere dog-call, but a sound as communicative as a voice. Quite distinctly the notes signaled, "Hold on a minute. Wait for me. P-l-e-a-s-e!"

The Girl turned round, looked surprised, then stopped, clutched at the Little Old Man's sleeve, and waited expectantly. When Laurier reached her, the color had gone from her lips and was spotting in her cheeks.

"What did you get off the train for?" she asked gravely.

Laurier's blue eyes crinkled. "What did you get off for, yourself?" he quizzed.

The Girl considered the question rather carefully before even the littlest, tiniest ghost of a smile began to flicker on her lips.

"Why — I don't know just why I got off," she explained conscientiously. "Why—I haven't quite had time yet to think just why I got off. I was asleep, you see—and I woke up so suddenly—and was so MAD. Oh, wasn't that almshouse attendant disgusting!"

"But what were you planning to do?" persisted Laurier. "You weren't going to 'beau' the old fellow all the way home, were you?"

"Yes," the Girl nodded, "only my new shoes hurt me so ouchily."

With a little shiver of real pain she sank down on the bright grassy slope and began to fan herself inconveniently with the stiff gray hat and the sumptuous, tickly, green ostrich feather. All about her forehead the little damp, wispy curls fluttered with the color of Spring sunshine on young alder buds. Compared to her, the shaggy old man looked like a belated and much perplexed pussy willow.

"What'yer goin' to do to me? What'yer goin' to do to me?" the old voice began to whimper.

"Chir-r-r-up? Twitt-e-r? T-r-i-l-l?" queried the canary bird, even more anxiously.

Cautiously the Girl reached out one shining, black patent leather boot-toe, and prodded the frail wicker cage. "Can't you keep still, you little funny, yellow, crazy thing?" she complained. "You sound exactly like melted butter bubbling through a perfectly red-hot flute!"

Laurier looked at his watch. It was scarcely eleven o'clock, and already the watch crystal caught up the glare and heat like a burning-glass. With squinting eyes he turned and studied successively the dazzling sky, the vivid meadows, the parched, pebbly railroad track, the long, far line of blue river. Then his eyes came smiling back rather whimsically to his companions. Impulsively he reached out his hand and drew the Gray and Green Girl to her feet.

"Of course," he said, "of course, it was awfully nice of you to get off the train like this, but it wasn't girl's work. It wasn't exactly a safe thing for you to do all alone." For fully a moment he puckered his forehead perplexedly. Then suddenly he burst out laughing.

"Let's all run away," he suggested. "Let's all run away and forget almshouses—and offices and pay-rolls, and contracts and debts—and tight shoes. It's a fearfully long, hot walk back to the station. Let's go down to the river and see if we can't find a boat and row back. What's the matter with having a picnic of our own?"

"Picnic? Picnic?" cackled the Old Man's tremulous treble.

"Forget everything?" faltered the Girl. A strange, elfish sort of wistfulness flooded her face. "Forget everything? Just look up in the sky and not see anything except sky? Just take hold of the live grass and not feel anything except live grass? Just listen to the tap-tap-tap of a downy woodpecker and not hear anything except—the woodpecker? Forget EVERYTHING?" With the very joy of the question still on her lips her eyes blurred suddenly with surprising tears, and her whole figure wilted down like a stricken flower. "I *have* forgotten everything," she stammered. Her face was really pitiful with panic. "Why—I had an appointment in town at twelve o'clock with the South Eastern Lumber Company—oh, a dreadfully important appointment! They wrote me a horrid, cross note telling me not to dare to be a minute late—and now I sha'n't get there at all. And it meant work for all summer. *Oh, what shall I do?*"

With incredible heartlessness Laurier threw back his head and laughed.

"That's just like a woman," he said. "Neglect your appointment first—and cry about it afterward."

"You are quite as horrid as the Company was," she replied in most irascible astonishment, "the cross, spiteful, selfish company!"

Still, Laurier's laugh was pleasant to the ear, it was deliciously in tune with the day.

"Come on," he continued, "let's hunt for a boat. If you've got to cry, let's cry in the river and not here on the track. You're too late to meet your man—that's certain; so you might as well have a perfectly pleasant, comfortable, helpful fit of remorse harmonized to the ripple of the river, instead of a dry sob here in the desert."

"You think it humorous, my losing a job?" she answered cuttingly.

Laurier hedged. "If you cry, you'll make your eyes red."

Surely if looks were real weapons, he was in grave danger at that moment.

"And maybe you'll make your nose red, too," he continued, and this time his laugh successfully parried her look.

"Such brutes!" she smiled wistfully, then, "I don't really suppose that one person can understand another," she finished quite simply and bravely. "Come on, then. We'll make a fitting escort for old Grandpa. Let the simple lead the simple."

With the tiniest bud of a dimple showing in her left cheek, the Gray and Green Girl whirled in her tracks and started across the luscious fields toward the river.

"Wait!" cried Laurier. "Here's your pet. If you're going to let him out at all, couldn't you let him out now and save lugging him?"

"Oh no! No!" she protested scornfully. "Can't you see that there aren't any violets here, nor any little low, comfortable green trees?"

Eagerly she started on again. Laurier's long stride followed pretty close behind, and the Little Old Man tagged along at the end, affirming and reaffirming with each raspy breath, "Well, don't it all beat the Dutch!"

Even with swishy skirts and pinchy-toed shoes, the Gray and Green Girl scrambled over the meadow fences with agile, monkeyish ease. Laurier vaulted his way along, which fact bespoke the very best training of his city Athletic Club, and the Little Old Man squirmed under all the bars on his stomach till, caught at last by a nail, he turned up his grubby, sweating, ecstatic old face to his rescuers and confided quite contemporaneously, 'Oh, *ain't* it nice to be young!"

Soon at a prosperous looking farmhouse they procured a boat and a few doughnuts and a churning, slopping pailful of good, cool milk. Then, after much rummaging through a musty woodshed for oars and a bait-can and a pickerel pole, they wandered down to the lipping, lap-

ping river edge and dragged the old water-logged, blue-jeans-colored boat out of its soggy anchorage.

The Gray and Green Girl perched herself as dryly as possible in the bow, and the Little Old Man snuggled up in the stern with his pockets full of frogs, and his gnarled hands clutching his pole and line. Laurier of course took the oars.

In a whole drowsy, drifting, sun-scorched hour only three things happened. Once the Little Old Man succeeded in hooking and landing a slim, keen young pickerel. Once the Girl broke absent-mindedly into a hummy little love tune. Once Laurier put down his oars and laughed—just at nothing, he said.

On and on down the stream they floated—Laurier rowing—the Old Man fishing—the Girl dragging her finger tips in the water.

"If it weren't for wimmin,
We could go in swimmin'"

suddenly began "Grandpa Bug," as Laurier had christened him with a splash from the oar. Over and over again the crackled voice crooned the refrain, half querulous with the sentiment, half enraptured with the rhyme. Nothing could seem to quench the ardor of the idea nor still the singsong until the Girl at last pointed enthusiastically to an attractive looking knoll surrounded by trees and capped with shrubbery. Instantly the Old Man's attention was diverted.

"Oh! Oh! The House!" he cried. "Come. Come."

"What house?" quizzed Laurier. "And where?"

Jumping to his feet and waving his arms, the Old Man kept repeating, "Oh, the House! Come!"

So persistent was he that the whole party landed with inquisitive, good-natured interest. Then, tugging like a dog at a leash, he began to pull away from his companions, circling farther and farther into the woods, only to reappear now and then through the foliage, still waving his arms and shouting, "The House! The House!"

Carrying interchangeably the precious canary and the much more precious pail of milk, Laurier and the Girl followed up the rough road, over a tottering stone wall, through a scratchy snarl of blackberry bushes—stumblingly, laughingly, quizzically—till they reached at last an open clearing where they found no house at all, but just a ruined, dilapidated old cellar-way choked to the brim with decayed timbers and crumbling red bricks and a furious riot of tough young weeds. Huddled on the frost-cracked flagstone where the front door used to be, the Little Old Man sat waiting for them with eager, serious hospitality. Grandiloquently he reached out and took the bird cage from the Girl's hands and set it down close beside him.

"Sorry I can't ask ye to come in," he stammered, casting a grotesquely puzzled look at the yawning ruin behind him. Then, yielding suddenly to fatigue and astonishment, he began to sob violently, rocking himself to and fro and moaning, "Oh, it used to be the grand, grand house—the grand, grand house. There was five rooms and a Mother!"

The Girl's mental laziness vanished utterly before this real sorrow. "Why, I think it's an extraordinarily grand house *now*," she persisted, dropping down on the flagstone and patting the palsied old hands.

"Yes, indeed!" prompted Laurier. "It's a dandy house—so open and airy—and with such a gorgeous view." Even as he spoke he lolled down snugly against the other end of the flagstone and lay basking luxuriously in the dark green breeze that rumpled through the grasses.

"Let's stay here always and always," he suggested blissfully.

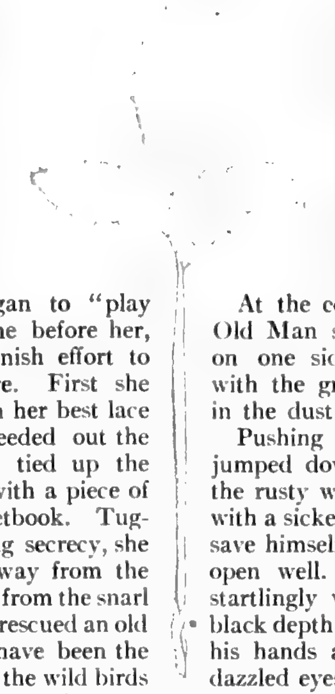
"You and me and her?" quizzed the Old Man.

Laurier nodded drowsily.

But the Gray and Green Girl shook her head gravely, and a pink flush deeper than sunburn rose in her cheeks.

"N-o," she said. "I couldn't possibly stay here more than half an hour."

But before the sentence was half-way gone from her lips, Laurier and the Old Man had



both rolled over on the grass and, inside the time it takes to sigh twice—were fast asleep.

Smiling whimsically at the absurd friendliness of the incident, the Girl got up with a murmur of relief at her unexpected freedom. Lovingly, lingeringly—a little bit awkwardly—with hands too full of dreams, she began to "play house" with the ruined home before her, trying with desperate womanish effort to pet the Past into a Future. First she dusted off the flagstone with her best lace handkerchief. Then she weeded out the straggling jonquil bed, and tied up the timid young clematis vine with a piece of white ribbon out of her pocketbook. Tugging with breathless, tiptoeing secrecy, she dragged a bruising timber away from the roots of the lilac bush. Out from the snarl of the woodshed's *débris* she rescued an old tea cup that might possibly have been the "Mother's." All around her the wild birds twittered and shadowed. Close in the stone wall a red squirrel chortled furiously. Wild as the heart of the woods, big as the sky, cool as the breeze, hot as the sunshine—the whole tingling scene—Spring and Youth—caught her up suddenly in one wild, utter transport of delight. Then, quick as her rapture, her thoughts went flashing back to the mean, stuffy, stifling city, and her lost business appointment, and the general endless-chain consequences of her impulsiveness and her prank.

Even as her tender eyes clouded with the thought, there in a crevice of the messy cellar, bright as a vision, mystic as a symbol, flared a shy, sweet tuft of blue violets—a bit of Spring, a token of Love, a promise of all things pleasant and hopeful. In another instant, gathering her skirts about her she went scrambling down into the clutter, swinging under a fallen beam, crawling over a rotten planking, tripping over a blackberry vine.

Laurier was sleeping when he heard a woman's ghastly scream—all the tremor and shudder and horror of mortal fear crashed into one short, sharp, blood-curdling shriek. Dazed and confused with sleep, he sprang up and started for the river, breaking through the thickets, stumbling over the stones. Not till he had reached the first wall did he hear another cry—far behind him—a cry muffled now, and dreadful. Cursing himself for a fool, he started back up the hill, his heart chugging like a steam-engine, his winter-warped lungs almost bursting under the strain.

At the edge of the cellar he found the Old Man standing with his head cocked on one side, regarding intently the hat with the green ostrich feathers lying low in the dust of the cellar.

Pushing by him frantically, Laurier jumped down into the rubbish, tripped on the rusty wreck of a plow, and reeled back with a sickening heart-lurch, just in time to save himself from pitching headlong into an open well. The cry on his lips blended startlingly with a sobbing sound from the black depth below him. Dropping down on his hands and knees, he strained his sun-dazzled eyes into the darkness. There with her white hands clutching upward at the clammy, slimy, moss-grown death-cell—slipping, clutching, slipping, clutching—was the Gray and Green Girl fighting for her young life.

"Oh, hurry, hurry! For God's sake HURRY!" she cried, and even as she cried, her hold failed her utterly and she splashed down out of sight.

Without stopping to plan or choose, Laurier reached back desperately, hooked his feet into a crevice of the rotten planking, and, plunging down head first, caught her as she came up, slipped his arms under hers, and swung her drenched, bedraggled head back on his shoulder as he locked his fingers across her breast in grim embrace.

"Oh, Glory!" he muttered, just "Oh, Glory!" as he felt his rotten foothold tremble and bend under its sudden strain.

Cautiously the Old Man crept through the cellar. "What's the matter?" he whimpered. "Gettin' a drink of water?"

"A drink of water?" With the girl's hair dripping in tickling agony across his face, with a sense of blood pouring into his head by gallons and gallons, Laurier gasped. "We're drowning, you idiot," he cried. "Run!

Run like HELL! RUN AND HOLLER FOR HELP!"

In a kind of a round and round, drenched, spiral echo they heard the Old Man fumbling back along the stonework. They heard him rustling through the lilac hedge. They heard his faint voice scream and mumble and fade away in the woods. . . . They heard the sweet faraway sound of the pines. . . . They heard the distant choo-choo-choo of an afternoon train whizzing home from the city, full of perfectly well-meaning, blue-suited, pink-hatted people probably comparing notes on stock quotations and gingham bargains, and just how hot it would be to-morrow. "To-morrow?" God! . . . Close on the stonework a nasty little lizard seemed to ooze from the crevice like a splotch of scarlet paint. . . . Now and again a twittering sparrow shadowed across the water. . . . And through it all the canary's voice caroled—sang—warbled—twittered—peeped. . . . And through it all there was a mocking consciousness of a great joy about to be snuffed out.

The strain on Laurier's arms, which had seemed so slight at first, changed gradually to excruciating pain and at last into a numb, mechanical, iron-like grip. His locked fingers began to feel welded together like molten, distorted metal. Against the face of the girl whom he had never seen before that day, his own face lay burrowed like a bas-relief. Inviolate as an ancient fortress the old well loomed around him. Nothing in all the world appeared modern or pregnable except the rotting, quivering board in which his faraway feet were caught.

It might have been a minute, it might have been ten minutes, it might have been an hour before either of them spoke. Then he felt the Girl's throat muscles twitch against his cheek.

"After—a while," she whispered, "you'll have to let go of me—won't you?"

Laurier ground his teeth. "N-o," he muttered, "I won't let go of you. I won't ever let go of you." Even as he spoke he thought that the edge of his foot-brace would saw his toes and ankles from their grip.

In another minute, or ten minutes, or an hour, she spoke again.

"If you do have to let go of me—at last," she faltered, "it will make it horrid for you—you don't even know who I am. People might say that you pushed me into the well. We were crazy to come off like this. I am Daphne Bigelow, and I live in the Randall Apartments all alone by myself. The key to my desk is behind the Madonna picture." She shivered pitifully, and something salter and sadder and hotter than well-water trickled against Laurier's lips. After that she began to sneeze ticklingly into his neck. "Excuse me," she pleaded hysterically, "but I seem to be catching cold." As accidentally as he could he shifted his face and smothered the dangerous tremor out of her.

Then, as his dizziness and confusion increased, he began to beg her mumblingly not to bother about him any longer, muttering that he was too heavy to hold, and that business was "all to the bad," anyway. After that he forgot everything except a persistent, idiotic wonder whether his arms unlocked at the shoulder or the elbow. Beyond the bruising snuggle of his cheek against the Girl's he felt utterly paralyzed. Round and round and round—faster and faster and faster—the well and the girl and the scarlet lizard began to whirl. And louder than any other sound the canary's voice seemed to pipe out suddenly like the squeak of the pivot around which the whole world flew.

Even in perfectly safe sunshine-time above ground, fully twenty minutes must have passed before the Gray and Green Girl began to scream. Cleaving shrilly through the silence, her young strong voice rang out with sudden tumultuous intensity. Slowly, through blindness and dumbness and deafness, Laurier's blood-drugged senses rallied at last to the consciousness of men's voices, and the crackle of footsteps, and a tug-tug-tug at his legs, and a brutal, torturing, merciless wrenching apart of his fingers.

A few moments later, on the pleasant, green grass, he roused and stared with astonishment into the heat-flushed faces of two very excited farmers. Close to the farmers the Little Old Man stood, trying to nudge his way into supreme importance.

"I did run like it, and I did holler like it," persisted the Old Man triumphantly.

"Oh, it weren't you that saved them," scoffed the older farmer a bit waggishly.

"No one would have jumped a fence to hear you sing. It was the canary, I tell you. We were cruisin' along here in the launch, tryin' to tinker up some of the meadow fences, and we stopped and put ashore and started home across lots, and right down there by the stone wall we heard that blamed canary singin' just as queer and natural like, and we hurried right along then, I tell you, to see why canaries was singin' in our pasture—and there was the cage a-settin' by the doorstep—and there was the green bird hat a-settin' by the well—and there was the boots a-hangin' down it."

"Who got drownded?" quavered the Old Man.

Half hysterically, half deliberately, the Gray and Green Girl laughed herself into Laurier's dizzy vision. All drenched and dripping, with hair like seaweed and face white as pond-lilies, she sat with her arms hugged round her knees rocking herself to and fro, to and fro to the rhythm of her chattering teeth.

With desperate effort Laurier turned on his side and stared at her searchingly.

"Who are you?" he questioned. Then his eyes brightened. "Oh yes, I remember," he said. "You are—Daphne—Somebody—and you are engaged to the South Eastern Lumber Company."

The Girl stopped rocking. "You mean engaged *by* the South Eastern Lumber Company," she corrected, "and oh, but I wasn't, you remember."

"No, engaged *to* the Company," Laurier insisted.

"By the Company is what you mean," she shivered.

With quite unnecessary passion Laurier rose upon one elbow and scowled at her.

"I said engaged T-O," he reiterated temperishly, "and I think I ought to know, for *I* happen to be the South Eastern Lumber Company. That's what I was laughing about all day"

With a sob that had no sorrow in it, and a laugh that was not altogether amusement, the Girl staggered to her feet and started down the path to the river. A pink flush of incredulity warred with her ghastly pallor.

Slipping their stalwart arms around his waist, the two farmers lifted Laurier up and half carried him, half guided him down the rough, tangled wood-path.

Tagging close in the rear the Old Man followed with the gray coat and the green hat, and the yellow, chirping canary.

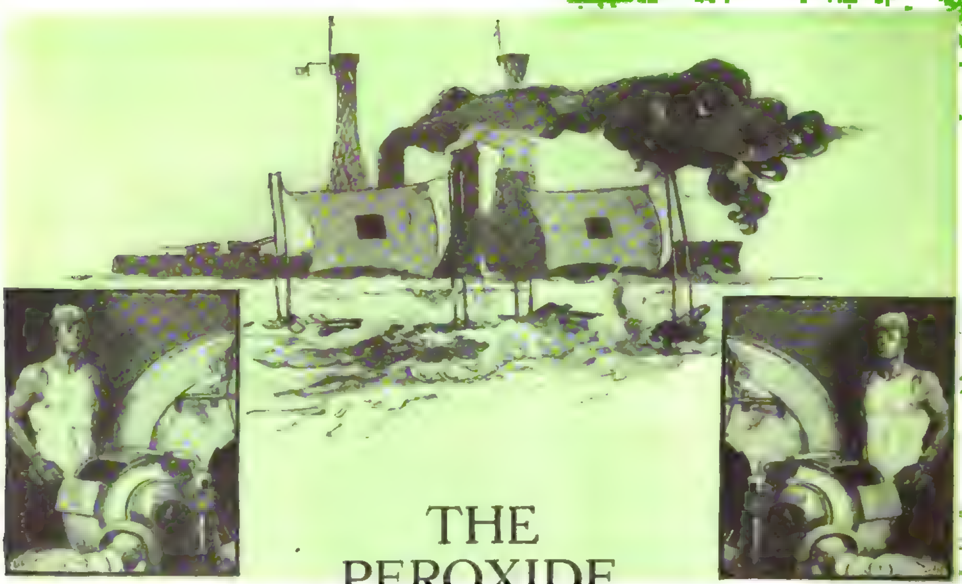
Close to the water's sudsy edge the little launch lay like a dirty dish, reeking with gasoline, sloppy with oil-rags. Even with utmost caution the three extra passengers crowded the deck down to the very edge of the river. Like a weather-beaten figurehead the Old Man stationed himself in the sharp-nosed bow. Laurier huddled limply down on the floor in the stern, and the Girl, all wrapped up in his coat, crowded forward into a warm, smelly corner close by the fussing engine; but after the Ripply River had swept in once or twice across the tippy gunwales she got up very cautiously and crawled back along the floor to Laurier. Staring disinterestedly at the passing shores, the farmers sat and sped the little craft homeward.

It was five o'clock—the pansy-colored hour on all May rivers. Across the whole great, sumptuous Western sky the somber night-clouds billowed and petaled in dark, purpling splendor. Softer than posy velvet the indigo water rippled away to the bright yellow glow of the shores. Tender as the first shadow of a young leaf the green dusk flushed across the drowsy woods.

In Laurier's tightening clasp the Girl's quiet fingers began to flutter piteously. "What is it?" he whispered. His voice was strangely broken.

She shook her head. "It's nothing," she faltered, "except just—May."

Something in Laurier's brain snapped. "My God!" he said. "If this is 'only May' —what will June do to you and me?"



THE PEROXIDE PLUGMAN

By ROBERT DUNN

Author of "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer"

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

WHEN ENSIGN STEPHEN RAILE, aboard the U.S.S. *Arizona*, was detailed to one of her two waist turrets, he realized an ambition. His duty was to drill the crew of the two 12-inch guns set amidships on the starboard side of the battleship. He was responsible for their fire during target practice; and by the time that this event was two days off, Raile was confident of distinguishing both himself and his turret force.

The fleet had steamed in single column into the great bay surrounded by desert, had scattered to lay out the ranges and rig the target rafts. Everywhere the launches could be seen towing these, bristling with the masts on which were to be hung the canvas sheets that served as targets. In two days would begin the most thrilling competitive sport in the world, the great semi-annual game when the fleet shoots for records on the basis of "hits per gun per minute"—ship against ship, turret against turret, gun against gun, man against man, from turret officer down to third loader. Preceding it, rivalry is so intense that men of different gun crews, even on the same ship, hardly dare speak to each other lest one give away the number of seconds in which his hoist-car at drill can raise a charge from the magazine. Secrecy and efficiency seem virtues of a like order, so keen is the competition. Shipmates bar one another from their respective cylinders of steel. Even the officers are reticent about the auxiliary devices they may have rigged at their guns for speed and safety.

Raile was junior in rank to every other turret officer on the *Arizona*. His charge of the starboard waist turret was the first detail he had had in which his control, subject, of course, to the ordnance officer, was complete. Therefore, not much had been expected of him during the long months of gunnery drills. However, he had thrown himself into the work of training his gun-pointers, plugmen, loaders, and the rest—creating them, as the members of a football team are hammered out—with the ardor and intensity of his Southern blood. He believed in himself and in his men. He was certain that they had attained a swiftness and an accuracy in action which no other gun crew aboard excelled. With every man in his place, as he had taught and selected them, he was sure of a record—at least of beating his classmate on the *Utah*, who had the turret there corresponding to his own. And besides the honor of his ship, other aims fed his ambition: to gratify his father on the fruit farm up in Georgia, and the girl whose existence was a secret even from his messmates in the wardroom.

Thus, at breakfast this morning, when Raile heard Lieutenant Crocker address the ordnance officer, he felt suddenly empty in the region of his heart.

"Very well, then," said Crocker in his precise manner, wiping his eye-glasses. "I can have Rooney transferred to my turret from the starboard waist."

Rooney, the ensign's star plugman, over whose training he had worked so hard for four months, into whose clean skill something of Raile's very fiber and enthusiasm had entered! Right on the eve of the contest, he was to lose the big plugman with the thin, lightning fingers and the straw-colored hair: Rooney, one of the king-pins of his aspirations!

But from his seat by the end of the wardroom table—down in the "Fourth Ward"—Raile gave no sign of chagrin, and went on eating his alligator pear. The *Arizona* was short of plugmen, men whose dexterous fingers, in the second's fraction between the time when the breech of a gun is closed on the charge, and the time when the pointer fires, must insert the fulminate primer and twist the firing lock with unerring swiftness and precision. Two of them had just gone on the sick list, one from Crocker's turret, the port waist. And that, naturally, was Raile's chief competitor aboard. To transfer Rooney there at this eleventh hour was robbing Peter to pay Paul with a vengeance! But discipline forbade the ensign the least quiver of protest. The crew of the youngest and greenest turret officer was always the first to be despoiled in an emergency.

As he sat there at breakfast, his head bowed over his plate, Raile tried to suffocate the cynical idea that in the navy such treatment was always the reward of hard devotion to duty. It seemed hopeless enough to make a record now; perhaps the honor of the whole ship was lost; and all because of his turret, although by no fault of his. It appeared to him monstrously unfair.

That night he paced the quarter-deck for hours with Swanson, the chief gunner. There was no one else in whom he could confide. Being all things to all rival turrets, Swanson was a neutral, and his virtues at this critical period were of necessity advisory and secretive. He best could help Raile whom to choose in place of Rooney, from among the turret's substitute plugmen. Or, since he was a warrant officer, and thus nearer the enlisted men, Swanson might have in mind some obscure genius who could be quickly whipped into shape for the post.

Close by, a ship at night practice was firing her 5-inch torpedo defense guns. As the two men talked, they could see the fiery "tracers" following the shells like burning bees, weaving through the warm darkness, through the targets luminous in the searchlight rays converging on them from the moving fortress of steel. Absently they counted the detonations on each run, and the hoarse whistle of the ship as she wheeled about and entered the limits of the range again after every round of shots.

But Swanson was weak in ideas, and Raile would not accept his sympathy, offer it as he did. When the gunner hinted at Lieutenant Crocker's neglect to train enough good plugmen of his own, Raile met his words with silence. Although the lieutenant's efficiency was not too much admired in the wardroom, a line officer's shortcomings were none of a warrant officer's business.

"Why not try that man Inglis, sir?" said Swanson finally. "He's only a rookie, but he was quick and sure in the forward handling-room before they transferred him to you. I heard he made good for awhile at the plug in the turret up there, but never had enough show on that detail with your crew."

"Inglis?" asked Raile. "You mean that rangy, black-haired boy who helped me mend my hoist?"

"Yes," said the gunner. "The one that's such a 'ringer' for Rooney himself, all except the hair."

Raile stopped walking, abruptly. "So you've noticed it, too?" he asked. "Except that Rooney is the tow-headedest bleached blond on this ship, he and Inglis might be brothers, they look so much alike." Then he went on thoughtfully: "There's something in that. Yes, I might have Inglis up from the handling-room for Rooney's job. . . . Well, Swanson, good night!"

Raile plunged down the ladder to his room in the wardroom country. There he pressed the button beside his bunk. He sent the negro mess-attendant, who came slouching to the door, up forward to fetch Rooney.

The big bluejacket came shyly, as befitted an enlisted man in the hallowed precincts aft. Around target practice, the outward forms of discipline are relaxed to concentrate upon their end, personal enthusiasm and sheer efficiency. Then conferences in an officer's room with individuals from his turret force are usual enough.

Pivoting his flat hat upon his left fist, Rooney twisted it with his right hand. He was a large-featured, blue-eyed man, slightly older than the ensign.

"Sit down," said Raile, pointing to the cofferdam. Rooney leaped upon it awkwardly, still circulating his headpiece.

"You know you're transferred to Mr. Crocker's turret," Raile began without preliminaries. "I'm sorry to lose you. Now, what man have we got to take your place?"

"The gun captain was saying this morning, sir—" began Rooney evasively.

Raile cut him short. "There is no one, and you know it," he said. "No plugman in the fleet as good as you."

The bluejacket's features remained immobile at the flattery, and he squirmed uneasily.

"What sort of a man is Inglis?" asked Raile at length.

"We shipped him at San Pedro," said the plugman. "I b'l'eve his mother's just dead."

Raile smiled. The remark was so typical of a bluejacket's reticence to an officer about a shipmate. "You and he pull together, don't you?" asked the ensign. "You look enough alike, you two."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rooney. "Some takes us for relations, as near as cousins, sometimes."

Raile felt awkward. He was getting personal with the man, and without the least response. He was running into that inevitable wall of reserve between enlisted man and officer which is the bulwark of their mutual affection and respect. Yet, to play the game he had decided upon, he would have to overcome it somewhat, and risk the consequences.

"Rooney," he said, "that's a powerful heavy mop of tow hair your head has."

The plugman smiled for the first time, and, withdrawing his left hand from under his hat, ran his thin, agile fingers upward from his forehead.

"It's real peroxide—chemical blond," went on the officer. "I wish Inglis had a crop that color. You and he would be alike as two peas then." Raile eyed him carefully. "In that case," he said, "Mr. Crocker might not care which one of you he got."

The plugman met his officer's gaze squarely. His broad mouth opened outward across his features in a comprehending grin. He hitched up one shoulder recklessly, and said: "I know a hospital apprentice that is quite a chum of mine, sir"—continuing the oscillation of his hat.

Raile reached for the push-button, without taking his eyes off Rooney. "Have a bottle of beer," he said.

Neither spoke as they waited for the mess-attendant, nor as the man thumped the bottles on the ensign's desk and jerked off the caps. Raile was trying to grasp the full meaning of the duplicity they had in mind. But he saw only its possible rewards; he was blind to the penalties of discovery. That Rooney understood him so quickly and so fully was alone disturbing now. He could not say to the enlisted man, "Don't give me away." But he wanted to. And yet he knew that Rooney needed no such warning. He was sure of the loyalty of his man. It was their turret, its power was the creation of their mutual toil and devotion. They were banded together, equals, to win.

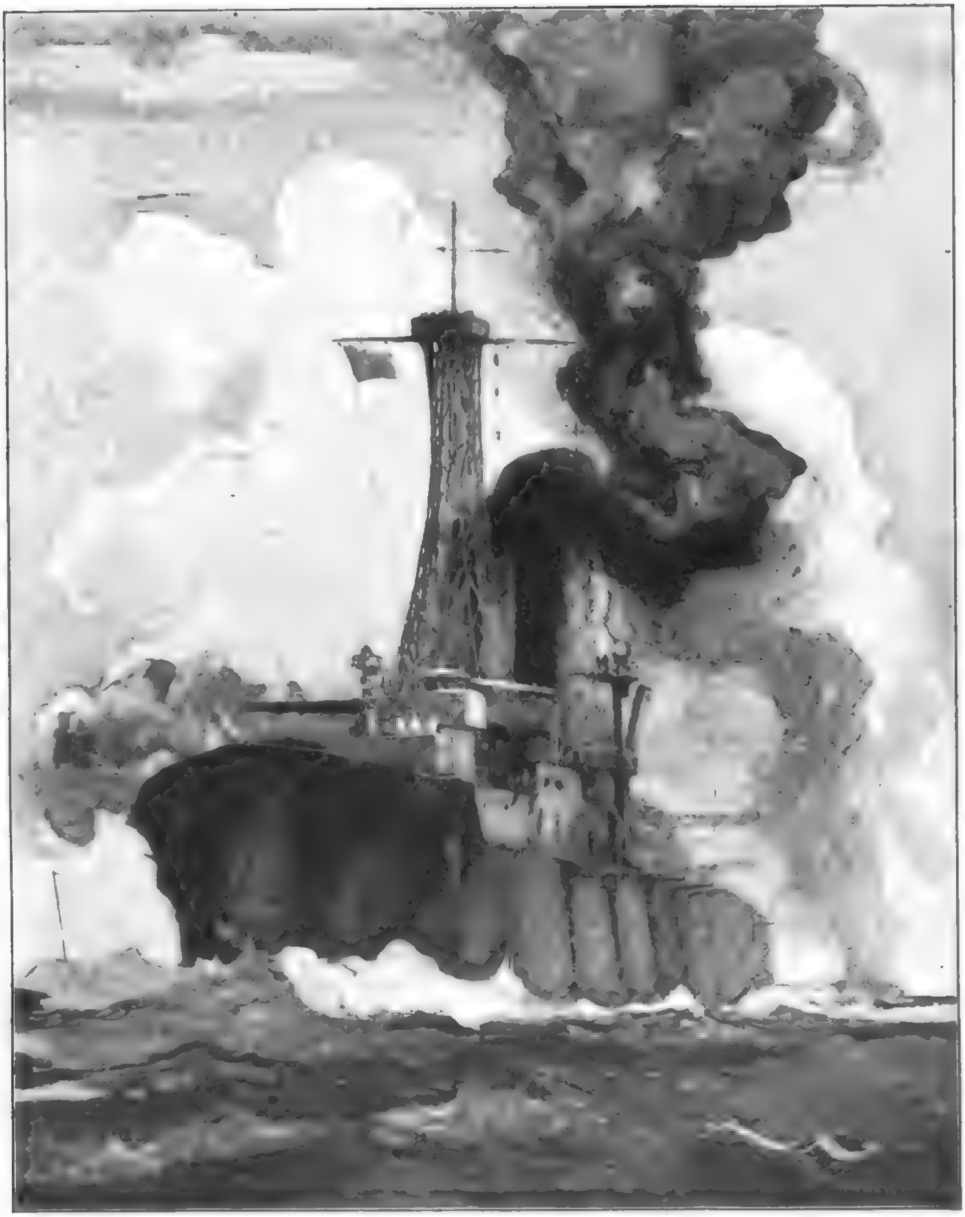
"H_2O_2," said Raile with a nervous laugh. "They call it that in the sick bay. . . . Of course we can depend on Inglis?"

"Why, Mr. Raile," reproached Rooney. "He's all the same as us. It's still our turret. I ain't left you *yet.*" His eyes twinkled. "Let me bring Inglis here, sir. He'll be all for the game when I tell him and he sees it'll save you. And he'll do his level best in Mr. Crocker's crew, I can guarantee."

"But the hospital apprentice," objected Raile gravely. "And how about up forward, when they see Inglis's head all bleached out?"

"That apprentice needn't ever know what I want the stuff for. And as for our division, Inglis has them locoed, and it's no business of the rest of the ship. Trust *us.*" He dared to wink.

"All right, then," said Raile determinedly. "We might have the first experiment here—and now." He pointed to his washbowl. "Get Inglis and the peroxide."



THE RED FLAG ROSE TO THE YARD, THE WHISTLE SHRILLED, AND, IN THE EXPECTANT SILENCE BEFORE THE FIRST CHARGE BOOMED OUT, THE GREAT GAME WAS ON.

The plugman went. Raile had not time to gather his wits before the two bluejackets entered his room, Rooney's blouse bulging. His black-haired counterpart gave the ensign a look eloquent with roguish understanding and encouragement, which no words could have amplified. Rooney went right to business. He drew forth a large brown bottle and poured half its contents into the basin, as Raile locked the door. Inglis whipped off his flat collar. Rooney, likewise with bare muscled arms in his sleeveless undershirt, guided his mate's head into the basin and rubbed and soaked the peroxide into his raven hair.

"Come out of it, kiddo, you drug-store blondine," said the plugman at length. "An' now duck your nut down into the double-bottoms so's the dope can cook into the roots."

The ensign handed Inglis a towel. He wiped his hair and wriggled into his blouse.

"Here, take the bottle," said Raile, "in case you need another dose to get the right shade."

"Mr. Crocker has me for drill in his turret to-morrow," said Rooney; "he thinks he has me. I suppose, sir, Inglis here will go instead, sort of to try the game on?"

"Yes, that's well," said Raile conventionally. Thus he placed again the proper distance between himself and the men. Inglis crowded his hat over his ears, and the pair were gone. Raile threw the towel under his bunk, pulled the plug from the basin, and went up on deck.

Next day was an anxious time for the young ensign. All about on the ranges the great ships were firing. Yellow blasts mushroomed upward now from one distant turret, now from another; and even on the *Arizona*, lying quietly at anchor, the lumbering detonations jarred bulkhead and stanchion. Now and then a bugle, shrilling officers' call for action, could be heard. You could see the red flag rise to the yard of a faraway ship as she entered the limits of her range, and soon afterward the bright brass stack of a launch towing the repair boats toward the target raft, to bring the riddled canvas aboard the battleship for examination.

The *Arizona's* officers gathered aft with binoculars and stop watches, counting the number of shots per minute of every ship as she fired; noting by name this officer's turret on the *Oklahoma*, that officer's on the *Utah*, patronizing, or envying, their performances as estimated from a distance. Their talk dealt in figures, incomprehensible to the layman, but necessary to an understanding of what was in store for Ensign Raile. Be it known that a turret battery of two guns goes into action four times; a ship steams across the range four times, each gun firing twice—two "strings" of shots. On the official basis of "hits per gun per minute," a score of 1.10 and upward for a 12-inch pair is excellent; of around *2 h. per g. per m.*, quite world-beating. And turrets in corresponding or opposed positions on different ships, or on the same ship, are the keenest rivals, waist turrets against waist turrets, aft against aft, etc.

"That's 1.60 for the port waist on the *Utah*, if they're all hits," came Crocker's voice. "The best yet. But I'll be ragged if I can't beat him now."

He turned as he spoke, and his thin, eyeglassed features met Raile squarely. The ensign caught the accented *now*, and the lieutenant saw that he had. Noting this, Raile took the bull by the horns, and said, "You sure will, sir, with Rooney at your plug."

Crocker pretended not to hear him, and walked toward the hatch with what seemed to Raile a rather guilty air. Somehow it gave him a sort of confidence. . . .

"And to think that to-morrow it's our turn," said a midshipman beside him. "Thank heaven we're the last to go on the range. Just thinking of it gives you that dizzy feeling all through here," and he stroked his uniform downward from his throat.

The turret officers began to drill their crews for the last time. The rest of the line were off aboard the *Oklahoma*, acting as umpires—judging her fire. Down came the deck stanchions, and the pictures were unhung in all the messrooms. The carpenter's force laid the targets on the quarterdeck, and marked out each canvas with black paint into eight rectangles. The talk at luncheon in the wardroom was of hoists and air-blasts and compensating-gear; and of records, records, records, till the scores on the bulletin-board, flashed from the ships that were firing, must have ached in their very figures.

Raile set his crew to loading, looking down with a kind of dazed preoccupation through the grating in the top of the turret. That is an officer's customary post during drill and firing, in order to give his men free play inside. From above, only the fingers of the plugman, who is directly under him, snapping the primer into the breech, and his scalp, are visible. Raile knew that this would safeguard Crocker from noticing the substitution of Inglis for Rooney. The lieutenant in his final drill could see hardly more than his plugman's peroxided crown.

With Rooney at the plug, the ensign's men loaded with customary speed, which was quite a second faster than Crocker's best time, according to gossip. The drill finished, Raile spoke down the grating: "Tell Inglis to stand by when Mr. Crocker's through with him. I'll be around the scuttle butt to see him in an hour."

Would the lieutenant suspect? Inglis, his hair exquisitely bleached, was on time, and Raile did not need to question him.

"Mr. Crocker says to me, sir," he began in a low voice, following the ensign along the deck, "'You certainly have a shock of straw on your nut,' or words to that effect. 'A man couldn't mistake you for any other feller,' he says, 'now could he, Rooney?'"

"He was wise, or he wouldn't have spoken that way," said Raile suspiciously "What did you answer?"

"'All us Rooney's is like that,'" I says. 'Quite unmistakable. You got to show me, Mr. Crocker, if the's another flat-foot in this whole United States navy with hair the color of mine.' So then he laughed. Why, Mr. Raile, that was natural enough for him to say. Rooney has told me lots of officers have said the same to him. Mr. Crocker don't suspect nothing. I'll take my oath on that."

Still, Raile was not convinced. Toward evening, the close advent of the contest gave him a panicky sense. He began to see the consequences of his insubordination if he were found out—court-martial, expulsion from the service, his life ruined. He thought of his father and of the girl at home. He had a sudden impulse to repudiate his plot and let Crocker have Rooney. But that would prove him a quitter in the bluejackets' eyes. No; he must play his game through to the end now, at any cost.

After dinner he was almost caught off his guard. Crocker himself came down into the Fourth Ward. He started shop talk with the ensign, about the details of drill, how *their* two turrets must uphold the honor of the ship. The lieutenant was not condescending; but he was warm, and friendly—too friendly. Raile had never before seen so human a streak in this rather severe and exacting man, who was not over-clever as an officer and had not many friends. The ensign was puzzled. Crocker was not a person to behave thus if he had found out. He had too strict an idea of the letter of discipline.

"And your man Rooney," he mused. "Steve, you certainly have the knack of making plugmen. And yet"—there was a sideways glance in his eyes, as if he were asking a question—"at drill to-day your Rooney failed by half a second to load as fast as my sick plugman. So I gave him an hour's talking to in my room. . . ."

But the crowd back from umpiring the *Oklahoma*, to be cross-examined on every detail of her fire, cut Crocker short, and Raile escaped and turned in. Distracted with suspense and misgivings, he hardly slept all night. When he turned out at six o'clock, the *Arizona* was under way, her propellers throbbing slowly on a "standardization" run over the range: to fix the number of engine revolutions required for crossing it in four minutes and forty-four seconds at ten knots speed. From the *Utah*, the umpires and "spotters," who tally the hits and misses during action, clattered down to the wardroom for coffee.

On deck, the ship was in an acute yet orderly turmoil. The turrets were swinging in their widest arcs, the great guns nosing upward like the blind antennae of Titanic monsters. The spotters handed out to their yeomen paper that reproduced the targets, marked "A2," "Y3," etc., for each rectangle painted on the canvas, and instructed them where to stand, pencil in hand. A steward from the sick bay was passing around cotton for the ears.

The 12-inch turrets, aft, then forward, would be firing until noon. Next, Crocker, with his port waist, would start in, and Raile was to end the day with the starboard waist.

The fire-control officers, with their range tables, climbed to the tops of the skeleton masts. The three-note officers' call was bugled; the spotters adjusted their binoculars and put their caps on reversed—visors at the back, not to be blasted off. Word was passed that the right hand gun would shoot first; the ship grazed the range stake, from which a piece of bright tin dangled in the tropical sun; the red flag rose to the yard, the whistle shrilled, and, in the expectant silence before the first charge boomed out, the great game was on.

It all passed by Raile—the blasts which

jounced every one backward, the rings of fire and yellow gases revolving madly inward upon themselves; string after string, run after run. The spotters scurried about, squatting on their knees, shouting, "Miss!" or "Hit! A2—X3," to the yeomen; the fire-control officer telephoned, "Fifty-two!" "Up four!" "Fifteen hundred!" and shifted the pins in his table. Raile seemed only dimly conscious of everything, even of the sudden tension when the whole ship would rise on its toes at thought of a flareback and disaster—if a string was broken or a whistle called "silence" in the turret, where each man then stood rigid till the error or accident was rectified. Between runs, an excited gun captain in grimy whites would bob out of his grating to tell how a pointer had "qualified" for higher pay and rating, as the ship swung close to the raft black with the repair boats' crew. The ensign showed only a vague interest when the umpires pawed and argued over the torn targets hoisted to the quarter-deck—whether this hole was from a ricochet, or whether two shots had passed through here; and in the percentages of hits as hastily figured by the spotters, who dashed below when they could for a bite of the luncheon spread all day on the wardroom table.

At length came Crocker's turn to fire. The fact shocked Raile into a reactionary sensitiveness toward the flooding detonations, the silences, the partisan climaxes. He went down to the wardroom to get a grip on himself. There he smoked furiously after each run. And then some one always piled below to light a cigarette and interject the latest scoring from above.

"Great firing!" exclaimed the paymaster, after the second string of shots. "Crocker made 1.90 that run. That beats the *Utah* and the record, if he keeps it up. I tell you, we'll show 'em!"

But it was after the lieutenant's second and last string that Raile's heart first leaped, then sank dizzily within him. The paymaster came slowly, figuring on a slip of paper.

"His left-hand gun made only 1.10," he said. "Average 1.50 for both—for his whole turret. That's .05 below the *Utah*. Steve, it's up to you to beat him."

Raile leaned forward eagerly, stifling an exclamation. But the paymaster blighted his elation, continuing: "Crocker had to call a 'silence.' His plugman, Rooney, that star he got from you—he fumbled. He dropped a primer. It fell into the hoist carriage."

The wardroom swam before the ensign. The one thought, "Inglis—Crocker'll question him now and discover everything," desolated him.

Only activity remained to stifle his despair. It was Raile's turn to fire at once. The officers' call sounded, and, steeling himself, he went above to his turret. He climbed to its top and seated himself between two spotters. He looked down the grating, but gave his men no final instructions. As the whistle reverberated and the range stake swept past, he saw only the vivid towhead by the breech, the primers in the belt about his waist. The plugman hung out over the hoist shaft, every muscle as keen and tense as a game dog's when pointing.

"You—all right?" Raile whispered hoarsely. "You—Rooney?"

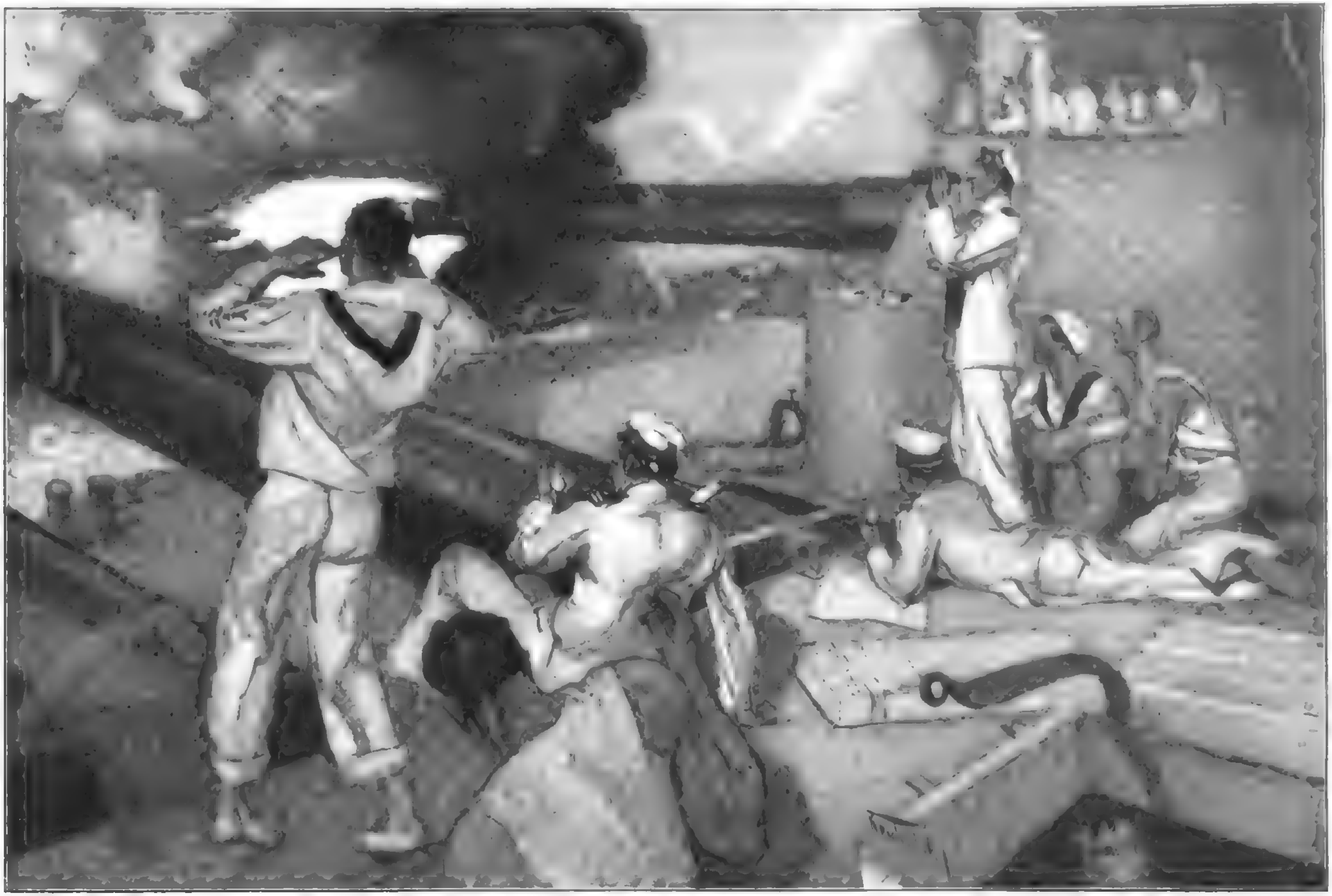
"All right, sir," came the answer, calm, but blurred by a primer held between the plugman's teeth.

The gun captain passed the order to commence firing, and the hoist began to rumble upward from the handling-room.

Of the blare and flashes, the black shots hurtling toward the target, the rents in the canvas, the distant spurts of spray, Raile saw nothing; he hardly felt the shocks that threw backward the turret and the shouting spotters. Not the display outside it, but the calm execution within, his men acting like the finely beveled units of a great automatic machine—the unspectacular, business-like heart of the work—drained and sapped his every sense. Up and up rumbled the hoist, to stop jerkily; the air-blast hissed, clearing the bore; hands seized the brown silk powder bags, the shell; the loader telescoped out, pushing them into the breach. And the fingers beneath the yellow head over which Raile leaned would snap the primer into the breech, twist the little steel handle of the plug; for an excruciating second it would sink as the pointer raised the muzzle of the gun—and the next notch in Raile's life and ambition was passed in the roar.

Slow! Slow! Every motion seemed so tormentingly delayed. Human arms, the hoist-car, appeared to move against some strangling odds, quite as one tries to fly from danger in a dream and impotently cannot budge his legs.

He could catch the voices of the spotters only when a run was over, and the ship hove to off the target raft.



THE BLASTS FOLLOWED EACH OTHER FASTER AND FASTER.

"Yes, under Crocker's final average. 1.40," said one, after the second run, the last for the right-hand gun. "But you're only half through, Raile. You've got to make 1.60 with your last gun to tie him, and 1.75 to beat him and the *Utah*, as we figure without post-morteming the targets."

"His plugman's slow," observed an umpire with a stop watch. "They're using a second more to load than we heard they needed at drill."

Yes. What was the matter with Rooney? The percentage of hits was 'way up, the trainer and the pointer were well on to their job. And the plugman's tapering fingers did tremble and hesitate as they held the primer.

The next run averaged no better, but at the final entrance upon the range the loading started off with a rush. Raile was conscious that the blasts followed each other faster and faster. Between the close-succeeding shots, he dimly caught exclamations from the spotters close by. Suddenly his mind cleared to an extraordinary acuteness for every detail of the tumult which centered in him. There was an argument between two umpires, and the run was not yet over! "You say it's impossible, but I tell you they did," said one. "Those three shots all went through the same hole."

Then the thing happened. It seemed to be ages in unfolding before his eyes. A charge was entering the breech when, from a rent in the second powder bag, one of the big hexagonal grains jumped out and went clattering down the hoist shaft.

Raile blew the whistle between his teeth, calling "silence." The crew halted, rigid as statues. A sound bag would have to be hoisted from the handling-room and substituted for the defective one; and Raile, sickeningly alive to the delay, gave the order to unload and raise the car.

He heard a voice under him speaking as he finished. The blond head of the plugman tilted back, and his uplifted lips filled the eight seconds of agony in which the loaders removed the split bag and the hoist was rising.

"We done the best we could, Mr. Raile," he said. "But if this loses us the record, blame me and Rooney."

Rooney. . . . He knew well the slight differences in the faces of the two men. It was Inglis, not Rooney, who was looking at him.

The man's face was averted, the breech sank—and the roar of the gun and the whistle for "cease firing" mingled together. Raile found himself borne on in the rush toward the head umpire and to where the targets were spread on the quarter-deck. "If that last was a hit," said one spotter, "I don't believe it counts. The whistle had blown."

"He needs it," said an umpire, "even if those three shots all pierced the same hole. If they did, it's the first instance ever. Yet we all seem to agree. . . ."

But Raile, trembling, and with a sort of hunted feeling, slipped down the hatch to his room. Come what might now, he was ready for it. He had cast his die and lost—even the record, since Inglis had been at his plug. He closed his door and lit a cigarette. Thus he would await the summons from the first lieutenant, the suspension, the court-martial. The trick to shift Rooney back to his own turret had been discovered. Otherwise, it would not have been thwarted. No. The two plugmen could not have acted as traitors of their own accord. Their first bond was to him, for they had been bred in his turret; and if at the last moment they had flinched at sacrificing themselves for its achievement, as he had sacrificed himself, then the navy was going to Hades, and he was glad to get out of it!

A knock sounded at his door. He leaped to his feet and opened it. Rooney entered, followed by Inglis—the peroxide twins. They sidled against the cofferdam—enlisted men against all rule and custom seeking an officer, unbidden, in the wardroom country. But Raile accepted them; for what mattered his word now? With averted glances they mumbled apologies for their presence.

"That's all right. I'll overlook it this time," said the ensign. "What do you want? Go on."

"We couldn't speak to you before," began Rooney. "Mr. Crocker had our oath not to."

Raile blushed with shame and anger. So . . . They had conspired with Crocker, they had betrayed him!

"In case our—your turret *hasn't* won," said Rooney haltingly, "we decided that you ought to know the whole truth from us first—seeing we played you and the turret false—though it was higher orders to do so."

Raile held his breath, trembling.

"Mr. Raile," broke in Inglis. "I tell you Mr. Crocker is a brick—a fine orf'cer, I mean.

I was dead wrong yesterday after drill when I seen you. Mr. Crocker was wise all the time. He was joshing me."

"I knew it," gasped the ensign.

"Then last night he ordered Rooney and me to his room, sir. First he starts to run us about bleaching Inglis's hair," said Rooney. "Then he says, 'I'm sorry to go against Mr. Raile's orders,'—sort of sarcastic, I thought, sir,—'but you obey *mine* an' the ordnance orf'cers'—an' he pounded his desk—'or it's general courts-martial for you both. This target practice is no play,' he says. 'You're in my turret now, Rooney, an' you see that you *be* there to-morrow,' he says.

"Then he toned down, like, an' went on, 'I know the spirit of a turret, an' how you men'll do 'most anything, each to have his own guns win, and it's the spirit we want in the service. But you mustn't break higher orders!' He stopped a while, an' then he says, 'Mr. Raile ought to have known better. He an orf'cer—the best young turret orf'cer we got.' Yes, he says that."

Raile winced, picturing the scene: an officer criticised before enlisted men. But doing that was one of Crocker's failings, which made him unpopular, even with them.

"Then he said a lot about spirit and loyalty to your turret being the only excuse we had," went on Rooney. "An' then he says 'I suppose if that lets you two out, the same score should allow for Mr. Raile. I tell you what I'll do,' he says, getting up and walking about. 'I'll give you all three a lesson,' he says, sir. Then he turns to Inglis. 'You go to Mr. Raile's plug to-morrow,' he says, 'without either of you telling him—you must give me your word on that'—an' we did, right there. 'An' you do your damnedest, Inglis,'—they was his words. 'An' if you beat me an' Rooney in my turret, an' the *Utah*, too, not a word will be passed about all this,' he says. 'But if you don't, Inglis, I'll put you both on the report for disobedience of orders, he says, 'an' Mr. Raile, too!'"

"And we've lost," groaned Raile.

"Not so sure, sir," broke in Inglis. "It all depends on if we got that last charge off before 'cease firing' blew, and whether those first three shots all went through the same hole in the target. Seems impossible, sir, but all the spotters scored them hits. They're looking at the canvas an' arguing on the quarter-deck now."

"What!" exclaimed the ensign, lifting his head.

Encouraged, Inglis rattled on warmly: "I tell you, that chance Mr. Crocker give me to save you—pardon my looking at it that way, Mr. Raile—keyed me all up, and too much at first. When you spoke to me as we started, I didn't dare let you know I wasn't Rooney, it would cut you up so. That rattled me, and I was slow as death those first runs. Then I seen we was losing, which made me work, work, sir, as I never done before in my life. All at once it seemed like you and Rooney had got into my fingers together, and on that last run I swear we had all shots-per-minute records drownded out. Then the bag split, and you called 'silence,' and of course I thought it was all up with us. I couldn't help looking up to you, and letting you know right off what I and Rooney had done—that, though we was carrying out higher orders, we had gone back on our turret, which was the main thing when you come down to it."

"No. . . ." said Raile absently, as if to himself. "But, Rooney, what made you drop that primer in Mr. Crocker's turret? You weren't throwing him for sake of me?"

"Mr. Raile! If you could think *that!*——"

"Hold on!"

A knock had sounded on the door. The ensign opened it, to a marine, the captain's orderly. He saluted and handed Raile a slip of paper.

Raile studied it a minute, then handed it to the plugmen. "Here we are," he said. "And by all that's—" He broke off, watching them eagerly.

They read a neat sum in the captain's own handwriting:

	Utah	Lieut. Crocker	Ensign Raile
	1.50	1.90	1.40
	1.60	1.10	2.10
Average	1.55	1.50	1.75

Below was scribbled, "Probably the Fleet record. Congratulations!"

Rooney controlled himself with difficulty, figuring rapidly all over the captain's calculations. "They counted that last shot," he exulted. "But you didn't need it, sir."

Then, with his long fingers, he grabbed Inglis by the neck, and shook him. "Say kiddo, you rope-haired lady! I tell you—the old starboard waist—she can shoot around corners any time Mr. Raile here just asks us."

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

By ANNA YEAMAN CONDICT

Illustrations by George Brehm

"MAMMA, it's *come*, mamma!"

There was a quick slamming of the door, a stumbling rush of feet upon the stairway, a breathless invasion of the sewing room.

"Look, mamma! It's really, *truly* come." He waved a tiny, cream-colored envelope in the air.

"It's for me," he assured her; "the postman said so." He held it solemnly while they looked at it in expressive silence.

"'Master John Clarke Stillman'," read his mother, slowly, giving each precious word its full value. "'240 Burlington Terrace'. Yes, little son, it's for you." Her hand lingered on his shoulder. The boy drew a deep breath.

"Now, mamma, you read it to me; wait a minute."

He pulled up his little armchair of Lilliputian dignity and sat himself down—for all the world, his mother told herself, like his Grandfather Clarke.

"Now, mamma." His eyes were shining with eagerness.

His mother opened the envelope and read the wee note to him very slowly and clearly, prolonging his bliss as much as its brief contents would allow. He sat perfectly still, looking straight ahead of him, his lips parted, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. When the last word had been read, he met his mother's eyes with a shy, confiding smile of self-consciousness, but he said nothing.

As she saw the radiance of his face her heart tightened within her at the thought of the years that were coming to him. If she could only stay them! She waited a moment while his eyes drifted happily and shyly away from her to the window; then, "Shall I read it to you again, dear?"

"*Yes*, mamma!"

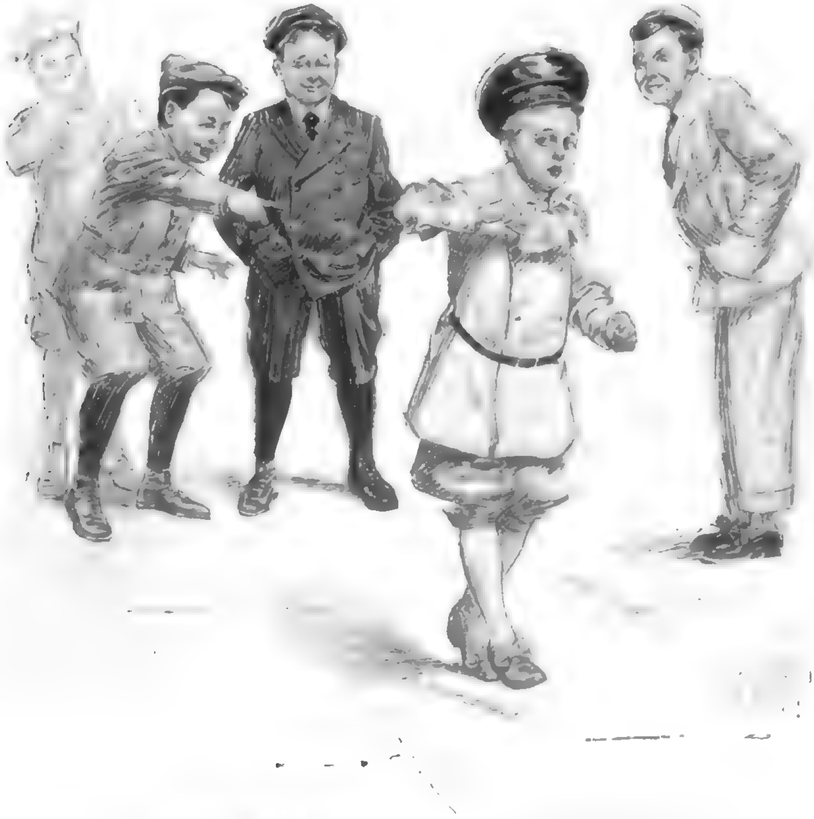
The happy glow of his face did not dim; it was as if, this time, he could really take in the wonderful meaning of the little note. When she had finished for the second time and had laid the note in her lap, a quick breath escaped the boy. He rose from his chair.

"I think I'll go out again, mamma."

He stood hesitating a moment, his eyes on the note. His mother understood. She drew him to her and tucked it snugly in his blouse pocket, underneath which she felt his little heart thumping tumultuously; she kissed the smile of shy gratitude on his lips, for she was thinking again of what the years might bring him. He bounded down the stairs and out of the house; all out-of-doors was too small for his exuberant joy just then.

For two and a half days his eager ear had been attuned to the postman's footsteps—and three times a day he had met the postman with the same alert, questioning face, the same ringing, eager voice, "Any mail for *me*, Mr. Dougherty?" And on being told there was none—he was always sorry, this genial postman—disappointment fell, like a curtain, over the hopeful light in the boy's face. "Not this time, mamma," he would say bravely as he handed her the mail, "but I guess next time." And straightway his mother would find a most convincing reason why his letter had not come in that mail.

And this was how it all came about. It was the dancing class that was directly responsible for the whole matter; if it had not been for that, John Clarke Stillman might never have met *her*, and having met her—but you should meet her yourself really to appreciate the situation. Her name was Elaine, "*just* like a fairy princess, mamma," John had commented that first afternoon, while his mother was slipping off dressy dancing pumps and slipping on sturdy shoes—and that name in itself was reason enough for adoration in John's mind. His own was so very



"'ELAINE IS JOHNNIE'S SWEETHEART. HE'S HER BEAU.'"

"customary," he once told his mother in an injured way—even their gardener was named John, and so was the grocer-boy, and the expressman, and the man who came to fix the telephone. But his mother had said that merely proved what a very nice name John was, since so many people had given it to their children. That made John feel better, but he liked, nevertheless, to remember that *her* name was Elaine. And there were other items on which his memory lingered fondly: the very upright, dashing pink bows she wore on one side of her brown head, the glistening buckles on her wee slippers, the crisp, beruffled petticoats that sustained the bewildering mystery of soft, floating dresses which swayed to every motion, the sashes that were wider than any other little girl's.

But he really and truly thought of these things only after he got home and was trying to explain to his mother why he had danced with Elaine six times that afternoon. The things for which he could find no words were the winning little way she smiled when he shyly asked her to dance, the dimples that peeked in and out of her cheeks, her wonderful, soft voice, the arch glow of her eyes, which, though of course he did not know it, suggested a naïve willingness to be adored.

She came really to be the guiding spirit of his life, the inspiration of his small sacrifices, the reason for cleaning his teeth and brushing his hair extra hard, for sitting patiently through Sunday-school, for not asking for a second helping of dessert, and for remembering to play quietly after lunch while his mother took a nap.

Life had become ecstatically worth while because of Elaine. Dancing class was the climax of the week. He had felt very little and shy at first, and had not wished to go, but soon he applied all his small, sturdy brain to the problem of using his feet, and practiced at home, turning his square toes this way and that so he might learn the steps well enough to ask Elaine for a dance. And after a while, the dancing teacher, noting his devotion to Elaine, smiled indulgently, and the children, shrewd little worldlings that they were, began to snicker; their shoulders went up and their chins went down with significant glee, when they saw John Clarke Stillman laboriously perpetrating his most masterly dancing-class bow before Elaine—for you must know that John was the youngest member of this select society, and the difference between six scant years of nursery ignorance and nine of worldly knowledge is as centuries to the mind of the initiated.

And after dancing class, when he was going to bed, John told his mother about Elaine, how many times he had danced with her, what she had said, and the color of her sash. He told his mother all this because she was very polite and interested and serious about it, and did not think it silly at all. She never giggled, but only smiled very beautifully and held him close, and one day when he gathered courage to tell her, a little wistfully, how the children snickered and giggled at him because he liked Elaine so much, his mother looked quite cross. Her mouth straightened its curves and two lines came between her eyes. And she took John's face between her hands and told him to remember that it was a very precious and wonderful thing for a little boy to be fond of a little girl and he must never, *never* be ashamed of it, nor hesitate to show it, for that was cowardly and ungentlemanly.

John never forgot that; it clung to him all his life, and at this particularly crucial period of his history it helped him to be brave, for at six it takes no small amount of moral courage to face the gibes of the multitude.

After dancing class there was many a vigorous punch delivered by John in return for jeers received, and one day his best white flannel suit came quite to grief. It was on account of a nosebleed resulting from an encounter with one Thomas Dickon. Between tearful heaves John told his mother how it had happened.

"Tommy Dickon stuck out his tongue, mamma, and sung out loud so 's 't *every* one could hear:

"'Elaine is Johnnie's sweetheart. He's her beau.'

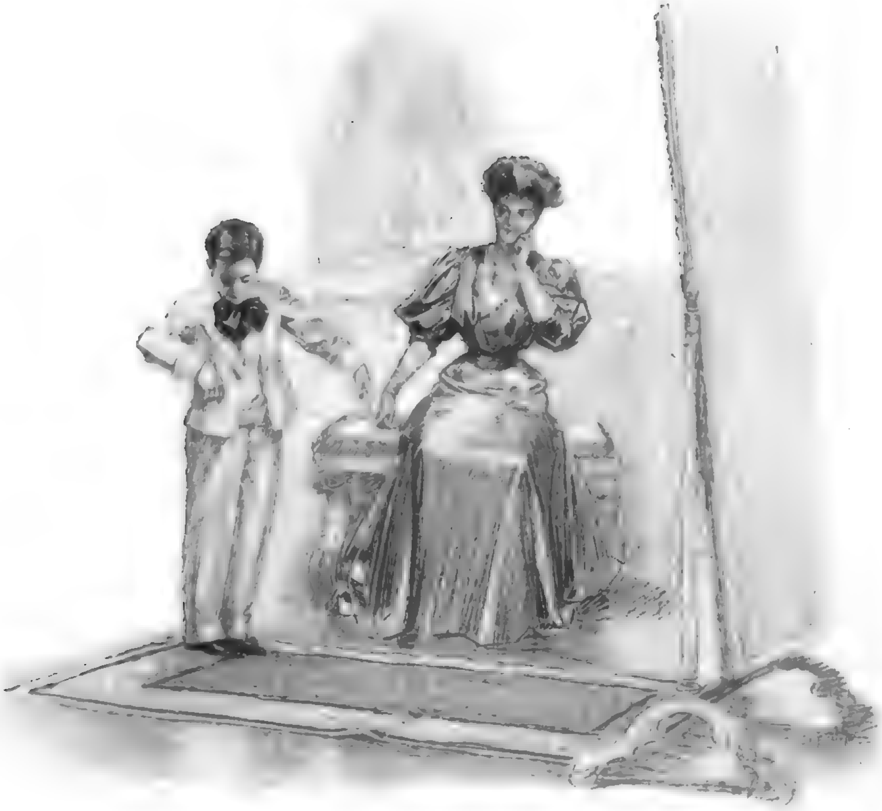
"And I told him to shut up, and he made a face at me, and then I punched him and he punched me and——"

"I see," said his mother quietly; "you couldn't very well help it—but I don't know what we are going to do about a suit for the cotillion next week; there isn't much time——"

"I'm going to ask Elaine," cut in John breathlessly.

"To dance the cotillion with you?"

"*Yes*, mamma—it's the last meeting, you know, and it's going to be like a real party, with best clothes and pink and white ice cream and things—just like the kind you go to—Miss Munroe said so. And, mamma, we're



"IT FITS ALL RIGHT—YOU BET."

going to carry wands—they're magic sticks, you know—with ribbons on; and when you ask a little girl to dance you give her a most beautiful toy—just like you get Christmas in your stocking, and——"

"Is each boy to ask a little girl to be his partner?"

"Yes, and every girl is going to be dressed like a flower, and Elaine is going to be a sweet pea—she told me herself; and I can dance backward very nicely now, mamma—Miss Munroe said so—and there's going to be lemonade to drink, and real musicians, not just Miss Mattie at the piano, and——"

"Have you asked Elaine yet?"

He looked vaguely uncomfortable.

"No, mamma—" He paused. "I didn't know how," he admitted softly. And his mother saw how tender was his sense of propriety in affairs that concerned Elaine. She hesitated as she smiled down at him. She had at first rather encouraged this quaint, chivalrous devotion of his to a little girl several years his senior; she had thought it a pretty, harmless whim, one whose expression would help to establish in him high ideals of women and chivalry of conduct, but she had not counted on its taking such intense possession of him.

"You know, dear," she said slowly, "Elaine is older than you—she has other little friends nearer her own age, who will probably ask her to dance the cotillion with them, so you mustn't be disappointed if——"

"But *I'll* ask her first," John averred stoutly. "I can telephone right now"—he started for the door.

But his mother laid a detaining hand upon his ardor. This first affair must be conducted decently and in order, conforming to the stately traditions of the occasion. One is not too young to learn, the mother decided, at six. So she told him that if he was to ask Elaine, he must do it in the very most polite way—he must write her a note, requesting the honor of being her partner for the cotillion. It was the principle of the thing, she told her husband—John should not grow up a social sloven, nor should he take women too much for granted.

So then and there the note was written, laboriously and painfully, amid sighs of weariness and happy gusts of anticipation—his mother guiding his cramped fingers and helping him form the stiff, crooked letters.

Grandmother Stillman clicked her knitting-needles fiercely and said it was all ridiculous nonsense, that children nowadays were mere marionettes of fashion; that they'd soon be taking their cocktails before dinner and staring insolently at their elders through lorgnettes; for *her* part——

But John's mother quietly said that had nothing to do with the ethics of the matter. If John at the tender age of six had become involved in a little *affaire de cœur*, she should see to it that he came through with no cheapening of his fine chivalry, no tarnishing of his ideals. He was an ardent, imaginative little chap, who wove wonderful romances out of meager material. His mother saw that he would have some cruel battles on the field of life, and she was determined to send him forth equipped with a belief in the best of human nature; to teach him to be manly and square in his dealings with men, tender and idealistic with women.

The letter, then, was posted, and there followed the longest two and a half days of John Clarke Stillman's short life. But everything comes to an end—sometime—and so here at last, over his small thumping heart, lay Elaine's note of acceptance.

He dashed out into the soft spring world. He felt inexpressibly happy; he skipped and pranced over the velvety green lawn, and he plunged his hands deep down in his pocket and piped a tuneless whistle. But this didn't relieve him at all; what he really wanted, with that wonderful letter burning happiness into his heart, was to be very particularly nice and helpful—to somebody. But no one seemed in crying need of his services. Finally he went to the stable and insisted upon helping James clean the harness, to James's obvious distress, for he had a train to meet.

Fortunately John's mother called him from the window. There was a big oblong box on her bed, she said, and he might open it. John loved to open boxes; this one looked particularly mysterious. John held his breath while he tossed aside whispering masses of tissue paper. Then his eyes widened—his whole face glowed.

"For the *cotillion*, mamma?"

His mother nodded. "Try it on," she said, "and see if it fits."

It was a wonderful combination of masculinely stitched seams, with embroidered emblems on the sleeves; the crease of the trousers might have cut pages in a magazine, and—final touch of bliss—the absurd trousers were long!

"Just like papa's," John breathed between smiles.

His mother nodded. She was looking at the dignified, little brown head, the fearless, alert eyes, the firm, sensitive mouth, and something rose and filled her throat. She wished that she could shut the rest of the world out of his life forever, but that, of course, was ridiculous; she must just see to it that he was properly prepared.

John stood in front of the long dressing-mirror. "It fits all right—you bet."

His mother nodded again. He was a picture as he stood there—the upright little figure with its miniature suggestion of facing life—the wonderful light in his eyes; and she, his mother, was, of course, a silly fool. But then all real mothers are that.

"Take it off now, son, and let me put it away."

The buttonholes were a little stiff, so she had to help him, which gave her an excuse for unnecessary little extras, in the way of sly pinches and a kiss or two—which he pretended not to mind.

A few hours later, he was asleep in his low mahogany bed, dreaming of a wonderful fairy princess—all gleaming and glistening and fluffy she was; she had gauzy silver wings and she floated in the air just out of John's reach. She smiled down at him invitingly, as she floated around just above him; but stretch as he would, he could never quite reach her. She kept on smiling and he kept on reaching, but it was no use. She had a pink bow in her hair. "Elaine," he cried, "fly down a little lower—*please*." And then he woke up and it was the day of the party! Breakfast was somehow gulped down, an endless morning was somehow lived through—and then there came such a season of tubbing and polishing and hair brushing as you never saw.

Finally he was ready—an hour and a half too soon—and he walked solemnly to his mother's room, taking care to touch nothing on the way thither for fear of acquiring a speck of dust.

Once there, he perched stiffly on a pompous cretonne-covered chair, from which his legs swung restlessly, and he heaved little sighs of painful endurance. He counted the pictures on the walls, the cushions on the couch, and the silver articles on his mother's dresser. But these dreary operations didn't in the least hurry the hands of the clock. Every time his eye traveled back to them, they were apparently in the same place. He leaned back resignedly and watched his mother plunge at least eleven or eight thousand hairpins in her head, frown, take most of them out, and put them in again. He was glad *he* didn't have all those sharp things sticking in *his* head. But she was very brave and never showed how they must hurt. She tossed some handkerchiefs out of a flowered-silk box, and placed one aside, thrusting the others back again. Then she put on a lacy parasol-like affair for a hat, which reminded John of Elaine's best dresses, and fastened it on with great murderous looking hatpins—John held his breath, expecting her to shriek for help, but nothing happened—mothers are wonderful things! Finally, after another hundred hours devoted to pulling gloves on and off again, she slipped into a lacy loose coat—and was ready!

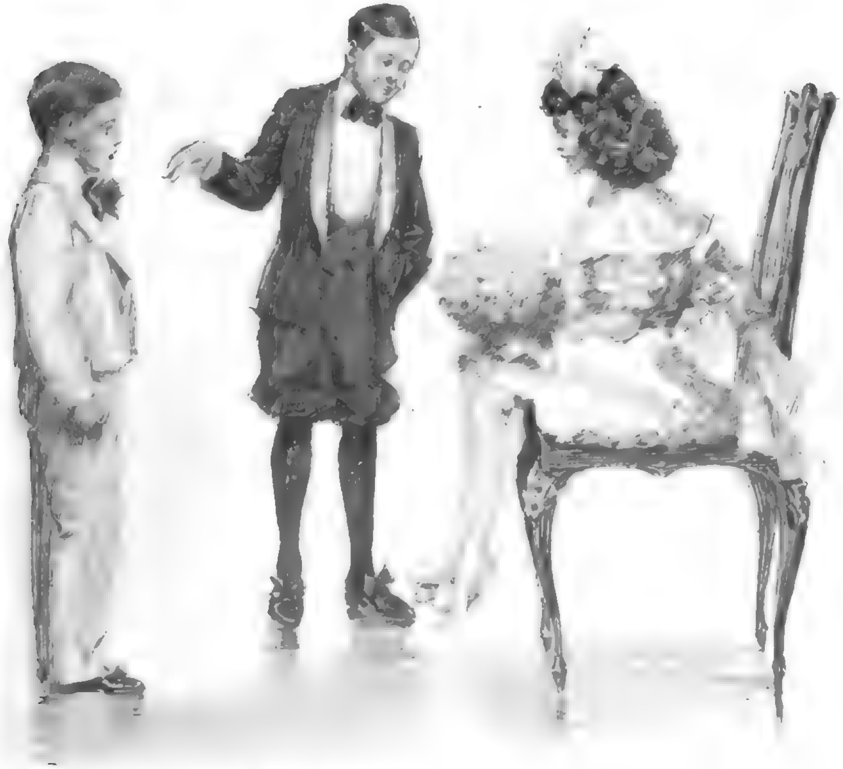
They reached the front door safely, and *then* his mother wanted a drink! That's the worst of grown-ups—they never get out of the front door on the first try. She had her drink, started again, and had to go out to speak to the cook—there must be something fatally attractive about cooks. After several more hours, she at last appeared, and stopped to run her eyes over the china closet in the dining-room. John thought in another moment he should certainly burst.

"It's *awfully* late, mamma," he exploded.

"Yes, dear," very sweetly—and she paused to worry a little over the largest and healthiest rubber plant in the hall.

"We've half an hour to spare," she murmured to herself, stepping into the carriage. At last, then, they were off! The carriage door slammed, James's finger went automatically to his hat brim, and the horses swung down the driveway.

A gusty breath of relief escaped John. He had been through a great deal.

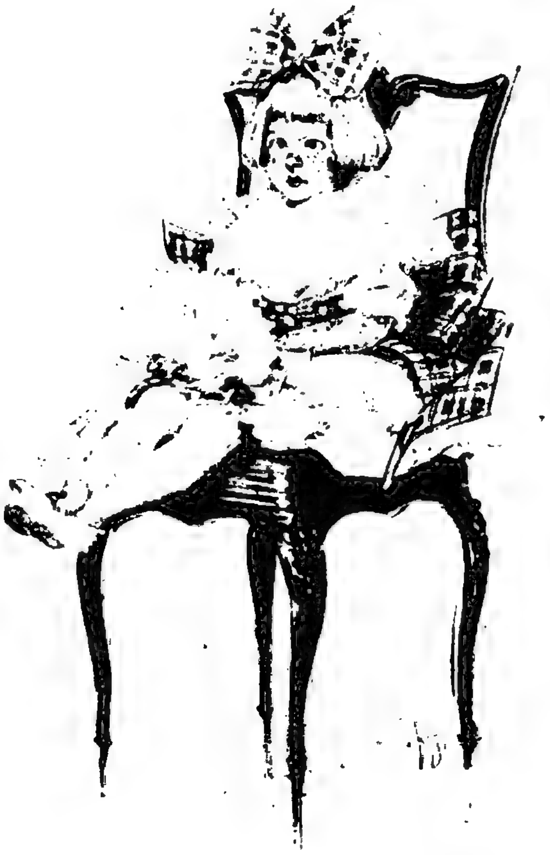


"DANCE THE COTILLION WITH *BABY STILLMAN!* OH, I *SAY*, ELAINE—"

"Oh," said his mother, putting her hand on his white serge knee, "was it as bad as all that? I'm so sorry," she added sweetly. That made it all right. He beamed at her forgivingly.

At safe intervals during the journey, John thrust his feet out to reassure himself of the glistening polish of his shoes; he spread wide his fingers to convince himself of the reality of white kid gloves, and he cast affectionate glances at his long white trousers—they had not shrunk. And his mother never saw—he was sure of that. It is a test of a good mother.

The hall in which the dancing class met was a miracle of bunting and lanterns and flowers, festoons of green vines, softly rustling mothers, and ecstatic, excitedly buzzing children. John kept shyly near his mother—his eyes were wide with the effort to take in the glory of the occasion; the little hand that slipped into hers was shaky with excitement. Wonderful, flushed, flower-like little maidens fluttered by in rainbow-mists; laboriously washed-up little boys with shining faces and mirror-like dancing pumps strutted pompously about, and, meeting warning maternal eyes, painfully refrained from thrusting their hands into their pockets. Then there were mothers and adoring grandmothers and properly proud aunts; they gradually lined up in chairs placed against the wall and made polite exchanges of, "How sweet Mildred looks," or "What a *handsome* little chap Edgar is," while each in her own heart held the private conviction that Mildred or Edgar was commonplace compared to her own treasure.



IF NOT A SUCCESS SOCIALLY, SHE WAS EVEN LESS SO AS A MURAL DECORATION.

In the balcony the orchestra began its distressful tuning.

"*Three* musicians, to-day, mamma," John whispered in awed tones.

"Yes, dear, it's beautiful."

Silence a moment, then, "The ice cream is to be made in flowers and fruit and things."

"Why, it's going to be lovely."

"And little cakes with pink and green and brown and yellow icing. Just like the ones you have when ladies come to lunch——"

"Yes, dear; you must eat only two."

"Oh, mamma—" his hand suddenly tightened within her own, "there's Elaine!"

There she was indeed; softly shining eyes and smiles and dimples and a dainty, pretty manner, her dress a flutter of pink and white sweet peas—only millinery ones, you know, but in her hand was the great fragrant bunch that had come from the New York florist—John had sent them to her. Her eyes, innocently demanding admiration as they wandered about the room, met John's, and he smiled radiantly back at her—but he lingered near his mother, making no effort to join her. It was enough just to see her. He met his mother's eyes and smiled with frank shyness.

"Isn't she—*splendiferous*, mamma?" he whispered.

"Yes, dear—lovely."

"And you look very nice too, mamma—" he added quickly.

"Thank you, son."

Ah, well, one has to begin sometime to play second fiddle in the sight of one's son.

John watched the bigger boys cluster around Elaine, and his eyes only glowed the more. They might look at her, they might even talk to her, but he, John Clarke Stillman, "just turned six," would lead her away before their envious, sorrowful eyes and dance the cotillion with her—of course he didn't express it that way, but that is how he felt about it.

Then, while the orchestra paused, Miss Munroe's voice rang out above the excited din of buzzing voices. Would the gentlemen please take their partners and find their places in the grand march in the order assigned them?

There was a sudden scrambling and rushing hither and thither throughout the room.

"Now—I'll go get Elaine, mamma," John breathed ecstatically, and his mother nodded, giving him a gentle little push into the room. He turned when half-way across the floor to make sure her eyes were following his triumph. They were; he was very happy.

When he reached Elaine she stood between two noisy boys who interrupted each other pugnaciously, but in the midst of their clamor John met her eyes and thereupon made his quaint, stately little bow. He didn't notice that Elaine's soft eyes were vaguely distressed as she glanced from him to the others.

"Oh, all right for *you*, Elaine Mortimer," burst out one of them threateningly as he turned away with a sullen countenance, and, despite the dismay in his mother's eyes, plunged clenched fists fiercely into flatly pressed pockets. The other boy looked after him jeeringly.

"Come again," he called, "when you can't stay so long."

"Shut your mouth," returned the vanquished one.

Now, of course, this was not at all in accordance with the ornamental standards of dancing-class converse. It was merely that the carefully applied veneer—for which mammas paid Miss Munroe a generous price—had cracked a little, and the elemental material was showing through.

John, meanwhile, stood looking patiently at Elaine. The line was forming. Catching her eye, he promptly repeated the stiff, pompous little bow and stepped suggestively nearer.

Then the big boy—his name was Barty Cummings, and he had a handsome, aggressive face and a "magerful way"—turned and saw John.

"Hello, Baby Stillman! And did your nurse bring you to the party? Don't eat too much ice cream now; it's bad for little things like you——"

"Don't you talk that way to me," burst out John with flashing eye and tightening fist.

"Step aside, please," said Barty coolly; "you're in our way; come on, Elaine——"

John looked wildly from Elaine to Barty. "Barty Cummings—don't you dare——"

"Don't you get excited, Baby Stillman; it's bad for you; come on, Elaine," and Barty smiled on her compellingly.

"Oh—I can't; *really*, I can't; I promised John to dance the cotillion with him, *didn't* I, John?"

John nodded gaspingly. Barty turned a contemptuous eye on John's quivering rage.

"Dance the cotillion with *Baby Stillman?* Oh, I *say*, Elaine—" And his laugh was cruel to hear.

But Elaine looked at John and drew quick, timid breaths—she hesitated—she hated to hurt any one—she was so fond of dear little John; but it was wonderful to be liked so much by this great, masterful boy—and——

Barty took a firm step forward, squaring his shoulders; he was a superb little animal.

"See here, Elaine Mortimer, if you don't dance this cotillion with me, I'll never speak to you again——"

"O-oh!" gasped Elaine tearfully.

Barty flung a muscular arm about her waist, and before she knew it Elaine was swung out into the two-stepping throng who were dancing to their places in the line of march.

"I'm *awfully* sorry, John, dear. I'll—favor you *lots* of times," she tossed to him weakly.

As for John, he stood a moment looking after them with dry, parted lips, with wide, burning eyes. Then something within him rose and choked him; a helpless fury, a surging grief swept over him. He turned and fled across the room—he plunged into his mother's soft laciness.

"O-oh," he sobbed, "I'm go-going to—*k-kill* Barty Cummings."

"Elaine is such a favorite," murmured Elaine's mother complacently, leveling her lorgnette at John's little grief-smitten figure. Mrs. Stillman, as her arms swept around the tragic, convulsed little form, heard the idle words, and her face grew pale and rigid. She rose and led John into the empty dressing room; there she unceremoniously tipped a pile of wraps off a chair, and gathered him in her arms. She held him close to her, her lips on his head, and for a few moments let the great, wrenching, heartbroken sobs have their way with him. She held him close, and her arms and lips said wonderful things for which there are no words. And John said nothing—he couldn't speak—he just sobbed ruinously into his mother's chiffons. She held him silently—what was there to say?

After a time John raised his head, and when the violent heaving of the little body had subsided sufficiently, he said tragically and quietly: "Let's go home, mamma."

His mother thought a minute while she wiped his face very gently.

"We will go home if you wish, little

son—but—I don't think that would be very brave."

"B-b-brave?" he said pathetically.

"Yes, brave. It would be very fine and manly and brave—if you could go back to the party, and dance—with some other little girl."

"O-oh." It was an appeal.

"I'd be very proud of you, if you could do that."

He looked out on life from under swollen eyelids; he was silent—and his mother waited.

"I—I'll try, mamma," he said finally; then he turned and again buried his little red, swollen face in the billows of chiffon and lace, as if to gather strength for the ordeal. Finally he emerged from the misty source of courage; he drew a long, trembling breath, and then:

"I—I'm r-ready, mamma."

But it seemed as if, when they reached the room, it would prove too much for him. Just as they seated themselves in two of the empty seats next the door—this in case of necessitated retreat—Elaine, dazzling and pink and white, floated by them in Barty's sturdy arms. But her face was wistful and distressed, and there was a beseeching look in her brown eyes. The fragrance of the sweet peas that John had given her clung to the air after she passed. John's eyes followed her down the room, he drew a quick breath, his hand tightened in his mother's lap.

"Elaine *lied* to me," he whispered—it was as if the words burned him.

His mother's hands closed convulsively over his. "*John!* My son, you must not say that; no gentleman ever says that of a lady!"

John lifted his head—in the little, stately, proud way he had for occasions—and he met his mother's eyes sadly and frankly.

"But she's *not* a lady, mamma; she broke her promise and she lied to me, and you know," he reminded her with regretful dignity, "you said a real lady never broke a promise nor told a lie."

It was true, she had said it. As she looked at the boy she decided she had made a terrible mistake in drawing life for him in such strong black and white. So cruelly would he learn the delicate shading.

"It was a mistake, dear," she whispered finally—"and ladies little and big make mistakes—mamma often makes dreadful ones."

John lifted wet, adoring eyes to her. In them was all his love for her, and all the love that had been Elaine's—*hers* now. He shook his head incredulously.

"You never make 'em as bad as that," he said chokingly.

He sat there by her very quietly and primly, the heartbroken droop still on his lips, the tears every now and then creeping down on his lashes. He seemed to have aged in the hour—so firm was he and quiet and tragic. He edged closer to his mother, suffering his hand to be stroked by hers—he could stand it now.

Elaine and Barty passed them again—Elaine tried to smile very sweetly on John, but he would not respond. His eyes, intense and burning, followed Barty's stout complacency. His mother wondered what he was thinking. It came at last.

"Mamma, I don't think it's worth while to be a g-gempleman," he said. The tears were near the surface.

She thought a moment. "It isn't worth while to be a bully—like Barty—and it is worth while to be a hero—like you. And no one can be a real hero without being something of a gentleman."

It was a good deal for him, she knew. He looked surprised and puzzled—but happier. His equilibrium was fairly well restored, save that every now and then the little chest would rise and settle heavingly. His mother looked at him searchingly, then:

"I see a little girl over there who has no one to dance with her," she suggested. John knew what she meant. His eyes went grudgingly to the little girl in question, who sat quite conspicuously alone; she was a meaty morsel with bulging cheeks and a stolid little face. Her chunky person was almost obliterated by a huge plaid sash of brilliantly conflicting hues. Her thick, rigid little legs stuck out into the room defiantly. Her eyes had an uncanny habit of suddenly turning in toward her nose. Her whole appearance was what one would, if one dared, term Dutch. If not a success socially, she was even less so as a mural decoration.

"Well?" said John's mother gently. John wriggled uncomfortably.

"I—I don't like her sash, mamma—and—her eyes go funny, and she steps awfully on your toes when she dances—*please*, mamma."

His mother laid her hand on his knee. "It's part of being a hero—and—a gentleman; she has no one to dance with her, unless *you* ask her, son."

John struggled a moment over it, then he slowly dug his hard, wet little wad of a handkerchief into each eye, and poked it into his blouse pocket. Then he slipped to the floor, walked to Annabel, made her a dreary, automatic bow, and silently offered her his arm. She promptly clutched it as if it were a life-line, and her eyes smiled into her nose. They were the last couple in the grand march, which was again exultantly filing up the length of the room.

Elaine and Barty led the line; as they turned and brought it diagonally across the room, they passed John and his lady.

"I *say*," snickered Barty audibly, "look at the valentine Baby Stillman drew!"

It was too much—forty pairs of eyes traveled swiftly to John—forty suppressed giggles leaked into his miserable ears. He bit his lips and blinked his eyes and choked; but it was no use—the hand that was not held by Annabel's firmness went alternately to each eye. The ball of a handkerchief grew harder and wetter. He was a sorry little figure—his nose and eyes swollen, his face tear-stained, plodding bravely along in the train of fashion. When he passed his mother he didn't look at her—he simply held out the hard ball of a handkerchief. She understood and substituted for it a monogrammed frilly little affair of her own. When he passed her the second time, it was a mere marble. He held it out again.

"I haven't any other, darling."

He nodded silently. It was only a trifle in the day's tragedy. He managed somehow to keep the sobs down, by dint of long breaths and much choking. Annabel ploughed stolidly along at his side, oblivious of everything except that by some miracle she had been restored to society's grace and favor. It was public and authentic proof of her worth. To Annabel it was a march of triumph, to John—but it was ended at last, and he sat sufferingly between his mother and Annabel and watched that young person blissfully upholster herself with a pink ice-cream rose and a pale green iced cake. After that—unless she wanted more—they could go home.

He shrank back in the carriage and said very little on the way home. His mother's arm went about him, and he sobbed once or twice—very softly, lest James should hear him—into her coat. Once home, he trudged, without a word to any one, straight up to the nursery, shut the door, and, sitting on the floor, began to take off his pumps. He had progressed as far as garters when his mother quietly opened the door. She carried a tray of milk and brown bread and butter and apple sauce. He sat silently on her lap and suffered himself to be fed tasteless mouthfuls, she patting him gently the while. His little face was white and swollen and worn. After supper his eyes had to be bathed in a weak solution of boracic acid—his mother dabbed the sore, swollen lids softly, after the manner of mothers.

"This one's the worst, mamma," he said, squinting his left eye, "'cause I had to wipe it the most—it was the one nearest the ladies when I marched."

His mother fastened the last frog on the wee blue and white pajamas, and then she drew him close to her and kissed him—a long, slow kiss. He looked up and saw the light in her eyes.

"It's all r-right, mamma," he said, "only don't *say* anything."

She didn't—she merely took longer than usual to tuck him into bed.

She had picked up the last small garment, had turned out the light, and was closing the door when John said quietly:

"Mamma."

"Yes, dear." She came and bent low over his little bed. His eyes met hers seriously.

"I don't," he said quietly, "want any one in this house ever to say Elaine Mortimer's name to me again."

And no one ever did.

The Tricks of the Wall Street Game

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the fifth in a series of articles on Wall Street, all of which are prepared and substantiated with the utmost solicitude for accuracy. We care nothing for a sensation, and are determined to be absolutely fair to all concerned. Our object is to expose the lures and baits whereby the average man is tricked into the quest of "easy money" in stocks, and to show what happens to him within the toils.

NO critic of Wall Street and its methods will deny that there are honest brokers. It is not denied that there are hundreds of speculative firms content to abide by all the rules of the game as specified by law and by the restrictions and regulations imposed by the various exchanges. It is also a certainty that there are individual speculators of large means who employ no advantage other than that conferred by good judgment and fair strategy. They need make no plea against the indictments previously made nor those which follow.

Where shall the unbiased student of Wall Street seek for data which will determine the question of the fairness or unfairness of its methods? Not even a legislative committee can wrest from the living brokerage houses of financialdom their closely guarded secrets.

Only by a *post mortem* examination can the truth be revealed—and even then only a portion of it. When a speculative firm goes down to death in the crash of a panic, or through unfortunate operations on the part of its principals—then, and only then, is there displayed to public gaze those facts which determine whether or not it has followed the strict line of probity.

I take it there will be no contention that only dishonest Wall Street firms go into bankruptcy and into the hands of receivers. Surely it cannot be possible that Wall Street is the one place in which cheating is so impolitic that it is inevitably followed by bankruptcy. The cold truth of the matter is that most failures of speculative firms are chargeable not to the fact that cheating was unprofitable, but to the fact that their unfair profits were insufficient to offset losses from other causes. We find in their books the plain imprint of all the expedients and methods, good and bad, fair and unfair, employed in the speculative business. Some of these bankrupts have books absolutely clean. Others show indications of slight lapses from the strict line of business and legal probity, while others fairly reek with evidence of crooked and absolutely dishonest methods.

I shall call special attention to certain evidence revealed by the books and court records identified with the failures of three Wall Street firms, viz: A. O. Brown & Company, T. A. McIntyre & Company, and Coster, Knapp & Company. Involved in the fall of the last named house was the disgrace and ultimate suspension of Marshall, Spader & Company.

It is a very easy thing to revile the corporate dead, but who was there three years ago who would have dared predict that these four firms were destined to bankruptcy or suspension, and the exposure of grossly questionable practices? For years I have kept in fairly close touch with Wall Street affairs, have associated with men most likely to be warned against concerns deserving bad repute, but until the crashes came the worst one heard was conjecture as to how they maintained their huge establishments.

These houses were officered by men who had been admitted to membership in most of the leading exchanges of the country. All of them were supposed to be backed by large capital, they had ample credit with the banks, they had no difficulty in borrowing hundreds of millions of dollars, they maintained luxurious home offices and scores of branches scattered all over the United States, they enjoyed the confidence of a high class of patrons, their firm names were regularly mentioned in the financial columns of the leading papers —there was absolutely nothing to warrant the prediction that they would fail, and in their failures disclose practices from which the surviving firms of Wall Street now claim exemption.

Before considering in detail the nature of the disclosures made by the books of these departed firms, I wish to offer a rather important statement. There is nothing to show that A. O. Brown & Company, T. A. McIntyre & Company, or Coster, Knapp & Company *ever devised or introduced one devious new method or one novel sharp practice in the Wall Street game.* They simply attempted to take advantage of tricks invented by others, and probably perpetuated by others. They did not fail because of these tricks—please keep that in mind.

THE DUMMY ACCOUNT

Much of the crookedness in unscrupulous brokerage houses is concealed in what are known as "numbered" or "dummy" accounts. It must not be inferred that such an account is a certain indication of unfair practices. There are legitimate "dummy accounts"; legitimate, at least, by Wall Street's rather twisted code of ethics. The big financier who wishes to conceal his position in the market, who meditates a campaign which will net him vast profits or advantages, or who for any reason whatever desires to work in the dark and strike an unseen blow, conceals his identity under a "dummy account."

The great speculative pools and syndicates which force stocks up and down also insist on the secrecy thus assured. It is seriously urged by most of the scientific defendants of Wall Street methods that our present civilization would go to ruin if the "dummy account" were prohibited by law. It would be almost as fatal to progress as permitting poker players to look at their opponents' hands before the draw.

But when a brokerage firm maintains a dummy account for its own use, it renders itself liable to suspicion. There is no law or rule prohibiting a broker or a firm from open participation in the market. In such cases his name, or that of the firm, should appear on the books. Many conservative firms are founded on the agreement that none of its members shall buy or sell stocks for themselves or for the firm account, this excellent restriction being based on the reasonable certainty that the game will eventually get any and all who bet against it. But there is no valid reason or excuse, so far as I am informed, why a brokerage firm should maintain a dummy account. On the other hand, without such an account it cannot readily take advantage of its patrons.

The dummy account in the name of a firm is the accepted medium for the bucketing of orders against a customer; it is a bookkeeping device for covering and obscuring most of the tricks by which the patron of stock gambling is swindled by those whom he is compelled to trust. How many existing Wall Street concerns have such accounts on their books? There is no way of answering this question, but we do know that most of the firms which have fallen into the hands of receivers disclose such accounts, and we also know that an analysis of them reveals the fact that they were employed for purposes of fraud.

The books of A. O. Brown & Company, as well as the proceedings in open court, throw a strong light on methods which had their origin years before that firm began its wonderful career. In justice to the members it is proper to state that a careful study of the firm's books fails to indicate any settled policy of wrong-doing. It was not until unfortunate investments and unfavorable market conditions had driven them into a corner that they grasped and attempted to use the unfair weapons shaped by others, and undoubtedly still used by others.

DUMMY ACCOUNTS OF A. O. BROWN & COMPANY

Their books show thirty-three dummy and numbered accounts. Seventeen of them represent small profits ranging from $20 to $900, and bear such designations as "U. X. 247," "C. N. 48," "Bx. 665," and "Rd. 21." "Account No. 24" showed a profit of $180,000, and the members of the firm stated in court that they were of the opinion that it belonged to Mr. F. R. Payne, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. It subsequently developed that Mr. Payne had officiated as the manager of the branch office of A. O. Brown & Company at Williamsport. Another employee was credited with dummy account "X," which showed him ahead to the extent of $2,300.

"Account No. 2" showed a loss of $450,000, and was charged against George I. Whitney. To this was subsequently added

$70,000, which once stood in the name of a female relative of a member of the firm. Mr. Whitney did not protest against this item. He failed in Pittsburg in 1907 for a large sum, a part of which was due to A. O. Brown & Company, and seems to be indifferent to such small items as $70,000. When a brokerage firm is in distress it is quite convenient to have an account against a person who makes no objection to having miscellaneous losses charged against him.

The identity of "Account No. 5," showing a loss of $45,000, is still shrouded in mystery. No member of the firm seems able to identify it. Mr. L. G. Young, one of the unfortunate firm, admits ownership of Dummy "Account No. 7," with losses of $185,000. The firm concedes that it is responsible for Dummy "Account No. 500," which shows an approximate loss of $850,000. Before considering the very interesting factors pertaining to "Account No. 500," I wish to take up other details as revealed by the exhibits in the books of A. O. Brown & Company.

BUCKETING THROUGH DUMMY ACCOUNTS

The first utility of a dummy account is to facilitate the bucketing of orders by a house with a Stock Exchange connection, despite the rules of that organization.

In legitimate stock transactions a brokerage firm accepts an order to buy a certain amount of stock, and proceeds actually to buy it. The custômer advances, say, ten per cent. of the purchase price in margins. The broker advances a second ten per cent., and then pledges with a bank enough securities to procure the remaining eighty per cent. for the actual purchase of the stock. If, however, one customer buys a certain amount of Pennsylvania, and on the same day another customer sells the same amount of Pennsylvania, the brokerage firm is not required to make an actual delivery, the accounts offsetting themselves in the Clearing House.

Since there are more public buyers than sellers, this does not happen so often as would be desired by reputable houses. The unfair and inhibited method pursued by certain firms is to buy stock for the customer and then sell the same amount of stock and charge the sale to a dummy account backed by the concern. This offsets the account in the Clearing House. The brokerage firm consequently does not have to call on the banks for money. The concern simply bets that the customer is wrong. The margins advanced by the latter have not exerted a feather's weight in the adjustment of prices. The customer pays interest on money which was not borrowed, swells the bank account of the broker with margins, and is debarred from the natural market advantage which comes from the actual purchase of a stock.

Here is an illustration of how this works—taken from the books of Coster, Knapp & Company: A customer purchased 100 shares of New York Central at 130 and deposited $1,000 in margins. The firm sold the stock and charged it to a dummy account. No stock passed the Clearing House. No money was borrowed from the bank. Yet for three months the customer paid compound interest on $12,012.50, a total of $120.53. He then sold the stock for the same price at which he had bought it, the deal costing him in excess of $155, of which only $25 was really "earned" by Coster, Knapp & Company. The balance was the unfair profit of bucketing.

I submit four accounts taken from the books of A. O. Brown & Company under date of August 24, 1908:

Allis Chalmers:—		
In Customers' Accounts	600 shares	
Short in No. 2		400 shares
Short in No. 24		200 "
American Hide & Leather:—		
In Customers' Accounts	310 shares	
Short in No. 2		200 shares
Stock Account		100 "
Deposited as Collateral		10 "
American Wool:—		
In Customers' Accounts	620 shares	
Short in No. 2		600 shares
Short in No. 24		20 "
American Cotton Oil:—		
In Customers' Accounts	985 shares	
Short in No. 2		900 shares
Short in No. 24		75 "
General Account		10 "

"Account No. 2" was the one which later was said to belong to the bankrupt Mr. Whitney, and "Account No. 24" was the one later claimed by Mr. Payne, of Williamsport, the local manager of A. O. Brown & Company. Since Mr. Whitney had failed nearly a year before, it seems rather strange that he should be such an active participant in the market; and it must have kept Mr. Payne busy sending in hourly selling orders against those purchases made by the customers of the firm.

The unquestioned evidence of these records, as verified by expert accountants and substantiated by common sense, is that they were bucketing transactions of a type grown all too familiar of late.

DUMMY ACCOUNTS OF T. A. McINTYRE & COMPANY

The firm of T. A. McIntyre & Company had that respectability and those advantages which attach to membership in such institutions as the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Coffee Exchange, the New York Cotton Exchange, the New York Produce Exchange, the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, the Chicago Board of Trade, the Chicago Stock Exchange, the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, and bodies of lesser importance. It had an exceptionally high standing until it failed and its methods were revealed.

The firm maintained ten dummy accounts, the most important of which was "No. 275." This was a truly stupendous account. When the firm failed and its books were balanced, it was found that there was a credit to the firm on "Account No. 275" of about $3,413,000. Against this there were "short sales" of one hundred and ten different kinds of listed stocks and bonds, a most imposing array, including 9,500 shares of Reading, 1,735 shares of Great Northern, preferred, 1,800 shares of Anaconda, 1,035 of Sugar, 518 of Pullman, 700 Atchison, 1,400 Pennsylvania, 2,300 Smelting, 2,000 Brooklyn Rapid Transit, 958 of Northern Pacific, 1,500 Union Pacific, 1,600 Corn Products, and smaller lots of nearly one hundred other stocks and bonds.

The "losses" on these short sales were about $3,216,000, indicating a net profit of about $200,000 to the firm. It is not to be inferred that all of these were sales for bucketing purposes, though the books of this defunct concern show that "Account No. 275" was used for bucketing and other questionable expedients. I call special attention to it as indicating the enormous volume of business charged by one firm against a dummy account for which the firm was admittedly responsible, and of which it was the unfair beneficiary.

We will next take the case of Coster, Knapp & Company, whose comparatively recent failure had a train of suicide and disgrace.

On August 29–31, 1906, there were entered on several pages of Coster, Knapp & Company's cash book and of the "purchase and sales book," a large number of notations showing purchases of short stocks from Marshall, Spader & Company for the "J. G. Marshall" account, and sales to Marshall, Spader & Company of these same stocks for a "Marshall, Spader & Company Carrying Account."

These entries were made in the regular manner and showed stocks purchased from, and cash paid out therefor to, Marshall, Spader & Company, and also stocks sold to, and cash received from, Marshall, Spader & Company. The inference was that these purchases and sales were actually made through the Stock Exchange, but it is possible that this technicality was not observed. Be that as it may, a comparison of the entries for purchases and sales shows that they were absolutely identical, and any well-informed Wall Street trader knows what that means.

BOOKS OF COSTER & KNAPP

It subsequently developed that Coster, Knapp and Co. had bucketed practically all the "long" accounts of its customers. One of the firm protested against this practice, and it was for his benefit that this formality was employed. He apparently was satisfied. Shortly after this, he retired from the firm, believing that its affairs were in proper shape; nor did he learn until after its failure that every purchase made was offset by a sale on the part of his own firm.

The books of this concern are filled with bucketing accounts. Again and again the record shows that when "purchases" were made for customers the same number of shares were "sold" for "J. G. Marshall," "Marshall, Spader & Company Carrying Account," "C. Coster, No. 3," or "C. Coster, No. 4."

The firm of Marshall, Spader & Company had always enjoyed a high reputation. Its members denied participation in these bucketing transactions. When summoned before the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange, they declined to show their books, and were suspended from membership for several years. They have since retired from business.

When A. O. Brown & Company failed, there were accounts in the names of 910 customers on its books. We find that Williamsport, the home of their branch manager, Mr. F. H. Payne—owner of "Account No. 24," with profits to his credit of $180,000—numbered only nine customers. They surely were a profitable nine for the busy Mr. Payne. Since the annual expenses of A. O. Brown & Company were nearly $800,000, it follows that each of the 910 customers was compelled to contribute an average of between $800 and $900 to keep the offices open.

T. A. McIntyre & Company had 567 customers on their books, with annual expenses of about $450,000. They were therefore assessed an average of about $800 annually for the upkeep of that concern, to say nothing of what they paid in profits. Wall Street considers a customer as worth not less than $1,000 annually.

Here is an illuminating example of how business is transacted by a certain class of Wall Street concerns. It is taken from the books of A. O. Brown & Company under date of May 1, 1908, and deals exclusively with the trading in United States Steel common for that business day:

Bought on Stock Exchange for Customers.	2,300	shares,	$ 82,616.00
Borrowed through Clearing House..........	6,400	"	230,400.00
Total..........	8,700	"	$313,016.00
Sold on Stock Exchange for Customers.......	200	shares,	$ 7,167.50
Borrowed Stock returned through Clearing House.............	6,500	"	234,800.00
Sold for No. 9.........	2,000	"	71,250.00
Total..........	8,700	"	$313,217.50

"No. 9" was a dummy gentleman or lady who finally emerged with a profit of $82,000, but this was transferred to "Dummy Account No. 500," admitted under oath to belong to the firm. It is thus evident that "No. 9" was used for the same purpose; in fact, it is a certainty.

Translated, this exhibit means that 2,100 of the 2,300 shares bought by customers that day were bucketed by short sales to "Dummy Account No. 9." It also means that the margins advanced by customers—certainly not less than $11,500—were not used for the purchase of stocks. It also means that these same customers were charged interest on so much of the $82,616 as they did not put up in margins. They were also charged $287.50 for stocks purchased, $25 for stocks sold, and $4 tax on sales. The debiting of the account to "No. 9" precluded the necessity of borrowing money from the banks, A. O. Brown & Company choosing to take the risk that their customers were on the wrong side of the market.

LARCENY OF SECURITIES

The dummy account serves still another and much more villainous purpose. Customers do not always make purchases of securities with cash. Often they put up with brokerage firms their own stocks or bonds to margin or cover their new investments. These are supposed to be placed in the firm's safe-deposit vault or in the bank as specific security for the funds advanced in the transaction in which they are concerned. To make use of such personally owned securities in any other connection is criminal, or at least grossly illegitimate. Following the suspensions of the large brokerage houses mentioned above, and indeed of most of the firms that have gone to the wall in late years, comes an aftermath of accusations of larcenies of securities. Hundreds of customers are still trying in vain to get back shares or bonds left with bankrupt firms, which these concerns audaciously sold, diverting the proceeds to their own account. To conceal such transactions the dummy account is utilized. In the event of failure, the customer's property disappears in the flood of the bankrupt's general indebtedness, and there is no recourse save criminal prosecution.

Bucketing is the least dishonest of all the tricks of the financial game, and probably the most common. The expedient of the dummy account is used for other purposes, some of which are flagrantly dishonest, and all of which are intended to plunder the customer.

In the first place it is practically impossible to verify the report of a broker. You must take him at his word. Suppose, for instance, you give a broker an order to purchase 100 shares of Reading at 125. It is quoted at 126 when you place your order. Later it drops to 125, with a few transactions at 124⅞, but at once rebounds and closes a point higher. It frequently happens in an excited market that sales will be made half a point and even a point apart at the same time. Your broker may inform you that he was unable to buy 100 shares of Reading when it dropped to 125, and you cannot disprove his statement. You have absolutely no way of telling whether or not he has spoken the truth.

Now follow this: You are still anxious for 100 shares of Reading at 125, and keep your order standing. Reading drops to 124, with large transactions below 125. Your broker informs you that he has purchased your Reading at 125, and it is so charged against you. He may have bought it at 124¾, in which case he will have swindled you out of twenty-five dollars, no matter what the future course of the stock. He may repeat this operation when you close the deal.

This cannot always be done when a customer fixes a set price at which he will buy or sell, but it is not a difficult thing to do in an active and rapidly fluctuating market. The trick becomes easy when the customer orders a stock bought or sold "at the market," and a large percentage of stocks is thus handled. The fraudulent profits will often be found in some dummy account belonging to the firm.

THE MISSING EIGHTH

The point is that a dishonest broker would not hesitate to buy the stock at the low figure, place it to his credit in a dummy account, and charge it against you at any later fractional rise. The conventional answer to this accusation of trickery is that the broker is compelled to give his customer a statement showing the purchaser or seller of the stock, and that the transaction must pass through the Clearing House. The truth of the matter is that the average customer does not know what his statement means—if he receives one—and that he would be unable to verify it if he tried. In the second place, no reputable house would continue to accept orders from a customer who habitually traced its operations, and dishonest houses make a bluff to the same effect. And there you are!

In the vernacular of the Street this form of extortion is known as "the missing eighth," but it is as often "the pinched quarter," and sometimes "the stolen half." This dishonest tribute probably amounts to millions of dollars annually.

THE WIPING OUT OF MARGINS

When a stock drops to or below the point at which it is margined, the customer assumes that he is "wiped out." The statement later received from his broker usually affirms this. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind may have happened. The broker may have been unable to sell the stock at or near the margin point. This may best be made clear by an illustration.

Let us suppose that N. Y. Central is hovering around the 130 point, and that a tip is widely circulated that it will advance to 140. You buy one hundred shares at 130 and margin it for ten points, which means that you advance $1,000 to your broker. Two hundred other individuals buy at about the same figure, which means that the "public" has margined $200,000 on 20,000 shares of Central. They cannot be closed out, barring formal notice, until the stock falls to 120, and until all of this stock is actually sold at or below this figure. If, during the selling of a portion of these 20,000 shares at 120, the price rises to a higher figure, all stock unsold is still legally protected by margins, and those who have speculated in it still have a chance. That is the rule, but not always the practice.

Now let us suppose that something disastrous happens—and disastrous things are always happening in Wall Street, and not infrequently to N. Y. Central. That stock quickly drops from 130 to 125, and then is smashed to 120, with 300 shares sold at this figure and 200 shares sold at a fraction below. It then rebounds and closes at 125. If you are the ordinary type of stock gambler, you will take it for granted that you have lost your $1,000, and will not be in the least surprised to learn from your broker that such is the case. You know that N. Y. Central stock was sold at and below the point at which you were protected by margins, and assume that it was *your* stock. Each of the two hundred fellow victims takes the same view.

Please consider this: Only 500 of the 20,000 shares of N. Y. Central bought at 130 could legally have been closed out on the momentary break below 120. The remaining 19,500 were still protected by margins. You may have been one of the unfortunates actually closed out. You cannot prove that you were not. If you have an honest broker he will tell you.

Here is a situation in which a fictitious bid, a washed sale, or a matched order in a small amount of stock may be made the means of wiping out a long line of heavily margined stock, and it is one of the most common and profitable tricks of the Wall Street game. A fraudulent sale of one hundred shares of stock may "shake out" twenty times that amount of actually margined stock, and the victims will ascribe their losses to hard luck. The transaction will be recorded in some dummy account to the profit of the firm.

ADVANTAGE TAKEN OF INSIDE INFORMATION

We will now consider the part played by dummy accounts in taking advantage of those customers who have placed with a firm large buying or selling orders. Employees of brokerage firms frequently participate in this profitable practice, most of them preferring to conceal their identity under a dummy number or letter.

The actual placing of a large order is reasonably certain to influence the selling price of a stock. If, for instance, you knew that Mr. Harriman was about to buy 100,000 shares of Union Pacific, you would be safe in acquiring a few hundred and holding them for the inevitable rise due to the execution of Mr. Harriman's large order. In an ordinary stock the placing of a 5,000 share order is bound to have an influence, and inactive stocks move violently on far less encouragement. Mr. Harriman and other great operators and manipulators have mastered the science of concealing their movements, but the average speculator of even large resources is compelled to rely on the machinery of a brokerage house.

Orders generally first reach the office manager, are given by him to the order clerk, by him telephoned to an employee on the floor of the Exchange, who transmits them to the broker who represents the firm, or, in his absence, to a two-dollar broker or floor trader.

Suppose that overnight there accumulates a large number of orders to purchase Union Pacific. We will assume, for instance, that the firm of Smith & Jones finds itself commissioned to purchase for seventy-five customers a total of 30,000 shares of Union Pacific at the market. That is a fairly sure indication that other brokers also have buying orders. It is a certain sign of public confidence in the immediate future of Union Pacific. We will also assume that you, dear reader, have intrusted Smith & Jones with authority to purchase 100 shares of that stock on your account. You naturally wish it as soon as you can get it. You only regret that you didn't purchase it before the market closed on the previous day; but the favorable news failed to be printed or circulated prior to the close of the market.

What happens? A lot of things may happen, and none of them in your interest—you may be perfectly sure of that. There is nothing in the world to restrain Smith & Jones from first buying 2,000, 5,000, or 10,000 shares of Union Pacific on their own dummy account. You cannot force them to execute your little order in advance of theirs. You may be in Harlem, Chicago, or Omaha. Wait until your betters are served.

WHERE YOU GET ACTION

The office manager also buys as much Union Pacific as he can afford. The "public" is in the market, and the news at once reaches the order clerk. He holds back the flood of buying orders long enough to take a small flyer himself. The same with the telephone clerk on the floor of the Exchange. Union Pacific has closed at 175 the day before. It opens a full point higher. There are transactions of 50,000 shares in the first quarter hour, but yours is not among them. The papers give vivid accounts of the wild scramble to buy Union Pacific. It rapidly mounts to 180, and then *you* get action on *your* little 100-share order.

Possibly the order clerk sells you that particular stock. He was there at the start; you were somewhere else. He is on the inside; you are on the outside. Besides, you are a "producer." The clerk nets nearly $500 as the result of his sagacity. The floor manager sells his stock, Smith & Jones dispose of theirs, and the dummy account is richer by $25,000. There's no difficulty in doing this. The firm's own customers stand ready to buy the stock at the market. The public's orders are now being filled, not at 175, but at 180, and perhaps higher. The market may rise still higher, and you may be able to sell later at a profit, but the chances are ten to one that a professional bear clique will smash Union Pacific back to 175 or below.

As an illustration of the extent of the system of robbing customers by means of false purchases and sales, I quote what was said to me by one of the big market manipulators who employs the services of many representative Stock Exchange houses and who knows not only the diagrammed part of the stock game but all of its uncharted tricks:

"There has never been a year in the past twenty in which I have not caught some of my own brokers 'scalping' my orders. In the cases of the ones I have nailed, I have had little trouble in inducing them to 'own up.' The total amount of money I have been parted from in my operations by such practice must amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Single houses have robbed me in a single day's transactions of as much as $10,000, and I have in my box the written admission of a few firms, not scrubs, but representative commission houses, that they have scalped my purchases or sales to the tune of 2 to 2½ per cent. on single transactions on a very active market. And yet so common is this practice that though my complaint, with submission of proof to the Exchange, would bring about a scandal and the expulsion of the houses in question, I have made no protest, but, on the contrary, have continued to let them have my business because I knew that the houses which I would substitute for the ones caught might give me even a worse deal.

"I don't mean by this that all brokerage firms practice such robberies, for a few of the houses most popular, year in and year out, with manipulators, would put up their shutters rather than resort to such theft. I know one broker whose business for manipulators is so enormous that he could easily, if he resorted to this trick, pinch out hundreds of thousands each year without even being suspected of it. It is the few of his calibre that redeem the game. I assert that the larger per cent. of the commission houses obtain a large part of their income just this way. You can imagine the show a merchant in New Orleans would have in the execution of a 1,000 shares order on a panicky day when I give you this experience of mine:

"On such a day, in which a certain stock I was handling covered a range of seven points, I gave four different brokers a selling order of 1,000 shares each, and four other brokers buying orders of 1,000 each. One of my brokers sold the 1,000 shares which made the lowest price, and one of my buying brokers secured the stock, but the returns came in from two of my other brokers that they had each sold the 1,000 shares at the bottom price, which means that they had each sold their 1,000 shares at one or two points above the bottom and were scalping $1,000 or $2,000 apiece."

The trick of manufacturing an active and rising market is performed by means of matched orders. Until recent years this interesting trick was turned by "washed sales," but this was ruled out of order. There was no money in it for the system; besides, it was feared that it could be carried to such an extreme as to make stock gambling so absurd that the public would decline to engage in it. I doubt if there was any justification for this fear—the gambling public neither thinks nor remembers—but pure and simple "washing" was barred. This prevented two or more brokers from going through the form of buying and selling shares of a particular stock and recording the transactions, thus giving the fictitious quotations an official character. No shares changed hands, no money was borrowed from the banks—it was a pantomime, a juggling trick for the luring of victims. This work was so raw, also so devoid of profit to banks or brokers, that the Governors of the Stock Exchange placed a ban on it.

SCIENCE OF MATCHING ORDERS

The device of matched orders was then invented, and with this invention a new use was found for the dummy account. Under the matching system, manipulators can have just as active a market as they are willing to pay for, and a clique of brokers can put prices up or down at little cost, save the risk of suspension for work which is too coarse.

One of the most sensational attempts to influence the stock market by means of matched orders and dummy accounts was that engineered by A. O. Brown & Company in August of last year. The firm was heavily short of the market, and its position was largely due to the fact that it had "sold short" for bucketing purposes. Its books showed large profits in the event that the transactions could be closed out without sending prices skyward. The firm was handicapped by lack of money, but its members knew most of the tricks of the game, and were past masters in the manipulation of matched orders and in the handling of dummy accounts.

The firm later claimed that dummy account "No. 500" was started for the purpose of making good the amount of money lost to the concern owing to the failure of George I. Whitney. They started in with heavy short trading, but the market failed to respond. The crisis was reached in the latter part of August, 1908, and the dazzling climax was attained on the twenty-second of that month.

AN ASTOUNDING EXHIBIT

I now submit for the first time a record of the Stock Exchange transactions of A. O. Brown & Company on that fateful day. It is an astounding exhibit; it has rarely been equaled, possibly never in the volume of trading by one firm; but there is nothing else uncommon in the nature of the transactions. They stand as a specific and authenticated illustration of the unfair expedients employed by manipulators for the manufacture of dishonest quotations.

A record of 800,000 shares traded in on the New York Stock Exchange is considered a fair volume of business for one day, and for months past the average has been far less than that figure. These orders pour in from thousands of offices scattered all over the United States. Mark this statement: Under the machinery of the New York Stock Exchange, operating in connection with its Clearing House and with the support of banks, A. O. Brown & Company, on Saturday, August 22, 1908, during the brief two hours between the opening and the closing of the Exchange, *bought and sold* 1,466,000 *shares of stock for one dummy account later admitted to belong to the firm, and did this despite the fact that the firm was practically bankrupt before the Exchange opened!*

I submit that this is a fine commentary on an institution which asks that it be not criticised for fear that the legitimate business interests of the country will suffer.

There was nothing in the rules of the New York Stock Exchange which could be invoked to estop A. O. Brown & Company—then hovering on the brink of certain bankruptcy—from transacting in a few short hours a business in stocks having a par value of $146,670,000 and this does not include several hundred thousand shares bought and sold for customers.

To those who still think that Wall Street is not justly subject to severe criticism I offer this tabulation showing the transactions made by this single concern on August 22, 1908—transactions intended to deceive and rob the public for the purpose of averting the firm's deserved bankruptcy:

	Shares Bought	Shares Sold	Total
Amalgamated Copper	64,000	27,200	91,200
Atchison	2,500	......	2,500
American Smelting	149,000	143,100	292,100
American Sugar	100	......	100
Baltimore & Ohio	......	500	500
Canadian Pacific	1,300	......	1,300
Great Northern, Pd	55,900	40,000	95,900
Interboro, Pd	200	......	200
Louisville & Nashville	800	......	800
Missouri Pacific	......	1,100	1,100
National Lead	10,900	9,900	20,800
N. Y. Central	46,000	33,200	79,200
Northern Pacific	58,200	38,700	96,900
*Pennsylvania	500	......	500
*Reading	138,000	104,000	242,000
Rock Island, Com	33,000	20,500	53,500
Rock Island, Pd	69,000	77,800	146,800
Southern Pacific	2,300	5,500	7,800
St. Paul	3,000	2,000	5,000
Union Pacific	65,500	52,400	117,900
U. S. Steel, Com	117,100	93,500	210,600
	817,300	649,400	1,466,700

* Reading and Pennsylvania are stocks having a par value of $50, but this does not materially affect the total.

All of these transactions were charged against dummy account "No. 500." I submit that this may be classed as a specific and fairly convincing illustration of the possibilities which linger in a Wall Street dummy account backed by a brokerage house.

The exact manner in which such transactions are kept on the books is shown in the following schedules:

A. O. Brown & Company
Purchases and Sales on Stock Exchange
August 22, 1908

	Number of Shares	
	Purchased or Received	Sold or Delivered
American Smelting & Refining:—		
Customers	755	500
Other Brokers	100	200
Sent to Transfer	......	35
Collateral for loans — given	......	45
" " " — withdrawn	145	......
Borrowed	42,600	......
Borrowed Stocks returned	......	48,700
No. 500	149,000	143,200
No. 24	......	20
Stock	100	......
Total	192,700	192,700

Here was a desperate attempt to buy and

sell so much stock that it would counterfeit an activity that would permit the covering of short stock. The object was to make sales very prominent, but to keep buying in the background. It is a perfect illustration of what an unscrupulous or desperate brokerage house can do by means of matched orders charged against a dummy account.

Far more dangerous are the campaigns waged by pools and syndicates backed by unlimited money. In such crusades the brokerage houses may or may not be in the secret, but in either case they receive large pay for their services. Suppose that a syndicate selects Reading for a "leader." It is, perhaps, desired to arouse the whole market to life and attract the cupidity of the public gamblers in stocks, or it may be the purpose of the plotters to unload a line of stocks purchased at the bottom of the decline which has caused a temporary cessation of stock activity. Reading is to be pushed up as a sign that a new boom in the whole list is at hand. It is quoted at 98, we will say.

Broker No. 1 gets an order to buy 1,000 shares of Reading at 98¼, and Broker No. 2 gets another order to sell 1,000 shares at the same price. They meet at the Reading trading post on the floor of the Exchange and put through the deal. Broker No. 2 makes a delivery of a "purchase slip" to Broker No. 1. Broker No. 2, who was seller in the first transaction, may be given an order to buy 500 Reading at 98½, Broker No. 1 acting as seller. Another 500-share transaction in Reading may be made between Brokers Nos. 3 and 4 for a fractional advance—and the manipulators will still have possession of the stock, which, in the meantime, has scored a decided advance.

Such operations are complicated with the purchases and sales of the outside public, and must be conducted with skill and patience. In a campaign designed to stimulate the entire list, a score or more of stocks are used, and hundreds of brokers and specialists are retained. It is expensive work. Though the profits accruing to commission houses are enormous, the public must be lured back to the game at any cost. Powerful cliques do not hesitate to deal in from 200,000 to 500,000 shares daily, and it sometimes takes weeks before the public will begin to nibble at the bait.

A RECENT CONSPIRACY

The latter part of last March witnessed a brazen attempt at manipulation of this character, the outcome of which is in doubt at this writing. The New York *Evening Post* certainly will not be accused of muck-raking methods or of incautious language. It ranks as the foremost representative of Wall Street interests. I quote from its introductory paragraph under date of March 31:

> "The manner in which the buying of stocks was resumed to-day, taken into connection with the skepticism of the professional speculators and *the admitted absence of the general public*, left no doubt of the source of the movement. It was one of those daring speculations, with which we became familiar last year, conducted primarily by a group of very wealthy capitalists, in entire disregard of any consideration except the low rates at which they can raise money. Nobody likes to discourage a demonstration of genuine public confidence and reassurance, even when expressed a little too impulsively on the Stock Exchange. But such markets as to-day's do not fall under that description; they are not correct reflections of the financial and industrial situation, and, as many people learned at their cost in 1908, they are of a most precarious nature."

The paper quoted did not deem it necessary to go into details concerning the exact nature of the acts of the "group of very wealthy capitalists" which merited the rebuke administered. Its Wall Street readers did not need to be told. They are aware that, in the week ending April 2, this particular clique of manipulators sent stocks booming by means of matched orders in a volume not less than 2,000,000 shares. If they paid regular commissions—and they did, or else connived at a gross violation of the rules of the New York Stock Exchange—this entailed an expense of $500,000. Fees paid to specialists, interest on money, and other items must have increased the total to a much larger amount; *but $1,000,000 is a small sum to risk on even a chance that the public will be the fool that it ever has been.*

A real stock boom, with the public crazy to purchase any form of security at dictated prices, is worth from $100,000,000 to $500,000,000 to the Wall Street powers that prey. Why not bait a hook occasionally with a mere million? The suckers will begin to bite again sooner or later.

STALKING THE GENTLE ORCHID

By FRANKLIN CLARKIN

JUST by crossing the threshold of his conservatories you traversed forty degrees of latitude and stepped into the humid tropics. Balmy, pure, tranquil—it was a garden of illusion. Suspended in air at all heights were what might be butterflies, or ghosts of butterflies, various in hue, and all motionless. They clung languishingly to bits of bark, bits of tree trunk; to edges of moss contained in baskets; to stones, and exotic green foliage. A breath, a sigh would surely have sent them broken and fluttering to some ethereal eternity.

It was a strange background, this perfumed gallery of diaphanous orchids, for a man of his sort. His usual background was his immense powerworks at the water side, where he has harnessed, under monumental chimneys, the strength of 300,000 horses; and where the daily output of power equals the labor of 4,000,000 men. Those wonderful works express him to the public mind—he is something like what Ruskin called an iron-dominant genie. They symbolize his mechanical faculties, his energy, his utter materialism. They expressed and symbolized him to me until this day when, wishing to find him in a relaxed mood, and communicative on a matter of public concern, I had gone to his house in the country. "Now that you have disturbed me with business at my home," he had said, "you must be punished. I will inflict my hobby upon you, and you will never recover. Nobody ever does."

And this was the great mechanist's hobby—the collecting and breeding of the most delicate flower that blows.

"Nothing in art and nothing else in nature, it seems to me, can touch them," he declared with fervency. "Any grace of form, any lure of color, any fascination of character—in nothing are these wrought out more exquisitely than in the orchid. Poppies, they say, can put you to sleep; an orchid, so it's said, can kill with its fragrance. As for beauty, it beats ringed daffodils, lilies of the field, red pomegranate, or other poetic blossoms. Yet, with every seduction of beauty, it's a bluestocking. No flower is so intelligent. I'm sure it has mind."

There abides in the most rigid natures a soul of gentleness; and it was plain that the voltage of sentiment which could fuse in a fine glow the steel of this man's feelings was best furnished by this fair, frail, luxurious little parasite, so unsubstantial that it needs only proper air and a trifle of moisture to live.

Some of his specimens were fantasies of form and color, surprising conceptions which seemed the work of an excited imagination. Some were weird and unearthly; some were airy, gossamer, ready to fly; some had a gladness of look, and almost appeared animated; but most of them had a sort of languorous and ineffable sadness.

"Do you know anything of orchids?" he asked. "They are only the genteel relations of the snowdrop and the 'lady's slipper.' The most beautiful of all come from blistering deserts, fever swamps, dank tropical forests, tops of mountains. Here is one—this cheerful one—that Cox of Australia found, in 1905, sunning itself on a tombstone in a New Guinea graveyard. He had to negotiate the destruction of the tomb with the descendants of the dead before he could bring the plant away alive, with the porphyry to which it was fastened. It took months and long, learned analyses and dissections to determine whether it was actually new, for there are now more than five thousand described varieties. Nobody could say it wasn't new. So at Kew Gardens, where the christening high priest of Orchidiæ holds sway, it was named Dendrobium Fasciculatum. They called it that because the blooms are in a dense bundle of bracts. Fasciculatum: blooms in a bundle. You see how easy a memory system is provided in orchidology!"

Three things, one gathered, are formidable about the orchid—its pursuit, which is often deadly; its exhalation, which is delicious but sometimes poisonous; and its botanic names, which are always appalling, as you read them in the Orchid Studbook.

For there is an Orchid Studbook, just as there is a Thoroughbred Studbook and a Hackney Studbook (and Dog and Cat and Poultry Registers). It is issued every year to show for homebred varieties the line of descent, direct and collateral, from original wild kinds. The originals in it were chiefly named by Dr. Lindley, former head of Kew Gardens, in London. His process was not hard and fixed. For instance, he knew a young woman called Ada, so gallantly named a species for her. After reading of *Caius Laelius*, he designated another Laelia. Dendrobium is the name of one genus; Dr. Lindley settled upon that because there is a Greek word somewhat similar which indicates "something that lives in a tree." It might refer to monkeys. Odontoglossum, which sounds like a tooth powder, means, in truth, something connected with the teeth. The genus with this dental name has nothing like teeth. Certain hunters have wanted to preserve for their discoveries the native names. Thus there was a "Flower of Mercy," of Borneo, but it had to be dubbed Coelogyne Lowii; and a "Favorite Saint" of Guatemala, one of the daintiest blooms in the world, used as an offering at religious shrines, had to win its way as Cattelya Skinneri.

My host continued, indicating a wistful ivory flower of chocolate mottlings: "It was for this Amazonian that an Englishman, a Hunter from Saint Albans, perished miserably in the wilderness—half eaten up by ants when his guides, in fear of infection, left him dying of fever. It was the guides who brought this orchid out, taking it from his last camp. Isn't it a marvel? Like Omar—'I sometimes think that never blows so red the Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.'"

What this visit to the orchid house of the powerworks engineer did for me was to give me a fancy for orchid people. I began to collect, not orchids but Orchid Hunters.

Only by the law of opposites can you explain the attraction of the ruggedest natures toward the gentlest and frailest of flowers.

Neither esthetic nor ascetic persons care for orchids. Poets and monks like the coarsest flowers and the grimmest landscape. Oscar Wilde's emblem was the sunflower. Monks choose for their homes desolate wastes or crags, or horrible wildernesses infested by fierce beasts.

Chamberlain, the empire builder; Okuma, the rabid agitator; Haggard, author of violent and creepy romances; E. de Rothschild, the financier; Kitchener, the warrior; Ames, the ploughmaker—these are great names in the "who's who" of orchid fanciers.

Can you reconcile the hard-grained champion of tariff and empire with his private enjoyment of dusting one flower's pollen on another to observe the progeny? Can you image the bloody-fisted victor of Omdurman as an amateur gardener, galloping out the Dum-Dum Road to see some new blooms got by Dooley Chand? Or fancy the New Englander, a man of the ploughshare, using his gains to collect from everywhere weird little exotics, half plant, half night-moth?

Yet, rough-fibered, hard-tempered as they are, contrast these Orchid Fanciers with the Orchid Hunter—him who seeks orchids in the wilderness. On several counts he "has it all over them." To them the orchid is but a beguiling hobby. To him it is everything—battles, wounds, victories, triumphs applauded, achievements blazoned.

The conservatory dilettantes simply buy at any cost what the Hunter through shifts and wants and pains procures. Meanwhile he, in search of these fragile blooms, ventures cheerfully his life. This is the way of those who go out to pursue beauty—they do not care what the price nor what the peril!

Although Fancier and Hunter assume that orchids are the loveliest of created things, they are not brought to the state of infatuation in which they spend immense sums or dare great pains and perils, by beauty alone. Always, besides the stake, there is the game; besides the object of desire, there is the delight of the pursuit.

For the Hunter, there is, first, the explorer's impulse—the need to go seeking for the undiscovered. To me he has become more interesting than the explorer. It is entirely comprehensible that one should want to chart the unmapped spaces of the earth and become an F. R. G. S. and get his name in every geography. But to go forth into miseries and hardships and take an even chance at destruction simply to pluck a pretty fungus from some heart of darkness—you may wonder if there is not some madness here. If so, it is a madness like many another. Silent and desolate places have always held a lure for adventurous spirits. The Orchid Hunter is no more than an adventurer plus a purpose. All the Hunter expects is the deafening glory that briefly greets him when he has brought at last from hill, swamp, or forest an "undescribed" variety.

For the Fancier, whom fate has set to other forms of energy, there is the collector's fervor, the glow of possessing novelty or rarity; and beyond that, the breeder's sport of creating endless variations of his treasures by crossing one with another. Dog and horse lovers know to a keen degree the zest of this last diversion—reproducing and mingling in offspring the qualities of living things of which one is fond. It yields, it seems, a fine rapture; and to practice it has been called "a function that is semi-divine."

Orchid Hunters are mostly English, though some are French, some Belgian, and a few American. In England and Belgium, where orchids are a vast business, growers, traders, and collectors have their own hunters. They send them to Assam, to Borneo, to Burma, to Malacca, to the Philippines, to the Himalayas, to the Andes, up the Amazon and the Orinoco, down through Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua. One of my most attractive specimens (collected from a botany book) was George Ure Skinner.

His early ambition was to go to sea. Having a grandfather who was the Primus of Scotland, so roving a career was not permitted him. His family set him up in business at Leeds. Something of the old spirit drew him to Guatemala. There he took part in the revolution which made Carrera, in the fifties, victor of the capital. With profits from starting the cultivation and export of indigo and cochineal, Skinner made long jaunts into the forests. Some one at home suggested that he forward whatever orchids he came upon. At once, on doing this, the flower laid its spell upon him. It was he who discovered the Odontoglossums—the "Crispum" variety of which is now supremest in fashion and price.

Presently, his hunts beginning to interfere with his business, he gave up his business. He carried his plants to England himself, making twenty trips across the Atlantic. Altogether, before yellow fever ended him at Panama, he had added to Orchidiæ a hundred species.

Even more interesting than this Hunter enthusiast was one we will call Meriweather—for I've forgotten his name. He was somewhat of a vagabond—a "belovèd" one. He had capacities which might have placed him in a profitable living. He might, with his experience, have settled down as a grower or trader of orchids. But he wouldn't. He went forth to try for the Lost Orchid. Not for the sake of reward; rather for the sake of the service. Seven times had he been round the world. Once we were shipmates together. It was not long ago on a steamer from New York to Panama. We passengers had merely noticed that, like those whose complexions told that they were natives of the tropics, he was shriveling and contracting from the cold. He did not thaw till well into the Caribbean. He had a lean, square face, lined with trial, gray, with that touch of saffron which is the ensign of victory for the Torrid Zone.

One day, wholly unmuffled at last, his wrinkles ironed out somewhat with the warm pressures, he sat beside me in the smoking room. He was bound for Panama, orchid hunting, and, so far as heard from, has not yet come "out."

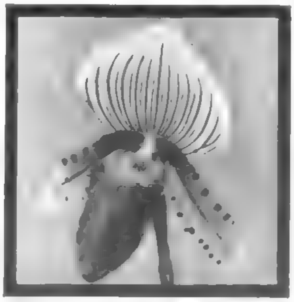
"You see," he said, "orchid hunting is not like other hunting. In other hunting there are climaxes all the way from the first sign of spoof or track, throughout the stalking, up to the moment when your quarry is sighted, and that supreme moment when you shoot and it drops. If you are climbing unknown mountains, you know that the top is there. If you are seeking the Pole, you know that it's a mere matter of getting just over the ninetieth parallel of latitude to find it. With orchid hunting the drama is mostly in what happens by the way, physical accidents of deed or circumstance.

"One dramatic moment in actual orchid finding was when Thunberg and Sonnerat got for the first and last time some of the lilac-blue Disa Longicornis on Table Mountain in Cape Colony. They had collected scarlet Disa, Disa Melaleuca, and other sorts; but the lilac Disa grew in one spot only, on a precipitous high rock. To climb it was to hazard one's life. They scaled the sheer face of the rock, having scarcely foothold or handhold. At the very limit of possible ascent the lilac flowers were still some fifteen feet above reach. Sonnerat fixed himself on the final ledge, scarcely eight inches wide, and Thunberg mounted gingerly to his friend's shoulders. There was some nerve in that. The tremble of a knee would have unbal-

JEAN DE BUCK, ONE OF MRS. G. W. WILSON'S SOUTH AMERICAN HUNTERS, COMING "OUT" WITH HIS PACK TRAIN OF PLANTS.

anced them. By use of a long stick Thunberg was able to pry off five plants, which dropped clear of the rock into the abyss, uninjured.

"Usually the happenings are more human than botanical, so to speak. Yet so much remains problematic in orchids that fictions containing unconscionable imitations of scientific fact continue to be told. You have heard of the vampire orchid? It was fabled to have a wonderful odor which attracted animals. When a beast came near, the perfume would narcotize it, and it would sink, stupefied, by the tree trunk where the flower clung. With sentient quickness, showing operation of mind, the fatal orchid would stretch down its green tentacles and from the poisoned animal suck out blood—and the beast would die sleeping beautifully, while the pale velvety blossoms would take on a soft flush. Perhaps it's a parable. Certainly I expect that some day orchids will get me, blood and bones.



KIN TO THE LONG-LOST "FAIRRIENEUM."

"They seem to have got George Banault. He was Hunter for Mrs. G. W. Wilson of Philadelphia. Banault was French, small, wiry, venturesome. Once, pursuing a wonderful, snow-white orchid described to him by a Colombian Indian, he fell over the edge of a precipice, two thousand feet. He has been stricken with fever, robbed and deserted by guides, and left to starve in the forests of the Andes. For years he has been going down there. When I last got word of him, five years ago, he was held as prisoner of war by Colombian rebels—he had led some government troops in battle—in a small, obscure mountain village some twenty miles from Bogota, and was waiting for an opportunity to escape to the coast, four hundred miles away. He had hundreds of plants from

"TRICOPELIA SUARIS"—ONE OF THE RARITIES OF THE OAKES AMES COLLECTION.

Magdalena River that he could not entrust to guides to ship to Mrs. Wilson.

"The charm of hunting is the charm of chance. A few years ago I went to Assam looking for the Lost Orchid. I had a clue that the original had come from somewhere in the Mikir Hills, and that did give more than ordinary point and direction to the journey. But it was a large order, and the country was hostile, and I failed. When I got 'out' I heard that it had taken a military expedition to Thibet to recover the Lost Orchid."

You may know that story. It begins back in 1857 when a Liverpool man named Fairrie showed a new sort of Cypripedium. It had come to him from Simons, an apothecary at Nowgong, in Assam who, practising as a doctor, had been able to go scathless amongst ferocious tribes in the Mikir Hills. Four or five years after, you could have bought slips or offshoots of the Cypripedium Fairrieneum for a guinea. By and by it was costing three guineas; and then in a few years quotations ceased. The name disappeared from catalogues.

By 1902 only five plants were left—not counting the homebred hybrid named for Mrs. F. L. Ames of Massachusetts. Four were in France, in the Jardin de Luxembourg; one was in England, in the conservatories of Sir Trevor Lawrence. These were fast declining, and the next year one alone in the known world gave forth a flower. Despairingly, Opoex, the Luxembourg gardener, tried to breed from it; and waited in ardent and hopeful impatience. But you cannot make a high-class, decent orchid germinate its own pollen. This orchid was no exception; it was bent on race suicide.

In such a plight were the orchidists when they offered $10,000 reward to any one who would find a hale and virile wild specimen of the Cypripedium Fairrieneum.

England had long desired to open up Thibet to the range of commerce. Opportunity did not come till Russia was busy with war in Manchuria and Korea. Captain Younghusband was hurriedly despatched by the English from India with a military force to penetrate to the sacred city of Lassa. The penetration was made — at cost of blood, life, and treasure. Attached to the expedition was G. L. Searight of Darjeeling, surveyor in His Majesty's service. Being, like many Englishmen, an amateur gardener, he botanized along the way; and one afternoon, seven thousand feet above sea level, he came upon the Lost Orchid.

He sent a thousand plants back to Calcutta by a native, to be examined. News of this reached England. Indian botanists verified the specimens as the long-vanished Fairrieneum. That news, also, was cabled to Europe. "Events," commented the *Orchid Review* excitedly, "follow each other with such startling rapidity as to make one almost breathless!" These events — the arrival, the testing, and the decision on the genuineness of the find—produced among the *cognoscenti* a tremendous sensation. Indeed, among orchidists, the historic expedition, even the Russo-Japanese war itself, will be chiefly memorable for having led to the reclamation of this little "lady's slipper."

When one hundred and seventy-nine of Searight's plants arrived in London, they brought $2,750—and $10,000 reward besides. At this rate Mr. Searight's discovery must have yielded him near $25,400—and not one of the plants yet in bloom.

One gorgeous night on the fantail, when the Southern Cross was lifting and the twin screws were trembling and pawing us forward, Meriweather told me of his latest hunt. It is not a pretty story, this narrative of a trip up the Orinoco, but you may understand orchid people better if you read it:

"It began unluckily," said he. "I took a partner, because I'd learned that the dark places of earth are hard upon a man by himself. I met him at Port of Spain, and he was eager for the adventure because he had just

Photograph by courtesy of N. Y. Botanical Garden.

THE CELEBRATED OAKES AMES ORCHID HOUSE AT BRONX BOTANICAL GARDENS, NEW YORK.

absconded from a British mercantile house in Havana, and the Orinoco sounded to him like a haven.

"We hired a few negroes. Our real guides we would pick up at Angostura. One day while waiting for the stores to be packed, I took my partner out to show him what an orchid was.

"Near the Pitch Lake I saw one in a tree, and ordered one of the negro boys to shin up and get it. He wouldn't. A deadly snake dwelt in that tree, he declared. He was afraid. Afraid of snakes! Nice, efficient, helpful boy to take into tropical forests, wasn't he?

"It was insubordination before the expedition had even started. So I cuffed him and handed him my hunting knife. 'Bring down that flower and also the snake's head,' I ordered; and whining, trembling, he went up the trunk. He was detaching the orchid from where it clung, when a thing like a spear, as black as his own skin, suddenly struck at the boy's wrist. He screamed with terror, and, toppling down, writhed pitiably with pain. He died—and I felt a gloom settle on my spirits.

"Well, at Angostura, we took rafts and six guides upstream. First one guide died of fever; then another was bitten by poisonous insects. One fell in with—or into—an alligator. We needed meat, and the skin was worth a good deal, so, half in revenge, half of necessity, we went out and plugged holes in the monster. When the guides cut it open, they stooped and drew things out—the bones and the cotton clothes of the guide this cannibal reptile had swallowed. The very knot was still in his *sarong*. Oh, don't squirm. This is orchid hunting.

"We had three guides left at the end of the second month, when, paddling along one day where the vines overreached and let snaky tendrils draggle down, we came to a fifty-yard clearing. We saw there the sides of three canoes, half smothered with rapid-growing vegetation, and fifteen hundred alligator skins, well salted, but decaying. Hanging to the roof of what had been a kind of lean-to were a hundred orchid plants—withered and dead. On the floor lay two rusty rifles and two skeletons. Out by the ashy place where the fire had been, was a third skeleton. Up between its ribs were cheerfully growing some gay weeds.

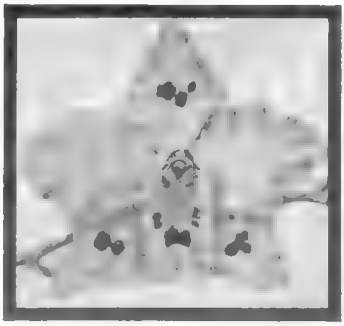
"Death had caught the two hunters and their servant just as they were ready to go 'out' with a fortune in skins alone—perhaps

"RATTLESNAKE PLANTAIN," ROUGH NORTHERN COUSIN OF TROPIC EXQUISITES.

THE "LAELIA" WHICH BREEDS DEFECTIVES.

THE SPOIL OF SKINNER'S FIRST HUNT, "CATTELYA SKINNERI."

THE "LOST ORCHID," FOUND WHEN THIBET WAS FORCED OPEN.



"ODONTO. CRISPUM," FOR WHICH FABULOUS PRICES ARE PAID.

another in orchids. There was no money in their pockets. What had happened was plain enough. Hunters sometimes carry as much as $30,000 or $50,000 on an expedition that may last two or three years. Often their guides and porters get it; and the hunters are never heard from by those who sent them.

"Seeing those bones, my partner wanted to turn back. We had found few orchids. The rare ones and the unknown ones were still beyond. We quarreled; but because he was a coward and a coistril, I was able to compel him to go on. Two more of our guides died, leaving us but one out of six. It was on that day that I found my new Dendrobium Chrysoloxum, but the thrill was brief, for my partner was bitter. Success is nothing without a sharer.

"It was shorter now to cut across lots north toward Caracas than to float back down the river. So we divided the duffle in three parts, and each carried his share.

"My partner soon ceased to speak to me—he had a statue-of-brass way of keeping silent that exasperated me, for I'm a social animal. As I knew no Spanish, I could not talk to the guide as my partner could. He would laugh in a hard way, and often I gathered that he was telling the guide that I was a 'loony orchid chaser,' and that I had brought all their troubles upon them.

"I slept very little for fear they would desert me in the night. I followed in their tracks, not trusting them to be behind my back. You've heard of the terrible tempers men develop in Polar expeditions. It's not as people say—something in the great icy loneliness and cold that does it. It's the same in the tropics. Men grow savage when there are only a few together, detached from the world in the midst of silence. The jeers and mockeries and complainings of my

"A THOUSAND GUINEAS FROM JOE CHAMBERLAIN."

companions got on my nerves. I had to keep a cool hand on myself not to strangle them both.

"We came upon a spear sticking out of the earth, pointing toward us. The guide and I knew the sign. We were approaching the territory of hostile tribes, and, having seen us, they had left this warning. Not to respect it meant death. We had to make a wide detour—my partner raging and bellowing imprecations to the sky.

"In some low flatlands next morning, before the mist had cleared, I stopped to try to cover my feet with a cloth, to keep the rank grass from cutting them. My shoes had fallen to pieces. My watchful partner saw well what I had stopped to do, but did not halt. When I looked up again, neither he nor the guide was in sight. I was alone. Royal palms waved above the savanna; grass grew high, and a thin fog shut me in from above.

"I shouted and in a panic started forward the way I was facing. I shouted all the morning. When the sun had absorbed the fog, I saw no one; but late in the afternoon I caught a glimpse of my companions, and—so they could not elude me—fairly crept up to them.

"'If I knew a word of Spanish, you d—— outlaw,' I said to my partner, 'I'd kill you both on the spot. But I need you till we get back to civilization.'

"From then on my gun was not out of my hands. The hate I had for that man was awful. All day, all night, my mind whirled as it went over the detestable elements of his character.

"Well, we came to a town. In a room in the hotel I spread out all our belongings—knives, pistols, rifles, ammunition, clothes, a few tins of food, and $7.50 in money. I snatched up a pistol quickly and covered him. He sank on his knees and cringed. 'Now, you scoundrel,' I said, 'I am going to treat you fair. I'm going to treat you better than any miserable sinner on this earth ever treated another. I'm going to give you everything except the orchid I've brought through, and $1.50 and my pistol. All the hell I'm going to provide for you is to let you live!'

"So I shoved the other things over to him, and he began to blubber."

The Orchid Hunter stopped and knocked the ashes from his pipe; then he arose suddenly and said: "I think I'll go below and turn in."

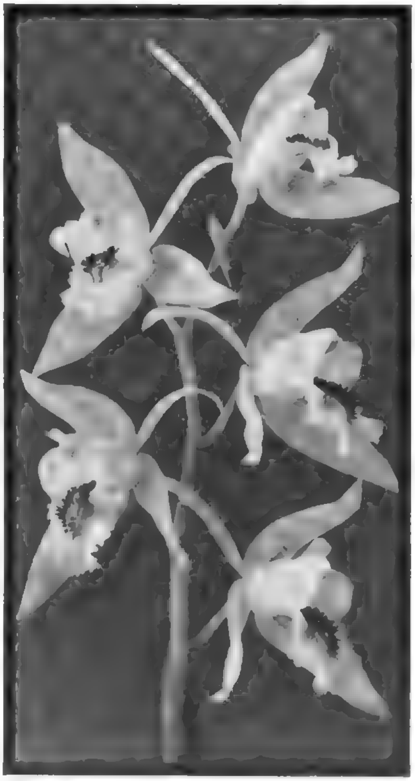
His dreams may have been grewsome. In the morning he seemed to seek to be sociable; so I asked him what he had got for the orchid he saved from the trip.

"A thousand guineas from Joe Chamberlain," he answered. "It didn't pay expenses. But if I were after money," he remarked, "I wouldn't be hunting. I'd be trading and breeding."

Of the type of Orchid Hunter who makes the change from hunting to breeding there are several varieties. One of these was Sir Hugh Low.

Sir Hugh came of "the old horticultural stock of Clapton," and the change from hunting to breeding was natural. His flower-growing father got him appointed to the East India Company and thought him nicely settled in practical business. On the way out the young man flung over the appointment and joined Rajah Brooke in Borneo, there combining government service with botanic exploration—carrying through jungles and uplands one mailed fist for diplomacy and the Queen, and one open hand outreaching for orchids.

He slept with his Malay bodyguard, in the bottom of a thirty-six-foot canoe—the better to evade the alligators. He held levees in villages to give "business talk" to the chiefs of Dyak tribes. One tribe gave him a feast. "I walked to it on gongs," he writes, "and other musical instruments placed for the purpose, to a couch spread with cloths and covered with a scarlet canopy." Once, following a path that led to interesting flowers, Sir Hugh came upon "pits dug in the earth for working diamonds." They were perfectly good pits containing perfectly good diamonds, but Sir Hugh did not tarry. He was in quest of orchids.



A "COELOGNE" FROM BORNEO.

Then there is E. S. Rand — Rand of Pará. His father, too, had been a home-staying horticulturist (well known near Boston years ago). After voyaging several times on the Amazon, from Pará in Brazil to Pebas in Peru — two thousand miles of hunting—Rand at last settled at Pará to develop, multiply, and trade Amazonian species —Catasetums, Gongores, Roderiguezias, Epidendrums, Oncidiums, Galeachas. Trained natives fetch the plants to him; and he passes his days in wiring them to orange and sapodilla trees, fastening the choicer kinds to bare wood blocks and hanging them on verandas or rail fences; then waiting and watching for the blooms — as calm as a Buddha with his lotus. Once in a while, when the less hardy plants for market cannot travel alone, he goes to New York. Even with his care the voyage for them is rather disastrous. Last time he hired a special stateroom for some fifty plants, had it suitably heated, and attended their capricious wants himself. Mostly they slept—orchids usually sleep when being transported —wired in a cradle kept in a room of their native temperature and humidity. From Hatteras north their sleep deepened and they grew fainter. Forty of them never woke up again.

That made the survivors more valuable, and Rand probably did not lose much, for there's something of a market in the States. Mrs. G. W. Wilson of Philadelphia (she and Mrs. Tuttle of Naugatuck, Connecticut, and Mrs. T. Fielden of Tadcaster, England, are about the only well-known women Orchid Fanciers in the world) is continually increasing her possessions. She began by purchasing the A. R. Smith and the Erastus Corning collections, the latter of which was gathered at an expense of $500,000 for four thousand plants.

Best of the other American collections are those of Daniel S. Brown, at Kirkwood, Missouri, which ranks with English and Belgian collections, and is especially strong in the larger and rarer Cypripediums; Miss Ames, at North Easton, Massachusetts; J. E. Rothwell, at Brookline, which is all of one variety; the Windsor estate, at Fairhaven, Massachusetts; Orson A. Miller, at East Orange, New Jersey, who lately lost by fire four thousand plants valued at $7,300, including a Cattelya Tryena Alba worth $1,000; C. G. Roebling, at Trenton, which contains numerous varieties; A. Moor, at Hackensack, remarkable for its Cattelyas; Helen Gould, at Irvington-on-Hudson, which, while without great rarities, has the commoner flowering varieties. The White House is now and then a purchaser. Lately it received as a gift from Manuel de Yriarte of Manila a superb lot of Philippine orchids. For transporting them across the continent a special car was chartered.

The great orchid mart is London. Prices there are always in guineas, which is the most distinguished way of paying that there is. You experience the luxury of throwing away a shilling in every pound. Look into London orchid catalogues and reports, and you will gain a new sense of the money value of beauty that endures for a fortnight or so a year. If you had quite an ordinary orchid collection you could take up one of the better bulbs that had flowered prettily and go out and buy, with the proceeds of its sale, a peachblow vase, a high-powered touring car, or a reasonably safe and sane balloon.

London auction knockdowns recently ran from sixty guineas to 290 and 340 guineas, and so on, and the highest price, 875 guineas ($4,500), was not for a wild, but for a garden, hybrid, an Odontoglossum Crispum "Roger Sander." W. Thompson, of Walton Grange, Staffordshire, realized from sixty to 360 guineas (or from about $314 to $1,880 each) for bulbs of "duplicates" in his collection. Last year a garden hybrid Cypripedium went for the equivalent of $1,500; and a Brussels buyer paid $4,360 for a wild Cooksoniæ Crispum. Count Apponyi of Budapest paid $5,000 to a Venezuelan for one of a species so gigantic that oxen were required to convey it and the section of tree to which it was attached. Because a Cattelya had a violet blue corolla instead of the violet rose corolla of its species, its price leaped $250. For the Pittianum of the H. T. Pitt collection, a small plant, the high bid was $6,000. Mr. Pitt himself paid $6,500 for the celebrated imported Persimmon Crispum. This had been bought in open market, before flowering, for thirty-six cents. It is the plant that has demonstrated how it can bloom that costs dear. For the spotted Crispum "Frederic Sander," Mr. Pitt, after seeing the bloom, paid 2,000 guineas—nearly $10,500.

These are just public, not private prices, and were paid mainly because of the spots on the blooms, notwithstanding crispums in utmost purity of breed are white: spots are signs of individuality. Many times higher than prices here recorded is the value of orchids not on the market. Baron Schroder's Apiatum spotted Crispum, which ranks higher among flowers than the Kohinoor among diamonds—it is called, in fact, "The Cullinan of flowers"—is peerless, and, therefore, not to be appraised even in terms of guineas. There would, I gathered from various conversations, need to be a new medium of exchange more precious than we have, to express the worth of this bit of fungus.

A POOR RELATION OF THE ONCE "LOST ORCHID."

Since Orchid Fanciers have become breeders of domesticated specimens, hybridists rather than collectors, it is between them and the Hunters *par nobile fratrum* no more—the old respectful, sentimental, reciprocal relation has become strained; indeed, all but broken. Those who are rivals for profit may be friends; those who are so for praise, never.

Quiet persons who dwell far from the maddening combats and competitions of botany and horticulture, can hardly comprehend the fratricidal strife, the bitter revolution, that is brewing. Such catastrophies are always preceded by polite discussions. In this crisis the question is raised: "Is it the intrinsic beauty of flower and form that gives an orchid value?" Well, if you answer "yes" to that, you pave the way for this assertion: "The future of the orchid lies in the hands of the hybridists, and to their work there is no finality."

Theirs is the "function that is semi-divine." Homebred seedlings are usurping the place of those imported from the wilds; and many species have been "raised true." Many casual crossings effected by winds and birds can be interpreted and, after some study, copied by a gardener's grimy hands. As in the case of oranges and chrysanthemums, the hybridizers expect soon to leave nature far behind. This is the law of evolution as accelerated by science and by the sad circumstance that nothing is sacred against the commercial impulse to meet every demand with a supply. In the words of Rider Haggard, who is a Fancier: "For Orchidists yet unborn there is a glorious future! What now costs many guineas will be obtained for shillings!"

When that time comes, the occupation of the Hunters will be gone.

The reason why cross-fertilizing has not sooner given the Hunters their *congé* is that it takes from twelve to eighteen months for the seed to ripen, then three months for it to sprout, then from five to ten years for the plant to yield a flower. During these years the hybridist indulges in all the hopes of anticipation, is subject to all the fears and anxieties of suspense. The pollen may not seed; the seed may not sprout; the sprout may die of fog.

cold, or inattention. Hardier than varieties that shift for themselves in "fever swamp, blistering desert, or dank forest," home hybrids, nevertheless, are like the literary heroines of a century ago, who wilted at a look, fainted at a word, perished from a slight. And when, at last, perhaps, the hybrid does bloom, it may be "nothing worth."

From the Orchid Studbook you may, as racing people used to say, "dope out" the strains and influences that give the most winners. You will conclude from it that mongrels are caused by indiscriminate crossing; that the finest varieties judiciously mated produce the prize offspring. As with horses, so with orchids: shape and conformation and texture from the father—the pollen parent; color, markings, etc., from the mother—the seed parent. It seems that Laelio Cinnabarina makes an unsatisfactory mother. Her seed, by the same token, germinates so freely that her children are legion. They are defective. Their lips will not open properly; they are altogether "flabby and spidery." All that recommends them is their color, a rare and pleasant bronzy yellow.

Interesting results may be achieved, it is true, in hybridizing. More or less by accident they may be beautiful. For instance, Mr. Orpet of Massachusetts sent to Mr. Mead of Orviedo, Florida, some pollen from an orchid whose exact type he did not know. Fertilizing with this pollen a hybrid by Cattelya Trianae Virginalis out of Laelio Anceps Alba, Mr. Mead waited to see what sort of mongrel would come forth. What finally issued and bloomed was "a charming variety of Laelio Cattelya, with a delicate flush just perceptible, and a few slender lines in the throat."

Such eugenics, with one parent unknown, are not considered scientific; they are too much like the ways of the wild, of which my friend Meriweather, the Hunter, told one sultry night:

"One variety of orchid shoots its pollen as from a gun. Another secures a fly in a trap and does not release him till his flutterings have powdered him thoroughly with pollen. Generally the process is prettier: Clinging to a branch overhanging some slow-gliding river is an orchid, ripe and full. One or two alligators have moored themselves by the bank like logs in a backwater. The forest is clamorous with singing and chatter and with the whir of wings. Moving plumes make transient brightness where the vibrating tropical sunshine strikes through. You are in a boat, drifting; and forth from the forest comes darting, straight as a bullet, a humming bird.

"You see him stop, in mid career, and hover over the flower. If you are very close you see the flower's stamen tremble with welcome, press forward, and feverishly dust the body of this little visitor with pollen. He draws away and darts for another orchid, and upon this the wind of his quick wings blows some of the pollen. All orchids are hermaphrodite—male and female in one; and if the blossom last visited is of the same or a related genus, the train will be laid for another wonder of creation; for the appearance by and by of a variety perhaps new, upon which some Hunter, discouraged and fever-smitten, will happen.

"He will carry it down to the coast and across the Atlantic to the Royal Horticultural Exhibition, where great personages will put up their monocles to marvel, and the judges will decide that it is a curious offspring of some chance union, and the Hunter will get a medal, and a lot of praise in the *Orchid Review.*"

After this, it is all very well if Mr. Veitch, the professional grower, obtains a new and graceful artificial hybrid by Epidendrum Radicans out of Sophronitis Grandiflora. All very well if the amateur, the Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain, M. P., of Highbury, Birmingham, has crossed a Cattelya Minerva with a Laelio Cattelya Clive and shows as a result a healthy bloom of fairy grace. But God made the wilderness and glaziers made the conservatories; and one may prefer the humming bird to the grimy hand of a gardener, or even to the white fingers of a builder of empire, as an agency in the "function that is semi-divine."

As between Fanciers and Hunters in the threatening revolution, one must be on the side of the Hunters.

Stars, garters, medals, embroideries, castles, earldoms, wealth, have been dealt by fortune to the Fanciers for achievements in their given occupations. To them the orchid is but a toy, a pastime, to take up after the serious business of soldiering, screw-turning, Yankee-baiting, engineering, banking, plough-casting, or what not.

But to the Hunters it is wholly the serious business of life. The nearest any have come to beatification was when their names were attached to their discoveries. These instances are few. Only those Hunters have won a competence who, like Low, and the Sander boys, and Rand of Pará, gave up hunting and evolved into growers for the trade. To the rest it has been toils and travails in an unseen world, defeats and sicknesses amongst hostile natives and hostile nature; conquests, heroisms, and martyrdoms. Dozens have died for the flower.

Of course, the Hunters will resist the hybridizing with all their force and all their idealism. They will say that no gardener's hand can produce at will the beautiful results that have come from accidental unions in primeval forests. They will hold that "from no single alliance came the wondrous pattern of the most enchanting species—the strange mottlings of red and purple, cinnamon and chocolate." Far back in time were those dynasties founded, which, crossed and intercrossed, and subject to odd contacts, often between princes and peasants—yielded at last the living royal representatives of to-day.

Making things cheap isn't everything; it is sometimes well to have them good.

And, anyway, I'm collecting Orchid Hunters, not orchids.

THE SPECTACULAR SUICIDE OF SLOTHFUL SLACK

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

I WAS lonely that night; and he looked like a gregarious soul. So, although there were several vacant benches at hand, I seated myself beside him.

The granted request for a match was followed by a remark or two anent the weather; thence we drifted, as men will, into conversation; and at length the talk shifted to religion, therefrom to undertaking, and finally to suicide—scarcely a cheerful topic, but one fraught with great possibilities for discussion.

"There are those that hold," said my *vis-à-vis*, "that the man who commits suicide is a coward. Others again maintain that he is a brave man. Still others assert the self-destroying party to be afflicted with pigeons in his cupola. But my experience has shown me that there are them who come without the pales of either of them three categories. . . . I don't suppose you ever happened to hear of Slothful Slack, did you?"

I had not.

"This Slothful Slack person," resumed my companion, "I met up with some ten year ago, and he put a new wrinkle into the suicide game that I've never seen dooplicated before or since. Perhaps you'd care to hear about him?"

I would; and I so stated.

"Well," said my bench mate, taking the band from the cigar that I had given him and carefully placing it in his coat pocket, "it happened that at this juncture of which I speak, I had just blowed in from the mountains, where I had located a claim that I had been able to unload on the second son of a decayed dynasty for the sum of forty-eight thousand dollars cash. The forty-eight thousand aforesaid had lasted me and certain friends who mostly seemed to come in pairs just twenty-four hours; and you must admit that was going some when you take into consideration the potent fact that I was operating in an adolescent burg which had no stock exchange, or even a pool room, and to which panic was a stranger. To save my life I couldn't tell you the manner of that money's departure, for I didn't keep a cash account. But I vaguely recollect sundry crude but effective devices commonly but erroneously known as games of chance, and I have some slight recollection of trying to knock brakemen off passing freight trains by chucking gold eagles at them. Also, I can faintly recall a small bonfire that I constructed out of treasury notes of large denominations under a roan broncho with ideas of his own and a sedentary disposition.

"However, be that as it may," he continued, "I came to, setting on the front steps of the Palace Hotel with a mouth tasting like a fresh-laid concrete sidewalk and nothing in my stomach but a pain, while old R. E. Morse sat beside me hyperdermically injecting into my shrinking form great gobs of dull, dank, deadly despair. Blue? Wow! Wow! A kitten in a bag going down for the twenty-seventh time would 'a' been debonair compared with yours trooly. If it hadn't been that I'd given my gun away to a six-weeks-old baby to cut its teeth on, I believe I'd have found dire use for it right there.

"I was just wondering if I could get permission from the clerk to go up on the piazza roof and fall off on my head, when my indigoesque reflections was interrupted by the entrance of a large, ornate individual clad with all the dun and shrinking timidity of an aurora borealis.

"'Excuse me,' he says, approaching bashfully, 'but are you Turbulent Thompson?'

"I reflected deeply before I answered.

"'I believe so,' I returned. 'I was last night, I know.'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, with a deep sigh. 'At last I have found you!'

"'I'm sorry, old man,' I says, 'but my Santy Claus specialty was taken off at three g. m. this morning. I haven't a samoleon in the wide, wide world. Of course if I had, I'd be only too glad——'

"He waved me aside insouciantly.

"'Have done,' he commanded. 'It's not money that I want; it's advice; and for that advice I am willing to pay f. o. b. many large round rose nobles and *louis d'ors.*' He tucked the thumb of his left hand under an embroidered suspender and crossed his long legs. 'You see before you,' he said, dramatically waggling the fingers of his suspendered hand, 'a broken man!'

"I viewed him with greater interest. 'If you will excuse me saying so,' I ventures, 'you don't look it.'

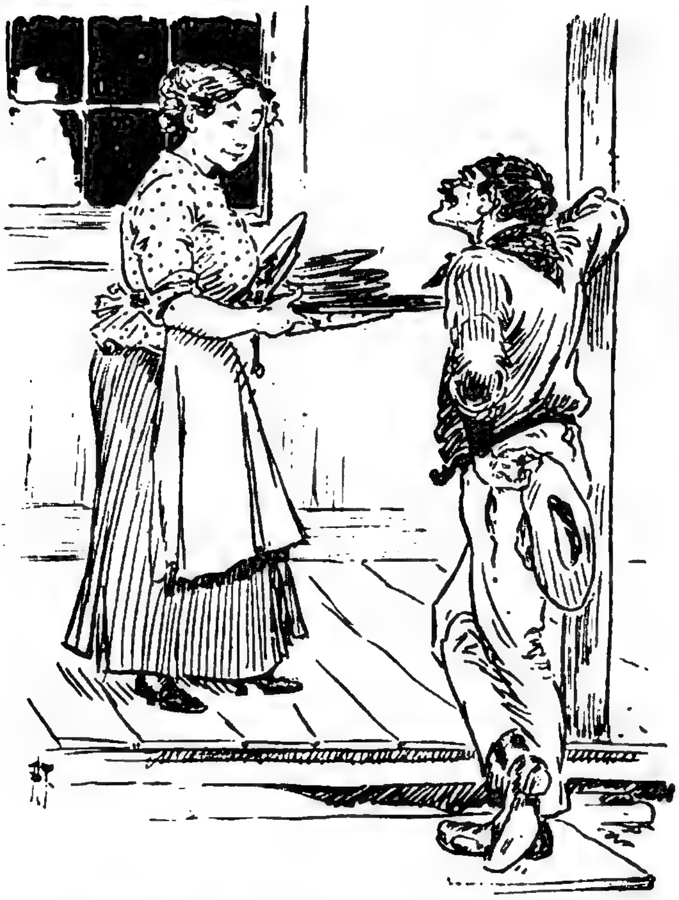
"He turned upon me a mournful orb. 'Possibly not,' he replied. 'But I am, just the same. I'm a despairing, hopeless, grief-stricken, woe-laden, lugubrious, lachrymose, desolate, and suffering soul. Beside me *Hamlet* was the epitome of all happiness and *Ophelia* a care-free hoiden full of unadulterated blitheness and bubbling mirth. Life spreads before me a long, lank, lean, sorrow-stricken waste of depthless despair. It's a bum world at best, and at worst I don't dare tell you what it is, because there's a lady in the villa. So I will sum up merely by saying that if my respected and beloved payrents was alive—which they ain't—I'd proceed to go back to Missouri and bop them one in the eye for ever letting me into such a gum-game as this mundane spheroid has showed itself to be.'

"'But what's the trouble?' I asks. 'You've just said that you have money.'

"'In bunches, in bales, and in barrels,' he returned. 'I'm so heavily upholstered with gold certificates that you could stick a hatpin in me anywhere and never touch meat.'

"'You have health and strength,' I went on, 'and surely these things are much more to be valued than merely physical charms.'

"'Ignoring the bald and blatant jokin' that accompanies your troothful statements,' he replies, 'I have only to say that alongside of me the Quo Vadis party who broke the bull's fourth vertebra by twisting its horns is a mollycoddle and a milksop and fit only to



"THAT GLORIOUS, QUEENLY-BEAUTIFUL BISCUIT-SHOOTER."

play with Angora kittens under the kitchen stove; and as for health, the medical profession would have perished in its infancy had all men been as I.'

"'Then what is the matter?' I asks.

"'Love,' he returns, solemnly, sadly. 'Just love. Plain, unadorned, undiluted, unreciprocated love, by gosh.'

"'Oh!' I says.

"'Yes,' he goes on. 'That's it.' He was silent for a moment. At length he asks, 'Do you happen to know that glorious, unapproachable, queenly-beautiful biscuit-shooter at the Bon Ton Restaurant?'

"'The red-haired one?' I asks.

"'Titian,' he corrects, severely. 'D'ye know her?'

"I nodded.

"'She's it,' he said, sadly. 'She's the one who has tore and tangled my heartstrings until they looks like a kid's fish line. Hers is the hand that has plunged the poisoned dart of unrequited love so deep into my shrinking breast that you couldn't drag it out with a traction engine. She's the one that has blasted my future happiness as the lightning blasts the pine, and put the kibosh on my day dreams until they look like the distorted imaginings of a D. T. patient. While I was away busily engaged in amassing much gold and precious stones that I might take her to a life of ease, magnificence, and automatic piano players, she has betrayed my great confidence and violated my overweening love by going and getting herself engaged to a waiter in a stable for transient mules. And now there is but one thing left for me in life.'

"'What may that be?' I asks, interestedly and sympathetically; for I have myself suffered at the soft but cruel hands of the fair sect.

"'To leave it,' he returns, succinctly.

"'But where do I come in?' I inquires. 'Would you like to have me hold your hand while you go under the rat poison?'

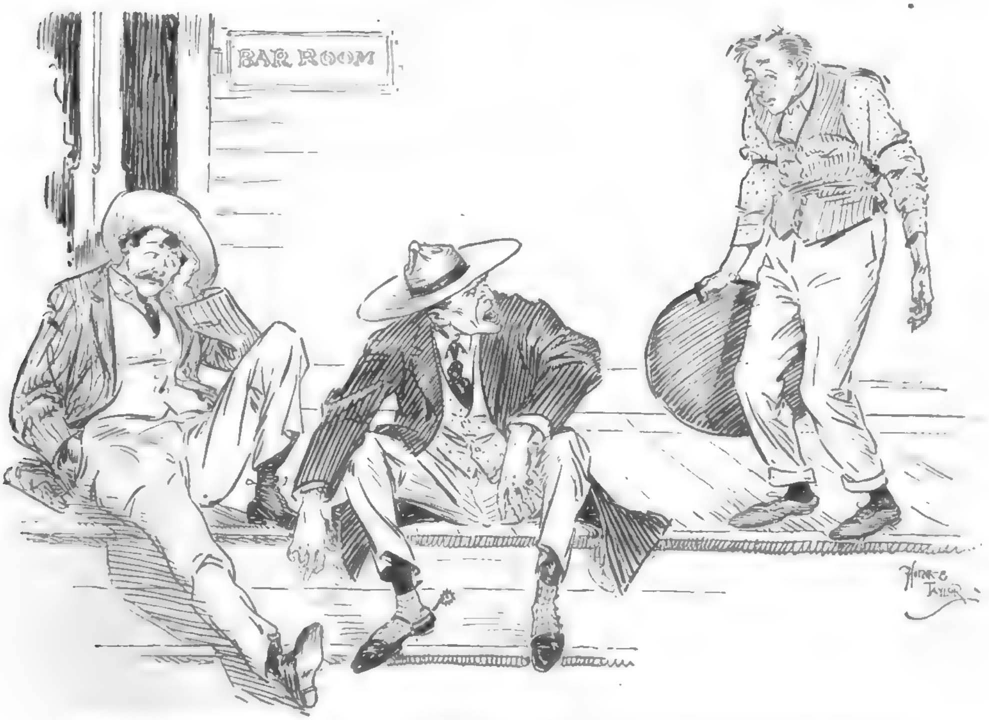
"He frowned severely upon my ill-timed levity. 'Inadvertently,' he returned, 'you have touched upon the point. It is that none of them ordinary, every-day, crude, and bourgeois methods is good enough for yours trooly. I desire to leave this vale of tears in a blaze of glory that will make the departure of the Four Hundred at Bally—Bally—Bally-whatever-it-was—seem trivial and inglorious; that will cause the finish of Artie Xerxes to look like the pale and uninteresting demise of your Uncle Cyrus passing away peacefully in the bosom of a large, home-grown family at Skaneateles, Cayuga County, New York; that will, by comparison, cause the Flood, the Battle of Gettysburg, the Discovery of America, the Sharkey-Jeffries fight, the San Francisco earthquake, and the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden to seem like events of purely local and temporary importance.

"'Also,' he continues, warming up to his subject, 'like our friend Andrew of the Libraries, I have a distinct dread of dying rich. But with this difference, that, while he seems to regard fifteen million dollars as a pittance and ten millions as absolute pauperdom, I consider the party who can produce a gold-plated collar-button a plutocrat. And when I speak of dying poor, I don't mean, as does he, that I shall leave only twenty or thirty million plunks for my children to swear away my reputation for sanity over. What I mean is that, after it's all over, if you can find about my person or effects anything valuable enough to take home, even as a souvenir, I shall have signally and totally failed in my purpose to disseminate my earthly resources. Just give me a pair of overalls and a shave, and I'll pass into the Great Beyond the picture of sweet content.'

"He turned to me. 'Now you,' he continued, 'have achieved, and justly, the reputation of being the greatest and most versatile disseminator that ever forgot to ring up on the register. Notwithstanding the fact that you omitted to be born in Pittsburg, you have made the fluent spenders of that rightly celebrated hamlet look like a crowd of nonogenarians matching pennies on the poorhouse steps. The renowned miner from Moribund Valley and Coal-oil Johnny beside you are misers; while Hetty Green, calling loans in a panic, is beside you the picture of profligacy. All of which brings me around to the proposition that I would make you, which is——'

"'Well?' says I.

"'It is,' he goes on, 'that you chaperon me through my departure from this world. I have a trifle over eighty-two thousand dollars in coin of the realm. This ought to suffice, if expended judiciously. The stage management will be largely up to you, though I will assist wherever I can. But two things I demand. In the first place, I wish my self-inflicted demise to be an epoch—something from which they will date time, something which will thrill with awe and wonder the blasé breasts of an ennuied world and cause cold chills to creep up the backs of countless generations yet unborn. Secondly, I want to make the girl feel sorry. For your compensation, you may have all that's left over, including these suspenders, and for the present a comfortable drawing account—say as much as you want whenever you want it. What do you say?'



"'SEND THE PROPRIETOR TO ME,' HE ORDERED, LIKE A PARTY WHO OWNS A AUTOMOBILE."

"Now by nature I am an emotional and enthusiastic man. Add to this the fact that I was afflicted with a forty-eight-thousand-dollar attack of the collywobbles, that my tongue was a doormat without any 'Welcome' on it, and that my head had become the trysting-place for every kind of a pain known to the Farmer's Almanac, and you will better understand the course that I took; which was to extend to him a feverish palm and say:

"'Not only will I accept that proposition, but I'll go it one better. I too am aweary of this sordid life with its petty cares and grinding obligations. Herewith I make you a counter proposition. We'll do this thing together. You furnish the capital; I'll furnish the brains. And if we don't make an exit from this sodden sphere that will go ringing down the Halls of Time until the Millennium, and then some, you can call me a penurious, cowardly hoarder of tainted wealth and I'll thank you.'

"'Good!' he exclaims. 'We'll have a drink on it.' He turns and beckons austerely to a waiter who had come outside for a breath of fresh air. 'Menial,' he says, haughtily, 'my friend and me are athirst. Bring us about two hundred and eighty dollars' worth of champagne. Also, while you are about it, take a troughful of watercress salad and a couple of gallons of French vichy out to my horse.'

"The waiter sat down on the ground and breathed hard. 'I'm sorry, sir,' he said, but——'

"Slothful Slack did not wait for more. 'Send the proprietor to me,' he ordered, autocratically, like a party who owns a automobile.

"The proprietor come a-running.

"'You call this a hotel, I believe,' said my friend, in cold contempt.

"'It has so been termed,' returned the proprietor. 'What's the matter?'

"'Nothing, only I don't care for the way it's run,' returns Slack, in ammonia-like accents.

"'Well, maybe you think you could run it better,' suggests the proprietor, peevishly.

"'If I couldn't,' observes my fellow self-destroyer, loftily, 'I'd quit trying to conduct a public hostelry and devote my energies instead to the entertainment of chickens in an incubator. Do you happen to own this misguided edifice?'

"'Yes.' returns the proprietor.

"'What do you value it at—building, furniture, good-will, ill-will, and bar?'

"'Twenty-five thousand dollars,' returns the proprietor. 'An' not a cent less.'

"My friend removed a large roll of bills from his pants pocket and peeled off sundry. 'I'll take it,' he said. 'Give me a receipt. I want to fire the waiter that wouldn't serve my horse.'

"The deal was put through, and I viewed my *confrère* with an added respect. Here was a party well worthy of committing suicide with. He had not only the right idea, but he developed that idea in the right way.

"We adjourned to our bar. By and by we began to wonder what we'd better do next.

"'Let us tour the town,' suggested Slack, 'and see what we can do to arouse it from the somnolescent state into which it has sunk and which so chastens and irritates my active and unrestrained and ebullient nature.'

"'By what means of locomotion?' I asked. 'Surely the rail-like backs of a couple of half-finished cayuses are scarce dignified means for a pair of plutocratic self-destroyers.'

"'That's so,' he agreed. He pondered for a moment. 'What do you say to a hack?' he asked, tentatively. 'I never rode in one in my life, and surely that's dignified enough.'

"'Dignified, true,' I agreed, 'but commonplace and unworthy. Now, if you will pardon me, I should suggest, rather, a hearse or a fire engine.'

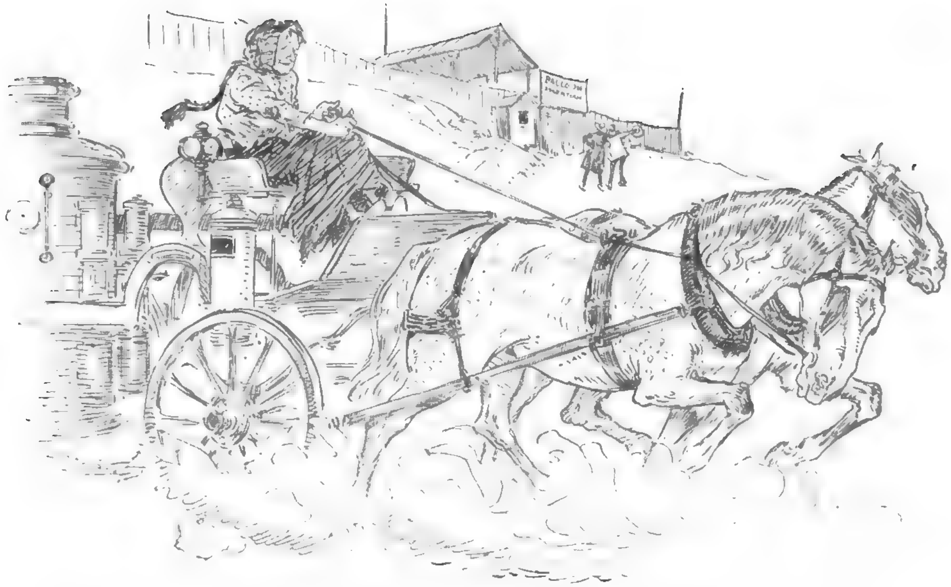
"His enthusiasm was positively inspiring. 'That's it!' he cried, delightedly, as he poured a bottle of Italian vermouth into a saucer and handed it to the cat, at the same time chucking three vials of Forbidden Fruit out the window at a stray dog. 'That's the very thing! A fire engine! But how can we get one so soon? It'll take a month to have one sent from the factory.'

"'Follow your Uncle Fuller,' says I. 'You have still about fifty-seven thousand dollars' worth of persuasion in your jeans. We'll convene the mayor and board of aldermen in extra session. And if we don't get that fire engine, it'll show me that I know a lot less about civic government in America than I think I do.'

"Well, we got it. It cost us six thousand for the engine and eight more to persuade the city fathers to sell it to us. And we bought the horses and a fireman along with it; also for three thousand additional a permit to use the city hydrants whenever and wherever and as long as we chose.

"While our fireman was building a blaze beneath the boiler and hooking up Venus and Aphrodite, Slack and I organizes ourselves into a ways and means committee to discuss ultimate issues.

"'If the last six hours is any criterion of our progress,' observes Slack, eroodite1y, 'I should say that by to-morrow evening the gold reserve 'll have a crimp in it that you couldn't take out with a clothes wringer, and we will be, to all practical financial intents, widows and orphans. And instead of departing from this world in a blaze of glory,



"WE GAVE VENUS, APHRODITE, AND THE FIRE ENGINE TO A POOR OLD LADY."

as planned, for us will be the small package of Paris Green or the simple and inglorious drop off the dock. In the midst of all this splendor and *éclat*, we must not forget the main issues.'

"I nodded.

"'Now I've been thinking it over, and I have a suggestion that I'd like to promulgate. Of course,' he continued with due humility, 'I'm only one of the proletariat and never did have the fine, Italian mitt in affairs of this kind; but it seems to me that it wouldn't be such a bad play to emulate the example of the far-famed and astute Nero. My idea, then, is this: That we buy up the town and set it on fire. Then you and me could compose ourselves on the roof of our hotel and play sweet symphonies on the fiddle while the wild and torrential tongues of fierce and flaming fire et up the paper and excelsior houses of the town aforesaid. We've got the only fire engine; so they couldn't put it out if they wanted to. What do you think of it?'

"'I have two objections,' I replies. 'The first is that neither of us can play the fiddle.'

"'Well,' he returned, 'neither could Nero, for that matter.'

"'The second objection,' I went on, 'is that for an event of this kind I hate to plagiarize, or infringe upon, another party's ideas. We want something original.'

"He looked so despondent that I felt sorry for him; so I clapped him kindly on the shoulder.

"'Let's start for our ride,' I urges. 'Maybe some inspiration will come to us. Who knows?'

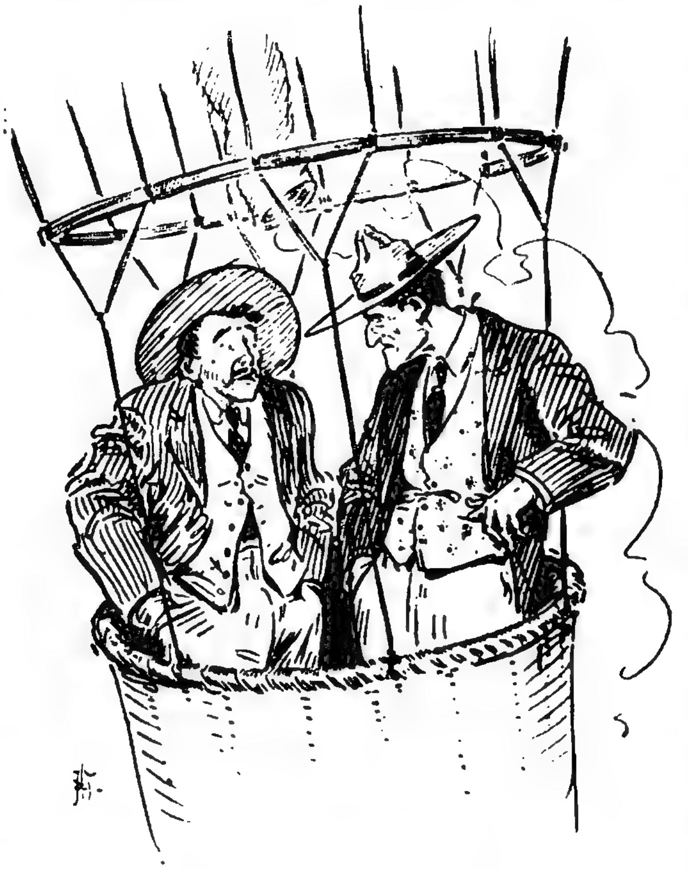
"Slack drove. I sat on the off horse, and the fireman hung on to the tail board with both hands; and every time we stopped to libate, he would put in more coal.

"Maybe you think our progress through that town wasn't exhilarating. With Venus and Aphrodite pelting along, flicking fire from their hooves; with me encouraging them with a little heel-toe-and-a-one-two-three movement, and Slothful enthusiastically flapping the lines over their terrace-like backs and yelling like a new commitment to a foundling asylum; with the smoke pouring in torrents from our nickel-plated stack, and the gong ringing loud and free—well, you can, without any fear of spraining your imagination, conceive that there was something doing.

"The mazes of traffic were not shunned by us. Anything that looked like a maze was our meat. We didn't bother to go around. We went through. People would give one passing glance and duck down an alley or up a tree. Horses would do a back flip-flap over their respective vehicles and start off instanter without the slightest regard for distance or direction. And everything that wasn't quick enough to get out of our way, we gayly spread over the palpitating face of a nervous Nature.

"On one corner we caromed a wild-eyed Italian peanut plutocrat into a dry-goods store; at which a bale of all-wool dress goods caught fire. So we stopped, unlinked our hose, attached it to a hydrant, and put out the fire—and all the customers. Then, without waiting for the thanks of the proprietor, we were off and away.

"I don't recall just how long we continued our innocent fun, for time passes on wings of light when you are with pleasant company and in interesting surroundings. But I should judge that it was about four of the afternoon when, of a sudden, we found ourselves just outside the city limits and beside the fair grounds. A bill, posted on a high board fence, caught my gaze, and I signaled Slack to stop. Then, with my eyes alight and my being athrill with joy, I turned to him; for the inspiration had found me out.



"WE SLID UP INTO THE AIR AND STAGGERED ACROSS THE SKY."

"'Do you see that bill?' I asked, excitedly.

"'Not being totally blind,' he returned, 'I do. It says that there's going to be a balloon ascension at two P.M. to-morrow.'

"'That's it!' I cried.

"'That's what?' he asks.

"'That's the idea for our finish! Don't you see?'

"'No,' says he.

"'Why,' I explains, 'here's our chance to make a get-away that will be a front-page story for every newspaper between here and Water Cure Junction, P. I. You note that it is a gas balloon, and not the usual hot air variety?'

"'I notes,' he says.

"'Well, herewith the idea. Listen attentively and I'll explain it in words of one syllable; and then, if that isn't sufficient, we'll have plans and specifications drawn up, a diagram made, and some moving pictures taken.' I was a little peevish at his thickness, for hitherto he had never failed to grasp immediately the full and glorious import of all that I confided to him.

"'We'll buy this balloon,' I went on, 'and make our ascent in the eyes of countless thousands of bug-eyed populace. Then, when we have reached an altitude of a mile or so, we'll scratch a match and POOF!!!!! The wide, round world will ring with the tragic tale of our going as it has not rung since Brodie jumped the Bridge.'

"He caught it. 'Great!' says he. 'Superb! Heavenly!'

"As you have doubtless noticed, nothing could that day stand between us and our purpose. Our business in the fair grounds was transacted in a few minutes; and we emerged owning the balloon, the lease of the grounds, the peanut and lemonade privileges, the shell-game concession, and the whole blooming *tout ensemble*.

"We paid the fireman a couple of thousand dollars for his services, gave Venus, Aphrodite, and the fire engine away to a poor old lady who asked us for car fare, and walked silently and unobtrusively back to the haunts of men; for we didn't want any long terms in the county jail to interfere with the consummation of our gloriously conceived demise.

"That afternoon we settled down to make all preparations. Special trains from surrounding cities had already been arranged for; so we had merely to see to the advertising; and for this we wired for space on the front pages of all the daily papers within two hundred miles, and then telegraphed them the copy. Then we went to have some bills printed—three sheets and six sheets—reading the same as our newspaper advertising, which was:

This Means You!
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND
THE **Suicide** OF
Euphrates Julius Caesar (Slothful) Slack
AND
William X. (Turbulent) Thompson
TO BE HELD AT THE FAIR GROUNDS
TUESDAY, JULY 4TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK SHARP
FREE PEANUTS! FREE LEMONADE! FREE ADMISSION!
IT'S ALL ON US!!
COME ONE, COME ALL, AND BRING THE KIDS

P. S.—It would be advisable to bring umbrellas to keep your clothes from being spoiled by falling remains.

"When we turned this copy over to the printer, he thought it was a joke and almost laughed himself sick. The editors, too, all seemed to consider it in the light of a practical witticism. But this suited us down to the ground; because if they thought we were a pair of harmless lunatics trying to attract a little attention, they wouldn't interfere, as otherwise they might. One clever party wanted to know what article we were advertising. We winked sapiently and let it go at that.

"That evening we held open house at our hotel and proceeded to disseminate the rest of our assets by opening a disbursing office for the free and unlimited distribution of money. We had about eleven thousand left. And the bunch that formed to wait for us to hand out the drachmas would have made the Bread Line look like Jerusalem on the day after the flood. At the close of the office, we found that we inadvertently had left two dollars and eight cents; so we dropped it down a rat hole in the corner of the dining-room. Then we deeded the hotel and all appertaining thereto over to the Titian-headed Hebe at the Bon Ton. Slack said that this would make her feel worse. I knew that he was talking through his belfry. But I said nothing; for at such a time it were worse than useless to quibble over non-essentials.

"We stripped ourselves so clean that we forgot to keep car fare to get us out to the fair grounds next day; and we came very near being late. But we finally got there about a quarter of two to find assembled the greatest aggregation that ever got together since the pyramids was built. The bleachers were full. The grand stand was fuller. The track and rooves was fullest, and the field so distended with humanity that we could scarcely find room to blow up our balloon in.

"However, we managed to get everything arranged; and at five minutes of two the balloon towered above us, a bellying thing of life, tugging at the guy-ropes like a catfish at a line.

"At just two o'clock precisely, Slack and me climbed into the wicker basket and bowed gracefully to the assembled thousands.

"'Cut her loose!' yells Slack.

"They did. And we slid up into the air and staggered across the sky like a drunkard to a barn raising.

"About half a second afterward a cumulus cloud inserted itself ingratiatingly among us. And oh, my, but it was chilly!

"'I wish I'd brung my overcoat!' yells Slack to me. 'This is colder than a charity patient's welcome!'

"'You'll be warmer in a few minutes,' I hollers back. 'Where's them matches?'

"He felt in his pockets. 'I give 'em to you just before we started!' he howls back at me through a chunk of cloud about as thick as plum pudding.

"I felt in my pockets. 'I ain't got 'em!' I shouts back. 'Look again!'

"He did. Finally he pulls a handful of something out of his vest pocket. 'Here they are!' he carols, gleefully. 'Shall I scratch it, or will you?'

"'You, of course,' I returns. 'Let the glory all be yours.'

"So Slack he nods and then, lifting his leg, he draws the match quickly over his thigh, and——"

The clock in a nearby tower struck one. My *vis-à-vis* rose hastily.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know it was that late. I've got a engagement at eleven thirty. I gotter hurry."

"But what happened?" I besought. "Tell me, what happened?"

He pulled his hat down tight on his head and started away. But a few steps off he turned.

"They was the kind you strike on the box," he replied, "and we didn't have no box."

THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Frontispiece by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: The story opens in the Prince Sansevero's Italian country house, with his confession to his American wife, Eleanor, that he has just lost money in an ill-advised investment in a Sicilian sulphur mine. Her fortune has been so far exhausted by her husband's gambling that her income is insufficient to meet this fresh demand, and she has now no resource save the sale of her remaining jewels and the sacrifice of the usual winter in Rome. This latter becomes a serious matter when the princess gets word that her niece, Nina Randolph, a great American heiress, is coming to visit her. The prince, however, solves the problem to his own satisfaction by giving a famous Raphael, as security for a loan, to the Duke Scarpa, whom the princess deeply distrusts. The event proves that her feeling is just, for Scarpa secretly sells the picture to a dealer who is to send it out of Italy, thus making Sansevero an unconscious violator of the law against allowing art treasures to leave the country. Meantime, in her home in New York and at the steamer, Nina Randolph is saying good-by to her friends—chief among them John Derby, a typical straightforward young American who, it is hinted, may follow her to Italy, on business, before the winter is over. A short time after her arrival, Giovanni, the Prince Sansevero's younger brother, comes home, with the express intention of winning the American heiress, thus wiping out his debts and restoring the family prosperity. The household moves to Rome for the winter, and Nina becomes the object of keen interest on the part of various fortune-hunters; but at a dance given by the princess, the general comment is that Giovanni stands a good chance to carry off the prize. The report of his attentions to Nina has reached La Favorita, a popular dancer, whose lover Giovanni is; and at a supper where he is present, Favorita shows herself fiercely jealous. On Nina's first night at the opera, Favorita gives two wonderful dances and, at their close, looks long and directly at Nina. Here, too, Nina sees, and dislikes, the Contessa Potensi, and gets a vague impression of some relation between her and Giovanni. After the opera she goes with her aunt's party to her first court ball. While she is having these new experiences, Mr. Randolph sends John Derby to Italy to look over the Sicilian sulphur field, with a view to trying there a mining process of his own invention. Immediately upon his arrival in Rome Derby overhears fragments of a conversation about the rumored sale of the Sansevero Raphael. Suspicion has been aroused by the princess's rich new sables and a motor-car—both really Nina's purchases. Derby goes to the Palazzo Sansevero, and before he leaves has contracted to try his patents on the "Little Devil"—Sansevero's apparently worthless sulphur mine. On his second call, John and Nina come close to quarreling over the Duke Scarpa. That afternoon, at a hunt, when Nina's escort had been sent off to fetch a handkerchief and she is left alone, Scarpa comes up and frightens her by declaring flatly that she is going to marry him.

CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

I WILL not! I told you before I would not! Let me pass!" Nina pulled the reins so taut that her horse reared as she urged him forward, but again the duke ranged his horse close beside her, heading off her attempt to get past.

"A woman's 'won't' as often means she will," he answered deliberately. "It is when she says she is not certain that her irrevocable decision is made."

"I hate you, I utterly hate you!" cried Nina, her anger getting the better of her fear.

The duke laughed maliciously. "I had scarcely hoped to make so deep a mark on your emotions! If you hate me, then truly you will marry me!—against your will, if need be," he added, reining back his horse at last. "I will wait to make you love me afterward."

At this point Allegro returned with the handkerchief, and the duke let Nina pass. Tornik, also, now joined her, the master of hounds gave the signal, and again the riders were off. Nina, between Tornik and Allegro, was protected from the duke's approach, but she kept apprehensively glancing back. She looked about for her uncle, but could not see him.

As a matter of fact, Sansevero's horse had strained itself slightly in one of the jumps, and he had thought it best to drop out of the hunt. He had gone only a short distance on his way toward Rome when he was joined by Scarpa, who said that he did not care to ride farther but would go back with Sansevero. The prince was glad of his company until Scarpa began:

"You have not yet given me a favorable answer to my proposal for Miss Randolph's hand."

The abruptness with which the subject was introduced irritated Sansevero, and he answered sulkily: "I told you, when you first spoke to me, that it was a matter Miss Randolph would have to decide for herself. An American girl never allows other people to arrange her marriage for her, and I found Miss Randolph not at all disposed to reconsider her answer."

An ugly light shone in the duke's eyes.

"I do not want to seem importunate," he said, "but—I would do very much for the man who furthered my marriage with Miss Randolph, and you would find the alliance of our families of great advantage. I am a hot-blooded fellow, but I'm not such a bad lot. I cannot help being wounded, though, by your niece's indifference, and in jealousy of a rival I might do things that otherwise would not enter my head. This is—eh—not a threat—but it is a family trait—the Scarpas stop at nothing once their hearts are aflame! Think it over, my friend, before you decide not to help me."

He sighed deeply and then, as though turning his attention to the first trivial thought that came to mind, he said casually: "By the way, I have been reading lately an extremely interesting book on celebrated criminal cases, and I was particularly impressed by the way in which circumstantial evidence can be built up out of harmless trifles. Since reading it I have been rather amusing myself by constructing hypothetical cases. For instance"—Scarpa pursed his lips and lowered his eyes, as though trying to invent a fanciful story—"take a transaction such as your letting me have that picture. One could build a very stirring case upon that!"

"Yes?" encouraged the prince. "How do you mean?"

"Well, to begin, we would send word to the government that your Raphael Madonna had been sold out of the country."

"I don't think that a good beginning, because it is easy enough to prove it is in your palace."

"Ah, of course. But for the amusement of the argument we will say that I *want* to do you an injury and so smuggle it out of the country! Then when I am questioned, I deny all knowledge of it. Yes, I would have you there! It would be quite feasible, because no one saw the picture change hands, and your notes to me—the only proof of the transfer—could easily be destroyed. You see? This really grows interesting! Then comes all the cumulative evidence of the type I was speaking about; for instance: After the supposed sale of the picture, you indulge in unwonted expenditures—of course, it is easy to say that they are those of the American heiress stopping with you."—he paused, in apparent thoughtfulness—"But when; in addition, an enemy buys in Paris a pair of earrings, matchless emeralds, that are recognized as having been worn——"

"*Dio mio!* My wife's emeralds!" Sansevero was startled into exclaiming. Then suddenly he blazed out: "What do you mean by your story? If you have anything to say, say it so I can follow you."

From the gross lips of the duke his apology fell like drops of thickest oil: "I regret you take my pleasantry so ill, and I ask your pardon as many times as you require, my friend! It happened by chance that I saw a pair of emeralds in Paris that were duplicates of the magnificent gems I have often admired when the princess wore them, and the jeweler told me that they had been sold at a sacrifice by a noble lady in urgent need of money. The curious coincidence came to my mind in illustration of the problems I was talking of. Further than that I meant nothing—except that I was serious in what I said about repaying the man who should bring about my marriage."

They had long since passed through the Porta San Giovanni and had arrived at the Coliseum. Scarpa gave Sansevero little chance to answer, but with a friendly good-by, he turned toward the Monte Quirinal. Sansevero pursued his way along the foot of the Palatine. He was disturbed; but he could not bring himself to read into the duke's words a covert threat. His first impulse was to repeat the conversation to Eleanor, but he knew how the mere suspicion that Scarpa had detected her false stones had worried her. Curiously enough, in Sansevero's mind the larger issue of the picture was quite overlooked in the more immediate consideration of the jewels. By the time he reached home he had decided to wait until further events should show Scarpa's intentions. And until then he would say nothing to any one—least of all to Eleanor.

CHAPTER XVII

Kate Titherington, daughter of Alonzo K. Titherington, the Pittsburg iron magnate, had some six years before married the Count Masco. After a short experience of living in his ancestral palace, they had moved into an apartment out in the new part of the city; very handsome, very luxurious and modern in every way. "Deliver me from these musty old dungeons!" she had exclaimed to her husband. "I will give a free deed of gift to the rats, who are really, my dear, the only beings I can think of to whom this tumbledown barracks of yours would be comfortable." Her husband was a meek and inoffensive appendage, who had been well brought up by an overbearing mother and turned over, perfectly trained, to the strenuous requirements of the bonny Kate.

The vivid Countess Masco, *née* Titherington, was looked upon with disfavor by the more conservative Romans, and her position was rather, one might say, on the outer edge of the inner circle. There were those who liked her, and who found her amusing and lively; indeed, that was the trouble—it was her liveliness that had banished her to the outer edge, instead of making a place for her in the inmost circle, where Eleanor Sansevero, for instance, was so securely established.

Nina had known Kate Titherington one summer at Bar Harbor, but her first encounter with this flamboyant personality in Italy was at the Grand Hotel a few days before the hunt. Nina was serving at one of the tables of a charity tea, when she saw a very highly colored plump figure, with draperies in full sail, bearing down upon her from the top of the wide steps, at the back of the big red hall. The red of the hall paled beside the cerise costume of the approaching lady. In a voice loud and high keyed, yet not unmusical, she cried:

"Well, I declare if it isn't little Nina Randolph!" And then with exuberant good humor she called to her husband, who followed lamb-like in her wake, "You see, Gio, it *is* the little Randolph—I told you so!"

"This is my husband," she presented him as though he were some inanimate personal possession. "We have been in Paris and Monte Carlo all winter. Got back yesterday. Nice old place, Rome, don't you think so? I dote on it, but of course it gets provincial if you stay too long!" At the same moment she caught sight of Zoya Olisco, and waved to her. To Nina's surprise, the young Russian came forward with both hands outstretched. "Ah, you are back? What was the news in Monte Carlo?"

"Nothing much. They still talk of the *coup* that Tornik—" But before Nina could hear the end of the sentence, the old Princess Malio handed her a five *lire* note for her tea, and Nina had to get change. Then the whole family of the Rosenbaums, eight in number, demanded her services for many cups of tea and as many plates of sandwiches and cakes, and when their change was counted, the Countess Kate and her attendant husband were leaving. The countess, however, called back over her shoulder, "You are dining with me on Friday; the princess said yes for you!"

And so it was that on the evening of the hunt Nina, alone with her uncle—her aunt having stayed at home on account of a headache—found herself entering a big new apartment house, and going up in an elevator, quite as though she were at home in one of the most modern, instead of one of the most ancient, cities in the world.

The Masco apartment was all brand-new—so new that there was still about it an odor of fresh paint and plaster, and the pungency of raw textiles. The Countess Kate, not to be outdone by her decorator, was as new as her surroundings—in the latest style of sheath dress, of a brilliant blue, which she wore triumphantly, regardless of the strain with which it stretched across her amplitude. Startling colors were her particular weakness; and by the scent of extract of tuberose she could be traced for days.

The company consisted of the Oliscos, Count Tornik, Prince Minotti, Count Rosso, Prince Allegro, Eliot Porter, and John Derby. It gave Nina a sudden feeling of satisfaction to see how attractive John was by comparison with the others. He had a quiet reserve and a forcefulness that Nina thought very effective in this foreign surrounding, and she was ashamed of herself for having judged him by the shallow standard of mere social grace.

Nina sat between Eliot Porter and the young Prince Allegro; but her attention wandered across the table to John Derby so constantly that the Prince Allegro remarked, "You seem to be entranced by that American!"

"Mr. Derby happens to be my oldest and my best friend!" Nina answered. Then, realizing that she had made the statement sententiously, she smiled brightly. "You Europeans so often say that American men are unattractive," she said. "Over there you may behold one of 'our best!'"

Without rancor or jealousy, the young prince seemed entirely to agree with her opinion. "Why is it we so seldom meet those Americans you call 'best'?" he asked between spoonfuls of *purée d' écrevisse.*

"Because they are those who have to stay at home and work." And then she added, "They are saints—don't you think?"

"They are very stupid, I should say."

Nina let her spoon rest on the rim of her plate. "That's not polite of you."

"Why? Since it is true. Of course they are stupid! They let their women, who are adorable, come over to us. Would I, do you think, if you were my wife, allow you so much as to go out for an afternoon's drive without me? Never! To prove further that your men are stupid—in no country are there so many divorces as in America!"

"It is not because our men are stupid, at all events!"

"Then why is it?"

"Chiefly because our men have too little time to give us." And then she spoke under sudden stress of feeling, without perhaps knowing the full wisdom of what she said: "Do you suppose that if our men at home had time for us, we *would* come over here, to you?"

"Then all the more are the Americans fools!" He raised his champagne glass. "Signorina," he said, "may you find the American who *has* the time."

Involuntarily her glance went toward John. Allegro saw it and laughed. "Ah ha! So that is why we have no chance? Still," he added on second thought, "your choice does you credit."

"He is not my choice, he is my friend. You don't understand! At home a girl has men friends exactly as she has girl friends. I wonder how I can make it clear to you—we are all like a big family. They might as well be my brothers, many of the men I know; there is not a bit of sentiment in our liking for each other."

"There is no sentiment between you and the man over there?" Allegro twisted the blond down on his upper lip, laughing at her out of the corners of his eyes. "I may be little more than a boy, signorina, but there is one thing that I know quite well when I see it, and that is a person who is in love. Human nature is the same all over the world. Your American men can, after all, have only the same emotions that we have over here. It is as plain as the dome on St. Peter's—you may see it from every direction. That man over there is in love with you! *Ecco!*"

"He is nothing of the sort! You Italians are mad on the subject. I told you you could not understand. You are different, that is all."

Allegro shrugged his shoulders. "As you please! I tell you he is! And what is more, you are in love with him. After all"—he put up his hand to ward off interruption, "I had much rather think you declined my own suit because your affections were already given before I was so unhappy as to see you, than that, while your heart was still free, you would not consider me."

Nina was so surprised that for a few minutes she was unable to answer. Allegro had never said a word to her about the proposal which had been made by his family. Up to that moment she had thought he did not himself know of it.

"Heart?" she said, bewildered. "Did you put any heart into the offer that was made? None has ever been shown to me."

"Is there a chance of your considering my suit?" He asked it very seriously.

Nina shook her head, and Allegro sighed as though dejected; then, having paid her this compliment, he became cheerful again and his candor was as delicious as it was astonishing.

"Shall I tell you? Yes, I will! If you had said 'yes,' I should have found it very easy to love you. As you won't accept my name, however——"

"You don't love me, is that it?" Nina burst out laughing, and Allegro joined lightheartedly, as he nodded his agreement. Their gayety attracted the attention of their neighbors, and for a while the conversation became general. It was suggestive of the Tower of Babel. Nina had turned to Porter with a remark in English, but Allegro added to it in Italian. Tornik, whose Italian was only slightly more villainous than his English, chimed in across the corner of the table in French, but he soon forgot himself and broke into German. Nina found herself mixing her sentences like Neapolitan ice cream into four languages, until finally she put her hands over her ears and exclaimed, "*Attendez, aspetarre, warten sie nur*, oh, do let us decide on one tongue at a time!" They all laughed, and then, as is usual among a group of various nationalities, the conversation went on in French.

Finally, Tornik and Allegro got into a discussion about the Austrian influence in Italy, and Nina was left *tête-à-tête* with Eliot Porter.

She had not met him before coming to Rome. He was a Californian. A Westerner, Nina put it, but he had answered her, "Not at all! I am from the Pacific coast!" He was an agreeable man, much liked in Rome, and he was writing a book on Roman society, a fact that greatly amused the Italians.

"Did you ever study physiognomy?" he asked Nina, with a glance across at Derby.

Nina's lips broke into a smile, as she answered, "No. Did you?"

"Yes. I studied that, and palmistry, and graphology, too. Look at John—he has a remarkably interesting head and hand. You are quite wrong," he answered an interjection of Nina's, "his hands are far from ugly! Spatulate fingers show invention and energy. Just look at his thumb! Did you ever see such cool-headed logic or a better balanced will? Why, all in all, I consider him the best-looking man I know! There are plenty with better features, no doubt, but if I'd had my choice as to looks, I should have been his twin."

Nina laughed joyously. "Do you mean it?" It sounded incredible to her, yet she felt strangely pleased—she looked at John from a new point of view. "I think he has a great many good points; there is something strong and admirable about him, but good-looking—never! His features are too uneven, too big boned."

"Just like a woman!" exclaimed Porter testily. "I suppose you think that apology on your other side a beau ideal!"

Nina glanced critically toward the small features and blond curls of Allegro. "No," she said, "he is much too effeminate."

"Then who is your Adonis?"

"The best-looking man I have ever seen? Well—I think I'd choose the Marchese di Valdo." The pink mounted over her cheeks into her hair, for she thought Porter was going to deride. To her surprise he agreed with her.

"Of his type, yes, he certainly is good; but I prefer John's. I can see how di Valdo would appeal to a girl, though personally I should ask more masculinity, more bone and sinew."

Nina remembered how Giovanni had nearly choked the Great Dane, and she shuddered slightly. "Oh, but he is strong," she exclaimed; "he is strong as a panther! He always makes me think of Bagheera in the Jungle Book."

"Bagheera was warm-blooded; there was truth and affection in him—for Mowgli, at all events. Your friend di Valdo is as cold a proposition as you could find."

Nina thought this last characterization absurd, and said so.

"All right!" Porter answered. "You mark my word. He is a man swayed by the emotions of the moment. He has feeling, yes—but no heart; he has certain inborn principles, but they are racial rather than ethical. His is the code of *Noblesse oblige*, not of the Golden Rule." He paused a moment and continued in a more personal tone: "I don't know you very well, Miss Randolph, but you are a girl from home. And—excuse my frankness—you are one of our great heiresses. I am a stranger to you, and that is why I am going to say something—perhaps all the more forcefully because I have only a racial and not a personal interest: but between marrying Giovanni Sansevero—or that Austrian over yonder—or the golden-headed ornament on your right, and such a man as John Derby, no woman with an ounce of sense could for one minute hesitate. The first, by the gift of kings, are noblemen—but John over there, by the grace of God, is a *man!*"

Nina was so deeply stirred by his words that she sat for a little while quite motionless, looking down at her hands, which were clasped in her lap. Then, before she either looked up or answered, the women left the table.

In the drawing-room, as the other women lighted their cigarettes, Nina stood leaning her cheek on her hand as it rested against the mantel—and for some time she looked down into the fire, while Porter's words echoed and reëchoed through her mind. Presently Zoya Olisco came up to her.

"I want to tell you," she said, "I like your friend the engineer—is that what he is? He is very clever, is he not? I am told he is going to relieve the sufferings of the poor Sicilian miners—is he?"

"Suffering?" Nina repeated, wondering. "I don't know. But it is only a business venture, his mining—not a philanthropic one. At least I have not heard about any poor people who are to be relieved."

Zoya put her hands over her eyes and then her ears as though to shut out both sight and sound. "Oh, it is horrible—horrible in the sulphur mines! You have no idea! Nowhere in all the world is life so dreadful." She shuddered, "But I feel sure, somehow, that your friend the American will be able to do something."

They went on talking until their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the men coming in from the dining-room. The servants brought in a big card table.

"Are you going to play bridge?" Nina asked, feeling that the answer was obvious.

But the Contessa Masco, taking her cognac at a swallow, glanced at Tornik with a laugh. "Oh lord no! Nothing so dull, I hope, in this house!"

Derby joined Nina, and she looked up at him with pride. "I am glad you are here to-night; I seem to be especially glad—" She broke off, but her intonation conveyed unspoken thoughts.

Derby's eyes kindled. "Why especially? Have you a particular reason, really?" His heart beat so hard, because of the sweetness in her expression, that it seemed to him she must hear it pounding, that she must look through the mask he wore, and read his love for her.

But his mask was impenetrable, and Nina answered lightly: "I wonder which reason you would like me to give? I wonder if it would make any real difference to you whether I said just *glad*—or glad because of something?"

He forced himself to speak with a stolidity that walled in securely his threatening emotions. "I am not a bit good at guessing the meaning of sentences that have no direct statement in them. You see, they are not the kind my grammar book taught me!"

Nina smiled. "You like a regular, straight-out, simple sentence with one subject and one predicate, don't you?"

"That's it! And as few qualifying clauses as possible."

"And as your speech is, so are your actions. No time for trivialities. Big, serious things!" To her surprise she felt a sharp pain in her throat.

"What an old bear I must seem to you—" His sentence broke off as the Countess Masco interrupted them.

"Come along, John—you'll play, won't you? We are waiting!" Count Rosso had already deserted Zoya for the green table.

"Do you need me?" Derby asked.

"Of course we do! The more the jollier; it is dreadfully dull without a lot."

Nina and the Countess Zoya sat apart talking together until nearly midnight. Finally, with a yawn, Zoya suggested that they try to break up the party. For a little while they looked on. Not understanding the game of baccarat, Nina watched the faces of the players.

Suddenly she felt uneasy about her uncle, who had taken a place at the table. Knowing no reason why he should not play, she had thought nothing of that. But now he was flushed, and seemed very excited. Unconsciously taking a leaf out of her aunt's book, she laid her hand on his shoulder. Her touch was, in fact, so like that of his wife that the prince started violently, and a short while later relinquished his place.

After the prince dropped out of the game Nina still stood watching. The Countess Kate played as placidly as though she were dealing cards for "old maid," while her husband reminded Nina of a squirrel sitting up and nibbling at a nut. Carlo Olisco was excited but not unnatural. Porter looked gloomy and taciturn. Minotti and Allegro were both tense and keen, the former arrogant, the latter flushed and excited. John Derby, like the Countess Kate, played exactly as he used to play Jack Straw or *besique*, on rainy days in the country.

From where she had been standing Nina could see only the top of Tornik's head and, obeying an idle impulse of curiosity, she crossed to the opposite side of the table. But no sooner had she caught sight of his face than she started as though some one had dashed cold water over her. Tornik! It was unbelievable! His eyes glowed like coals; his lips, half opened, looked dry and burnt, as with that drawing-in motion of the confirmed gambler he stretched out his trembling fingers to grasp the last of the evening's winnings.

Nina was not in love with him—she had never even for a moment fancied that she was. But nevertheless the revelation of his greed struck at her pride, and she seemed to see herself, or rather her own fortune, being grasped with precisely that avidity by those same long, eager fingers. "He, too!" were the words that framed themselves in her thoughts. Tornik, at least, had seemed disinterested, but it was only her gold that he was after—like all the rest.

She turned away abruptly. The Count Olisco left the table and, as her uncle was already waiting, Zoya and she said good night to the Mascos and left.

On the way home, Sansevero was decidedly nervous. Something was wrong, that was certain—he was as transparent as crystal; a child could not have shown trouble more plainly. They drove the Oliscos home, but after they had left them, Nina put her hand on her uncle's coat sleeve.

"Can't you—tell me?" she asked him.

Sansevero started, then shook his head. "It is nothing!" he said. But he changed his mind almost immediately, took his breath as though to speak, and stopped again. Nina's manner had been very sweet, very sympathetic. The thought of confiding in the girl beside him had not entered his head; but he might as well have tried to dam up a spring, as to keep his confidence from overflowing at the first words of kindness. He seized her hand, and his fingers during a moment of nervous indecision beat a tattoo upon her glove—then he let her hand drop again.

"I am in the most difficult situation."

"Yes—?" Nina encouraged. "Can't I help?—Oh, I wish I *could!*"

"No!" He threw himself into the farthest possible corner of the carriage. "No, no! I could not let you do that!"

Quickly a suspicion of the difficulty crossed her mind. "Uncle Sandro, I want you to tell me! You know that I love Aunt Eleanor better than almost any one in the world. If to help you is to help her—and it is in my power—I really think you ought to tell me."

He weakened, hesitated. "Give me your promise you will not tell Leonora——?"

"You have it!" She put her hand back into his.

"It is this, then: I am the weakest man imaginable. To-night I had no idea of playing; I held out for some time, but the temptation was too strong at the end. Also what I lost was very little, but the money was a sum we had put aside to pay household expenses. If I do not pay them, Leonora must know of it."

Between the lines Nina divined a good deal of the whole story. Other vague suspicions that had come to her here and there helped somewhat to the conclusion.

Already they had driven into the courtyard and the footman was holding open the door. Nina jumped out quickly and entered the palace. In the antechamber she stopped for her uncle to catch up with her. "Just wait a moment," she said; "we can finish our conversation quickly." She spoke rapidly and in English.

"How much is it?"

"Five hundred *lire.*"

Nina caught her breath. "Do you mean to say that *you*—the Prince Sansevero, the owner of this palace, are in need of a hundred dollars, and don't know where to get it? You shall have it to-morrow, the first thing."

Then suddenly she added: "Uncle Sandro—I want you to tell me something! Will you swear on your honor to answer the truth? If you deceive me, I will never forgive you to my dying day!"

He looked at her, puzzled. There was no doubt as to the gravity of her tone. "I will answer if I can." He said it not without alarm.

"Does your brother gamble? Is he also like Tornik and you?" She had no thought for the stigma of her words, and Sansevero was not so small that he resented them.

"No. I can answer that easily enough. Giovanni has not one drop of the gambling blood. That I can swear to you by the name of my mother!" He made the sign of the cross.

Nina sighed with relief. "I'll send Celeste to you with the money in the morning, and you can trust me—I will never let Aunt Eleanor know!" She said it sympathetically and kindly enough, but her tone was a little constrained. "Good night!"

And then quickly she left him. She felt sure that her uncle had spoken the truth, and that Giovanni was not a gambler; but as she went down the long corridors she felt a sharp contraction in her throat. "Dear—poor—precious Auntie Princess!" she whispered to herself.

CHAPTER XVIII

As the winter progressed, Favorita's temper showed so little improvement that those whose duty brought them in contact with her at the theatre were on the verge of resigning their posts. Her dresser had a thoroughly cowed expression; her manager consumed more black cigars than were good for him; the *corps de ballet* had hysterics singly and indignation councils *en masse.* In fact, the call-boy, who seemed to enjoy tormenting Favorita, was the only member of the company who took her rages cheerfully.

Finally even Giovanni became uneasy; a well-bred woman could be counted on in given circumstances to do thus and so, but Favorita was of lowest peasant birth: her people were of the mountain districts, so primitive in thought and habit that her early training had taught her obedience to nothing higher than impulse. Superficially, she submitted to the dictates of civilization, just as a half-wild animal submits to the control of his trainer. And in a very real sense Giovanni occupied, in relation to her, the trainer's position. He was the force that held her in check; but though to the audience of the world he appeared perfectly at ease, a definite apprehensiveness underlay his seeming composure.

Matters at last came to a crisis. Giovanni was about to leave the palace one morning a day or two after the Masco dinner, when a neatly dressed woman passed him on the grand stairway. She was wearing a thick veil, but he had an eye for outline and he knew that there was only one woman in Rome with just that half-floating lightness of movement. At once he blocked her way.

She was forced to halt; but her feet did not stand quite still, and there was an effect of briefly suspended motion in her attitude, as though she sought a chance to dart past him.

"Good morning, signorina!" Giovanni's urbanity was for the benefit of the footmen. For a few seconds there was a straightening of her figure; poised for flight, she held her head a little to one side as she swiftly scanned his face.

Giovanni dropped his voice. "I was just on my way to see you. Come, *cara mia*," he said persuasively. "I have something I want to talk over with you—it is impossible here with lackeys listening to everything we may say. Come, dear."

She looked at him a moment, wavering, then shrugged her shoulders. "Very well," she said, and descended the stairs at his side. They crossed the great hall, and she stopped to gaze about it in wonder and curiosity, even though she did not appreciate the splendor of its proportions. The great *baldachino*, of blue and silver, surmounting the Sansevero arms, held her attention.

"Do the broken silver chains in your coat of arms represent mercy or weakness?" she asked.

"Both, probably," he answered grimly, as he caught the sound of an automobile chugging in the courtyard. Feeling sure that it was Nina's car, he slipped his arm through Favorita's to urge her forward, whereupon she grew suspicious and lagged purposely. She looked deliberately about, as though she were a tourist intent upon finding every object starred in Baedeker. To his inward rage and chagrin, Giovanni realized his mistake in having attempted to hurry her, and now changed his tactics. Although his every nerve was strained to catch the sound of Nina's approaching footfall, he went into a long, prosy dissertation upon the history of the ceiling, dwelling purposely upon the dullest facts he could think of, until his tormentor was glad enough to leave.

Once outside the building, Giovanni breathed more freely, although the sight of the automobile confirmed his apprehension. Hailing a cab, he put Favorita into it and got in after her. They had not gone more than five hundred yards when Nina, alone in the car, passed them. Giovanni had stooped over quickly so that she might not recognize him; but Favorita took no notice of this, or anything else, and they drove on in a silence broken only by occasional and casual remarks. It was not until they were safely within her apartment that he demanded:

"And now, Fava, perhaps you will have the goodness to explain to me what you were doing at the Palazzo Sansevero when I saw you, and how you got past the porter?"

"At least it shows you that what I try to do I accomplish," she retorted with an air of bravado. She leaned her elbows on a little table, looking across at Giovanni, her lips parted, her eyes dancing. "Do you wish to hear? Very well. I have a friend who gives the American heiress lessons in Italian. She says it is easy—one has only to talk Italian and make her talk, and tell her when she makes mistakes. My friend is sick. She sent a letter, which I intercepted, and I went in her place. Why not?" Then suddenly her little teeth locked tightly, and she spoke between them savagely—"I could talk Italian to her that she would never forget! Nor would she forget *me*, either!"

Giovanni's teeth locked quite as tightly as hers. "Will you hush? You must be insane! I told you from the beginning that I would not advertise myself with you. I told you also that if you made a scene, or if you ever tried to interfere with my family or my private life, at that moment all would end between us." As he spoke, Favorita looked frightened, but in a flash her manner changed completely. Long association with him had not been without its lessons, and she answered as sweetly as though no disagreement had ever come between them; as though there were no incongruity between their suspended discussion and her interrupting sentence. "Giovannino," she cooed.

"I have had a great offer, an astounding offer from Vienna."

He saw his opportunity. His manner, therefore, changed as rapidly as hers had done, and with every appearance of sympathy and interest he asked for her news. She told him with triumph the details of her offer from the manager of a Viennese theatre for a ten weeks' engagement at a stupendous salary.

"You must accept—by all means!" Not a trace of the relief he felt crept into his expression; he looked sad, but thoroughly resigned. "It is time," he added cleverly, "that you should make a name for yourself that is cosmopolitan and not alone of Italy."

So far they had been sitting on either side of a small table, but now Favorita arose and went around to him. Pushing the table away, she sat on his knee, and, with one arm about his neck, held up his chin with her other hand. Then, deliberately, she looked into his eyes with that level, determined steadiness which makes no compromise. She spoke very quietly, so quietly that he was more than ever uneasy. Her turbulence was annoying, but this calmness was ominous.

"I shall accept the offer on one condition: —you go to Vienna with me!"

Giovanni looked quite as though the gates of Paradise were opening before him. Even Favorita believed his enthusiasm genuine as he exclaimed, "Ah, that would be charming!" Then he seemed to be considering the matter eagerly. "That I *want* to go with you—of that there can be no doubt! I am merely wondering how it can be managed."

Now that she seemed to be getting her own way, and her jealousy was allayed, Favorita was soft, and sweet, and affectionate as a little black cat. "Rosso is going to Hungary," she purred. "You can easily say you are going with him on his trip, whereas you can really be in Vienna!"

"That sounds perfect!" he returned gayly; "at least you can accept the manager's offer!"

"Do you promise to go with me? You must swear it!" He hesitated as he rapidly turned the situation over in his mind. Now that he had determined to marry Nina, the main thing was to keep Favorita away, for, should she have an opportunity to unburden her heart to the heiress, that would be the end of his matrimonial chances. But if he could get the dancer to Vienna, and keep her there, then find an excuse for at least a short absence from her, he could come back to Rome, win Nina, be married at once—and then let come what would! An independent American girl would throw him over, he knew that; but a wife would be different! A wife would have to forgive.

"Will you promise?" repeated Favorita.

"Yes, I promise," he said. "Come, we will fill in the contract!"

CHAPTER XIX

Nina had intended taking her Italian teacher out with her in the automobile. She did this quite often, as it was as easy to practice Italian conversation in a motor car as anywhere else. But after half an hour—Favorita was nearly that late—she had given up waiting and telephoned Zoya Olisco suggesting that they two spend the day at Tivoli. Zoya agreed, and Nina was on her way to fetch her when she passed Giovanni and Favorita. But she neither saw the former nor recognized the latter.

It was after six o'clock when Nina returned from Tivoli, and she had to hurry to dress for an early dinner, as it was the Sanseveros' regular Lenten evening at home.

Nina particularly liked these informal receptions, where the company was composed, for the most part, of really interesting, agreeable people. There was always music, generally by amateur performers; occasionally there was some other form of impromptu entertainment, an impersonation or a recitation. Throughout the evening there was the simplest sort of buffet supper: tea, bouillon—a claret cup, perhaps, and possibly chocolate, little cakes, and sandwiches; never more. But the princess was one of those hostesses whose personality thoroughly pervades a house; a type which is becoming rarer with every change in our modern civilization, and without which people might as well congregate in a hotel parlor. Each guest at the Palazzo Sansevero carried away the impression that not only had he been welcome himself, but that his presence had added materially to the enjoyment of others.

Early in the evening Nina was standing with Giovanni a little apart. Giovanni was unusually quiet, and both had fallen into reverie, from which Nina was aroused by the sudden announcement of a jarring name. Like the ceaseless beating of the waves upon a beach, she had heard the long rolling titles, "Sua Excellenza la principessa di Malio," "Il Conte e la Contessa Casabella," "Donna Francesca Dobini," "Sua Excellenza il Duca e la Duchessa Astarte," and then—"Messa Smeet!"

Nina felt a swift pity for the beautiful woman who was forced to suffer the ignominy of being thus announced. She had herself been daily conscious of that same flatness when, after the long announcement of her aunt's and uncle's names, came the blankness of "Messa Randolf."

And in that moment, divining the impression made upon her mind, Giovanni seized his opportunity. His eyes looked ardently into hers, his smile was transporting as, with all the warmth of which his voice was capable, he said, "Donna Nina Sansevero, Marchesa di Valdo!"

Nina's heart fluttered strangely, her will was swayed by the moment's thrill, as she heard him continuing: "It can surely not surprise you to hear in spoken words what has long been in my heart to—" But his sentence was broken off abruptly, for a sudden thinning of the crush revealed the Contessa Potensi close beside them. Heedless of Nina, the contessa demanded that Giovanni take her into the supper room for a cup of tea, and Nina was left with Carpazzi, who had at that moment also joined them. He took no notice of her absent-mindedness and kept the conversation going briskly without much help from her, until gradually she became able to focus her attention upon him.

About this time the Count and Countess Olisco were announced. Seeing Derby, who had arrived just ahead of them, Zoya walked up to him without hesitation or manœuvre. "I should like to talk to you," she said; "will you take me to a seat? There is one over there."

He gave her his arm and led her to a sofa at the far end of the room. "Have you been out to Torre Sansevero?" she asked when they were seated.

"No. We had planned to motor out next week, but I must go to Sicily to-morrow, so the motor trip is postponed until I come back. You asked as though you had something special in mind. Had you?"

"Yes. I might as well tell you—though maybe you know—there is a rumor that a Sansevero painting—the Raphael Madonna—has been sold out of the country. The way I know is secret; but through somebody connected with the Government I have learned that there are grave suspicions against the prince."

Derby gave her his full attention, but said nothing. "Everybody knows," continued the contessa, "that he has spent all his wife's money in gambling, and that they have sold everything that is not covered by the family entail." Her listener did not know it, but his face betrayed no surprise. "This picture, they say, has been smuggled out of the country to a rich American." Her face grew troubled and she spoke lower and more indistinctly. "I do not find it possible to think that Sansevero did such a thing. He is weak, if you like; he would fall into temptation; he might gamble or make love to a pretty woman"—she shrugged her shoulders—"but that he would do anything really against the law, I don't believe. Yet—I have never seen such furs as the princess wears this winter. Can't you find out about the picture? Everybody believes it is in America. Think what it would be if Sansevero were put in prison! But I am sure you will set everything straight."

"Your faith in me is flattering, to say the least," he laughed. "But you seem to think that finding an object in America is as simple as though it were mislaid in a fishing village. Do you realize the vastness of the territory which I am to search in the twinkling of an eye?"

"No, no! You must not laugh. I am very serious. I know that America is a land in which everything may be accomplished, even though I may have a false idea of its size. And in you, as an American, my faith is unbounded. You see, I feel convinced that it all depends on you!" Then, under the impulsion of her enthusiasm she clapped her hands together as she exclaimed: "Oh, I am sure you will clear the prince! And then, like the hero in all good story books, win the reward."

"And the reward?" he queried. "What is it to be? Unfortunately, you are asking me to save a prince—a poor prince at that, with no favors to bestow. In the good story books it is always a beautiful princess. To be sure," he added, "the princess is as beautiful as one could wish, but alas! she is married."

"I do not find you at all amiable," the contessa pouted. "I am serious—very serious, and you make fun."

"Not at all. I am very serious, and you talk of fairy tales. Still, if you are my fairy godmother, there is no knowing what stroke of fortune may await me in Sicily." Then, changing his tone, he said earnestly: "I am really sorry, but I am afraid I shall have to leave the picture question until I come back."

"You are going straight off to Sicily?"

"Yes."

"To be gone how long?"

"I don't know; I have no idea. Weeks, perhaps. Months, very likely; why do you ask?"

"May I say something—something very frank to you?" Zoya leaned forward with a sudden direct impulse.

"Say what you please, by all means!" Derby braced himself for her remark, but even so he colored as she said: "Are you in love with Nina? Please, don't be angry; I don't ask you to answer. But if you are, I can't see why you go away to work mines and such things. I should have married her long ago had I been you."

Derby's eyes blazed. "Do you mean I should try to marry her and live on her money?"

"Why not? Since she has enough for two—enough for twenty! There is no need to be so furious. *Per l'amore di Dio!* You Americans have always the ears up, listening for a sound that you can fly at!" Languorously she leaned back among the cushions of the sofa. "It is all so silly—your idea of life." And then she stopped and looked at him curiously. "What *is* your idea of life?"

"Life? One might put it in three words: One must work!"

Zoya shook her head—she did it charmingly. "No, no," she said softly; "you are altogether wrong—though I also can put it in three words. Life lies in this: One must love. That's all there is!"

The conversation ended there, for the Duke Scarpa and Count Masco came up to speak to the contessa. Derby arose and was about to leave when the duke stopped him. Masco sat down to talk with Zoya, and Scarpa spoke to Derby in an undertone, "I hear you are going to Sicily to-morrow?"

"Yes, I leave early in the morning."

"Take my advice"—his glance was sinister—"and stay away."

Derby smiled frankly. "May I ask why?"

"Because your process will not work."

"That might be taken in two ways," Derby rejoined: "either that you believe my patents useless, or else that some means will be taken to prevent my trying them. I rather wonder—after our conversation on the subject—if you intend a threat?" He spoke without stress of feeling, quite simply, in fact.

The duke's unctuous smile was not wholly pleasant to see. "That is for you to decide. To-morrow morning you intend to go. That is not far off; but you have until then to reconsider your refusal to sell me your patent. I made you a fair offer, which I should in your place accept. However, if you go to Sicily"—he spread out his hands with a shrug—"I shall have warned you, and whatever comes will be off my conscience."

For answer Derby spoke quietly, but with clear, level distinctness. "I go to-morrow to Vencata, to work a piece of land which is the property of the Prince and Princess Sansevero. As their representative, I am vested with every legal right to apply my invention to the mine known as the 'Little Devil.' And I may add"—he put it casually—"that back of me is the full strength and protection of the United States Government." He looked straight into the small rat-like eyes nearly a foot below his own. Then with a smile he bowed to the Contessa Zoya and went in search of the Princess Sansevero, to say good-by. When he found her, she reminded him of the letter the prince had given him to the Archbishop of Vencata, and made him promise to follow implicitly the archbishop's directions.

Derby gave his promise easily, and she held out her hand. He kissed it after the European custom; and as he did so he felt her fingers tighten over his, as she whispered with a little underlying emotional vibration, "God bless you, my dear boy!—and a safe return."

Vaguely, as he went through the rooms in search of Nina, the princess's words echoed through his mind, and through some unknown train of suggestion he remembered that Miller, the butler in New York, had wished Nina a 'safe return.' The association of the two seemed ridiculous, yet a thought held: Was it at all certain that she was going to return home? Was he, perhaps, not going to return from Sicily? He put himself in the category of idiots and banished the idea.

But the echo of the blessing that the princess had given him settled softly upon his sensibilities. "God bless *her!*" he murmured.

Presently he found Nina, unapproachably hemmed in, and too near the music to talk. For a moment she hesitated, on the verge of extricating herself or encouraging him to enter the circle despite the general disturbance it must cause. But the moment passed. His lips framed "Good-by" and hers answered, both smiled brightly—and that was the parting.

As Derby descended the stairs he encountered the Countess Masco. "Hello, John!" she exclaimed, and then as she held him by the arm, her voice came down to what for her was a low whisper; at twenty feet any one could have overheard her, but fortunately the hall was deserted, save for a couple of footmen standing at the green baize door that led to the outer stairs of the courtyard. "Have you heard the news? Giovanni Sansevero agreed to go on a cruise to Malta with Rosso, and Rosso won't let him out of it! You may imagine he does not relish leaving Rome just now, especially with you again out of the field!"

Derby was not given an opportunity either to accept or to resent her intrusion into his affairs, for the dashing lady immediately fled, and Derby went on. As he waited for his cab, he felt inclined to go back and try to see Nina. He was letting her drift very, very far away. But while he was hesitating, his cab drove up, and without more ado he jumped into it and drove to his hotel. As soon as he reached his room, he began a letter to Nina; but all the things he had vowed to himself not to say, swarmed to the very tip of his pen. He threw it down, therefore, and tore up the paper that showed, under "Dear Nina," an erased "Darl—" After pacing the floor a while, he again picked up the pen, but this time he wrote to Mr. Randolph. At the end of a letter of details relating to the mines, he added:

"There are rumors now agitating people over here and likely to become public property, that the Sansevero Madonna has been smuggled out of the country. I have reason to believe that the Raphael you showed me in New York is not the duplicate you were led to suppose, but the Sansevero picture. How it was sold, I have not yet discovered, though I do not believe the prince guilty of violating the laws. But I know the Government has its secret agents at work upon the case because of the seeming luxury of the princess, whose new furs and automobile are known to be far beyond her present income. I more than suspect that these luxuries are the result of Nina's generosity, but if the Sansevero picture *is* the one you have, the affair will end badly for the prince. At all events, I consider it best to carry the matter direct to you."

At precisely the same hour at which Derby was writing to Mr. Randolph, an animated conversation was taking place in a little room on the ground floor of the gigantic palace of the Scarpas. The doors were bolted, and the two inmates of the apartment talked in whispers.

"You understand your instructions?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Repeat them."

"I take the boat to-morrow—go to Vencata. Keep watch upon the Americano—the one whose name I have here."

"John Derby, yes. But he is very big—a giant. Make no mistake, find the one who is the *padrone!* And—? Continue!"

"I am to watch if it is true that he begins working the 'Little Devil,' and if so—I know the rest. It is nothing! A pig's skin is thick—a man's thin!" As he said this he glanced at the duke, and there was a sinister gleam in the man's deep-set eyes, and beneath the sharp nose the mouth was hard and straight, like a seam across the face.

The duke nodded as though satisfied. "It may be well for you to remember," he observed impressively, "that the reward will make you and yours easy for life."

The man saluted respectfully, but with a dogged surliness that revealed no loyalty. Yet there was in his look a hint of fanatical intensity. Outside in the passageway he smiled grimly. For once the errand on which the duke had sent him fell in with his own feelings. He opened a window and looked out through the gratings into the night. In his heart he bore no love for the duke, but he was by race and inheritance a dependent of the house of Scarpa. It had always been so—the dukes had been masters since time immemorial. The present duke had made the lives of Sicilians terrible enough, but he, Luigi Calluci, would have no stranger Americano forcing his people to work that hell-mine of the Little Devil!

The sixth installment of **The Title Market** will appear in the July number.

"I FIRED WILD WITHOUT AIMING AT ALL, AND GOT HIM IN THE HEART."

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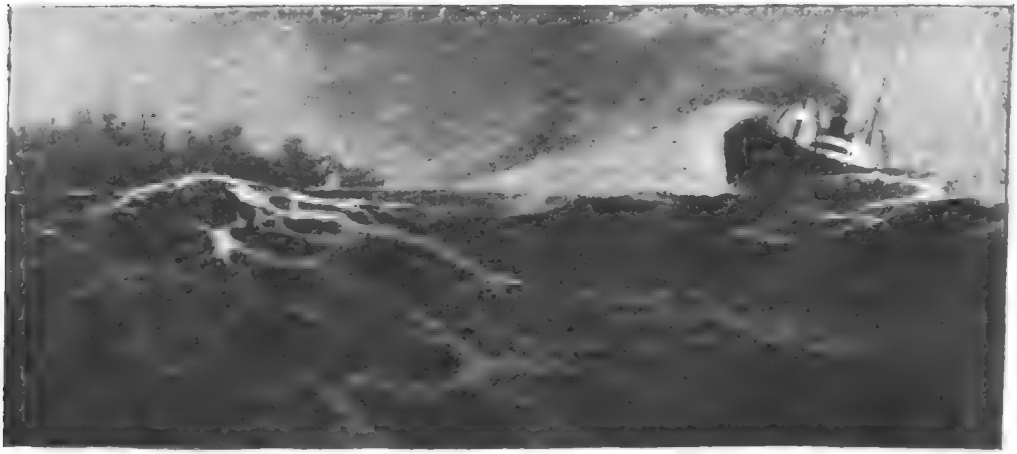


IT WAS GRAY DAWN WHEN WE SIGHTED HUNTER'S POINT

THE LOST LUMBER LEAD

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Author (with Esther Chamberlain) of "The Coast of Chance"; Author of "The Other Side of the Door"

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

IN all the woods the only sound was rain, the persistent drip, drip, regular and monotonous, without a pause, a patter, or a flurry, that comes only with rain which has been falling for many days. The pipes of the three men glowed under the flaps of canvas. Firelight danced on their faces, but the wet breath of the forest blew on their backs, and made the fire sputter; and, as the light it sent out caught here and there on dripping tree trunk or showering branch of leaves, it seemed as if the forest were melting away in streams of water.

"Meanest weather I ever saw," said the yard manager.

"I've seen meaner than this," said Wayne, the general superintendent.

The other grinned and yawned. "Well, anyhow, it's the worst trail I ever traveled after timber."

"I've traveled a worse trail than this," said Wayne, shifting his pipe in his teeth.

Both men turned to him laughing. "Well, Bill, where did you strike that bad crossing?"

"Same place I struck the weather. Struck 'em both at once at Hunter's Point in '88."

"What were you doing in the lumber business in '88?" the yard manager asked. "You must have been a kid."

"I was thirty, and I'd been in it then for six years. I was woods foreman for a lumber gang in '82."

"Whew," the third man whistled, "you were in luck!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Wayne with such emphasis that the others looked at him curiously. "I got the place on a fluke, because a man was up a stump for something.

"You've heard of Morley, the sawmill millionaire?" he went on. "That's the man, and a tight, hard-fisted old wad he was too; jowl that hung over his collar, and eyes like peanuts way up in his head, and a way of grabbing a thing and never letting go. He was my first boss. He had a friend. Hold on—yes, they were friends when the thing began, but long before I came on the scene they were enemies fast enough. In the beginning I think Morley married the woman Ford was engaged to, and that started the feud, but what kept it alive was the business. You see they were both in lumber, and they were rivals—the two richest owners in the state. In those days timber was thick on the coast, prices in the East were high, and lumber was a big thing, bigger than gold. There had always been a pretty keen competition between Ford and Morley, even while they were friends, and they had managed to keep about even as far as making money went. But after they began to hate each other there got to be a different face on the matter. Morley, like the hard proposition he was, began to do Ford at every turn. He started by spoiling Ford's Eastern trade with underbidding it half a cent. Then he fooled him out of a big timber tract up along the Feather River. In one way or another he cut him down first to half his former income, and then to a third.

"And the odd thing was that Ford was as good a business man as Morley, and as sharp to see a crooked game, though he never used one; but he was like a man playing in a streak of rotten luck. After the Feather River tract went up he began to brood. He had some land left with good timber on it, but since Morley had done him so often he had got the name of being unlucky, and people were slow to take up his propositions. He kept up a front of doing good business, but he must have been hard put to it when in '82 he began to take out the timber up at Hunter's Point.

"It was back in those coast hills in southern Humboldt County. There's still good wood in there, for the place is infernal to get at; and in those days it was virgin. Ford's piece was the last thing of any value he had left—a fair sized tract of the best white oak in the state, just adjoining a tract of redwood that Morley owned. Of course, for quality, plain redwood is dirt; and Ford's oak had a special value because of its pretty grain and the satin polish it took. The old man must have had his eye on it for some time, expecting that Ford would try to do something handsome with it, and, sure enough, presently out comes an order from a furniture firm in New York for the whole of the timber at a price that even for '82 was fancy.

"As soon as he heard that, Morley put in his claim. Land boundaries were not so plainly staked out thirty years ago, especially in the mountains, and I suppose the old man knew that if he stood in with the lawyers he wouldn't have a hard time proving that his line went around the white oak. Perhaps Ford knew that too, for while Morley was proving it up in the city, Ford got a gang of men and went up with 'em himself to Hunter's Point, and began getting the timber out. It was no quick job, for they had to sled it fifteen miles out of the hills to the coast to load it on a steamer. But Ford had kept so quiet that it was several weeks before Morley got wind of what was going on. When he did, there was the devil to pay.

"It was on the morning he heard all this that I turned up in his office dead broke and looking for a job. He was shy on fitters; and —though he'd never laid eyes on me before —as soon as he heard I could write and figure, I was his man. I sailed that afternoon with the gang for Hunter's Point. Our orders were to stop Ford's taking out the wood, by force if necessary.

"It was raining, as it usually is in those woods in autumn, when we landed, and as the lay of the country was blindish, full of forks and gullies, we didn't make his camp till the evening of the second day, and then for the first time I saw Ford.

"He was a dark, thin, nervous-looking man, just the sort that takes things hard, and from the moment I laid eyes on him I was sick of our job. By the look of him I knew he was on the right side of the deal, and by the look of him I knew he was going to get the rough end of it. But there were our orders—"Use force if necessary, but stop the timber's going out." And by the time we'd put it up to Ford I knew force would be the game. He was all ready to fight. Poor devil, he was crazy to! He must have worked like a fiend to get out his wood; for the tract was half cut—cleared clean from the canyon over the summits of the first hills, and of all that hewn timber there was only one pile left. It was 'way up at the head of a gully on the rise of a hill, and in spite of everything we could do or threaten, he got his sleds up to it to take it out that night.

"There were more of us, and we surrounded their position with the idea of overwhelming them with a rush. They stood on the fringe of their clearing ready enough to meet our front attack, but when they heard the rest of our boys charging over the hill behind them it took them by surprise. Ford seemed to go frantic. He sprang up on the timber pile —I can see him still, kneeling, dim in the mist of rain—whipped out a revolver, and fired into the midst of us as we charged up the hill. Our foreman fell with a bullet in his leg, but at the moment I thought he was dead, and I drew and fired at Ford—fired wild without aiming at all, and got him in the heart. He threw up his arms into the air and went over backward off his timber pile without a sound.

"Oh, God! I never hear rain in the woods now without seeing just how he looked!"

Wayne was silent a moment, looking through the tent opening into the dripping forest, and the others fixed serious, curious eyes on their friend who had taken a human being's life.

"Well," he went on presently, "we hauled the body out to the coast on one of Ford's own wood sleds, and fetched it back to San Francisco in the hold of the ship that was full of his white oak. Of course, there was the trial for me to face in the city, but it amounted to nothing. With our foreman shot in the thigh, and a dozen witnesses to swear Ford fired first, they acquitted me fast enough; so by the time Morley with the lawyers had proved the white oak to be within his boundary line, there were no legal points left for discussion.

"Morley had given me the offer of a foreman's place at a good salary, but I knew that was simply paying me for shooting Ford, and I would have been a murderer if I had taken such money. Instead, I got a place in a lumber yard, with meaner pay than a day laborer, and scratched for my life for six years. Then, in October of '88, old Morley sent for me to come and see him.

"'Wayne,' says he, 'd'yer remember that trip in October, '82, when we fetched up the oak from Hunter's Point?'

"How the wretched business came back to me then, with his words and the sight of his face! He knew that. I could see him watching me sharply. 'You remember there was one pile of hewn timber left there?'

"I said I did. I thought to myself I had good reason to remember.

"'Well,' says he, 'I am going to open up that tract presently to get the rest of the oak out; I had my foreman with some lumberjacks up there last year to look over the ground and see where a road could go in. At the same time I wanted to have them pick up that timber pile. But the fools went over the whole timber tract and couldn't seem to strike the right lead. Now you were there the first time and found it. Don't you think you could find it again for me?'

"Right there I said I wouldn't—didn't care whether I could or not. The idea of taking that trip again, into that cursed place, and on that errand, went clean against my grain. But Morley was ready for all my objections, smoothing me down, and offering me money that to my hard-up-ness seemed enough to keep me the rest of my life, until in the end I gave in and said I would see what I could do. It seemed to me odd that he should be so eager to find one pile of wood. I think now it was mainly obstinacy because it had eluded him, but it may be that underneath that feeling was the ghost of a superstitious wish, before he opened up the white oak tract, to do away with the last trace of the old, ugly episode.

"It was at the turn of October into November that I went out through the Golden Gate in a tub of a steamer over a heavy swell. All the way up we had dirty weather, not storm, but just a mean, cold drizzle of rain, a continual choppy sea, and one of those winds with a teasing edge that go through you worse than a hurricane.

"At gray dawn of the third day, when we fetched around Point Arena with the wind shifting into our faces, and sighted Hunter's Point, it seemed to me the gang gave me hard looks as if I had put up a job on them. They were men I had picked myself—northern lumbermen from Oregon and Canada—so you may see our average of grit was high. But the sight of that little yeasty point running out into the ocean like a needle, with nothing but the cargo house on it, and nothing ashore but the long dark line of woods under the rain, looking lonelier than the sea, was enough to give the blue devils to a stoic.

"It was still early when we fetched port with the tent and oilskins; not a soul on the dock, the cargo house locked, and nothing to meet us but the sweep of the rain on the pier, and the woods, lifting from the coast with the rise of the hills and bending to and fro in the gust that comes with long autumn rains. There wasn't even a wagon track, not even a trail leading in from the coast. The first time, I had followed Ford's wood road, but that must have been overgrown now for several years, and I had tried so hard and so successfully to get the whole business out of my mind that now I couldn't even be sure of the direction the road had taken. At last, prospecting up and down, I heard the sound of running water, and came upon a big water course that in spring was the San Beno River. It was flowing down from the hills, and it came to me then that, of all others, this was the best track for us to follow; for up at the head of a gully we had left the lumber pile, and if I knew the coast woods, every gully goes out from the main creek bed. The whole plan of the place was in my mind then in a minute. Ford's old road had made a wide circle around to the north of the creek and had come into the gully at its head; whereas by following the creek itself we should simply make a short cut to that same place, and save ourselves the trouble of blazing a trail.

"We set out up the bank of the creek at a good pace, but presently the bushes thickened so we had to take to the creek bed itself and wade upstream against the boiling yellow water. The rise of the hill was more abrupt than it had seemed from the coast. The trees looked older than I had expected; maple, gray sycamore, and black, lichened oak, getting taller and greater in girth as we advanced; and everywhere moss, hanging in white festoons above our heads, and spreading an oozy, green carpet beneath our feet. It seemed to have settled over the forest as dust settles in a long disused room. Nothing remained to show that this piece of woods six years ago had been full of chopping axes, crashing branches, trampling horses, shouting men, and, finally, revolver shots. Ford's woods were still enough now, as if, like him, for six years they had been dead and buried.

"A mile into this solitude we met a child. I was as much amazed as if we had met a gnome. He was wading down the water course, leading a burro loaded with dry sticks. As soon as he saw us he stopped and watched us while we came up to him. He was ragged, but he didn't look stupid.

"'Son,' I said, 'do you live around here?'

"'San Beno Road,' he said, staring at our ropes and oilskins.

"'Ever hear tell of a pile of timber back in these woods?'

"He looked us all over carefully.

"'Yep,' he said, 'some fellers come over to town last year askin' about it. Come up in a steamer to the point and camped, and went all through the woods.'

"I was disappointed, for I knew that had been Morley's gang. 'That all you know?' I asked.

"He considered. 'Well, there was some more fellers up last summer.'

"I was amazed. It was the first I had heard that Morley had sent out two expeditions. 'Were they after the lumber, too, those last ones?'

"'You bet. They stayed a long time. Told dad they'd give him twenty-five dollars to help 'em, but he wouldn't.'

"'Why not?' I said. I could hear the gang whispering at my back.

"The boy looked all around at the trees and took hold of the burro's bridle. 'Guess he thought it wasn't there.'

"'You mean he thought some one had taken it away?'

"Still he wouldn't look at me.

"'I dunno,' he said at last, and started on down the creek bed. I didn't try to stop him. What he said had set me thinking. It was hard to understand how two gangs could miss the lumber pile. Suppose the wood had been taken away? It wasn't likely, but it was just possible. But even then, and even if he knew it, I wondered why the boy's father had refused the money. It had a queer sound, and I was glad that the gang was strange both to the place and to what had happened there, for lumbermen are a superstitious lot, as easily scared as animals. There was only one man who had been with me on that first expedition, Patrick Hennesy, an Oregon chopper, and I thought he glanced a little nervously about him as we went deeper into the forest.

"All morning we tramped. Twice we came upon gullies. They seemed to me not far enough from the coast to run up into the white oak tract, but to make sure I left a couple of men at each with orders to halloo if they found the timber, and pushed on with the rest of the gang.

"I was beginning to wonder whether one of those gullies we had passed had not been the lost lumber lead after all, when, as we rounded a sharp turn to the right, the creek bed widened out before us into a small canyon basin. In the middle of it was a great pool of yellow water. From the high banks ferns were hanging, and out from every side of it, like fingers from the palm of a hand, went gully and gully and gully. Five—six—I counted at a glance, little canyons veiled in rain, disappearing behind their low divides and ridges.

"Now I knew that our job was practically done, for here was the canyon head as plain as black and white, and up at the end of one of those gully fingers was where we had left the lost lumber pile. I knew it by the character of the land and the sort of timber. But whether the wood itself was still there—I was beginning to hope that perhaps it wasn't!

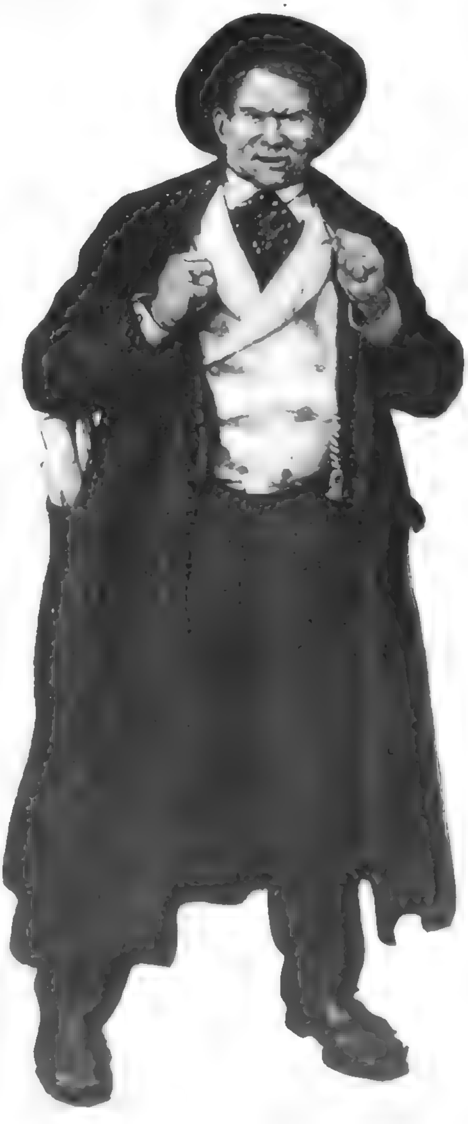
"It was late afternoon. We had had a tough climb and were fairly blown, but there was still light enough to see, and in my uncertainty I couldn't wait until morning. There wasn't a pin to choose between the leads. They all looked alike. The only thing to do was to break up the gang into parties, one or two men to a lead, leaving several to set up camp. I took Hennesy with me, and, choosing at random, struck off up one of the middle gulches.

"It was easy enough to travel at first, along a trail that was just a deep depression between two little hills, with tall branches on either side waving in the gust on a cold gray sky. But the farther we went, the deeper the gully sunk between the hills, the taller the trees grew, until they shut away the sky. Every now and then we went scrambling over boulders, over little waterfalls, the wet running up our sleeves, and all the while the rain came down, pat, pat, pat, through the leaves, as if it would never let up till kingdom come. The gully twisted like a snake. Seldom could we see more than a couple of rods in front of us; and at every fresh turn I kept peering forward, half expecting to recognize some landmark. Then suddenly, at a turn of the gully, I saw on the bank above me a tall white oak.

"At the same moment Hennesy, blowing several yards behind me, called out, 'Better take to the bank, sir. It's getting so steep we can't get out in a minute.' I knew that meant we were coming to the end of the gully. Out I scrambled, on the left bank for luck, and I went through the bushes as if I had destiny at my heels. I began to stumble over stumps, stumps everywhere that undergrowth had covered, and the timber began to thin.

"All at once the trees opened out, and straight before me, above me through their branches, I caught the naked outline of the hill crest against a little piece of sky. I knew it. As if it were yesterday there came back to me just how that cleared-off crest of the hill had looked behind the lumber pile, and how, when Ford had flung up his arms and fallen, I had seen him outlined on that bit of sky. Slowly I brought my eyes down, and there, circled by scattering trees, the clearing lay before me, a sea of hazel brush; and in the midst, rising four feet above the dark tops of the bushes, I saw the lost lumber pile.

"The sight of it in the surrounding of well-remembered trees and hill and sky brought up such an overwhelming memory that for a moment the white rain mist seemed the mist of revolver smoke, and the clearing full of men and voices. The next minute I knew that nothing was there except the lumber pile itself, quiet under the rain. There it stood—four-square, a pile of weathered oak logs—plain, no mistaking. I looked at Hennesy, and the same question rose to our lips, 'How in the world did the others miss it?'



"MORLEY, A TIGHT, HARD-FISTED OLD WAD."

"That they could seemed incredible, so easy it was to see. We had come upon it at the first cast, and on the heels of my horror came a crazy sort of elation. I hallooed at the top of my voice, and all the woods went echoing it. Then with an impulse to get to it I started foward.

"Hennesy caught hold of me.

"'Look out, sir, ye can't get over! It's across on the other side of the gully.'

"I brought up short. The steep, clay banks were in front of me.

"'Hennesy,' I said, 'here's something wrong. The lost lumber pile was at the head of the gully, and here the cut runs way up above.'

"'Sure enough, sir,' he said, 'but this cut is new, made likely enough by this rain, and joins the old one that begins right here. I'm sure it's the same wood.'

"I was sure, too. But twilight was coming on, and long before the men could get up with the tents and oilskins, dark would be here. It seemed best to put for camp as fast as we could with the news, and leave the rest till morning. We had to go slowly, and it was blacker than judgment when we finally made out the gleam of the camp fire through the tent flaps. All the gang had reached camp before us, and as soon as they heard us coming they began to shout. My halloos when we found the lumber pile had let them know what had happened and they were in great spirits.

"As for me, I was mighty glad at getting so quickly to the end of the job, but I didn't know whether I was glad I had found the lumber pile or not. The sight of it had brought back wretched memories, and a confounded, useless remorse. The shooting of Ford had been accidental. I knew I was not to be blamed for it, and just for that reason the thing hung on me heavier than crime.

"In the morning I started a man over to San Beno for the sled and horses; I started Hennesy with some men up the gully to blaze a trail from its head down through the woods to meet them, and the rest of us broke camp and followed up the lost lumber lead. All but me had cheerful faces. I couldn't stop thinking of Ford, and the damnable way he had been done; and strange enough, though he was dead, it seemed to me we were doing him still. I hated myself for being here on Morley's errand again; going through Ford's woods again after that last, forlorn pile of lumber he had defended with his life. And over the brow of the hill from where it lay were thirty acres more of standing white oak, the tract that Morley was going to open up and cut and sled away. There's something about the woods that makes a man fanciful, and the notion stuck with me that taking out that timber now would be the worst trick Morley ever played Ford. It was like stealing from a man's tomb.

"My thoughts had so taken possession of me that I did not notice what went on around me, nor how far we had gone, until the sound of crashing in front of us brought me to myself and made me look around.

"We were far up the hill among the thinning timber, but the brush was high and thick between, and breaking through it came Hennesy pale and excited.

"'What's up?' I called.

"'The lumber pile!' he panted.

"'What d'you mean? What's happened to it?' I shouted.

"His mouth was open, but for a minute no sound came out. Then he gasped, 'It's gone!'

"For a moment I stood there rooted. Then, 'You fool,' I said, 'last time we sighted it from the left bank of the creek, and now from the right the trees hide it.' And I began to run through the trees for the clearing.

"''Tisn't possible,' I heard him panting after me, 'for 'twas out in the middle away from the trees, and stood four feet above the highest bushes.'

"I had reached the edge of the clearing and, climbing on one of the highest stumps, looked out over it. Hazel bushes, and, as far as I could see, up and down and across, not another thing in sight. I drew my hand across my eyes. I looked, looked at that place where yesterday I had seen the lumber pile arise, four-square. There wasn't a break in the green sea of bushes. I plunged into the undergrowth and beat all through it, but found not the half of a log, not a depression in the bushes where a log could have lain, not a wheel track, not a footstep to show that it had been carried out. And who could have carried out a pile of wood in the middle of the night? All the while the gang stood watching me from the edge of the clearing, as if they thought I had gone crazy. I think I had for a minute. Then, as my wits came back to me, I stopped waist deep in the middle of the clearing. 'Hennesy,' I said, 'it isn't here, and it never was here.'

"He gave me a frightened look. 'But we saw it wid our own eyes!'

"FOUR FEET ABOVE THE DARK TOPS OF THE BUSHES I SAW THE LOST LUMBER PILE."

"'I don't doubt we saw it,' I said, 'but not here—not on this gully.'

"'But there's the clearing,' he stammered.

"'For all we know there may be one to every gully,' I said. I was beginning to remember how mighty much alike those ditches had looked from the canyon basin, how they must all alike run up to the cleared hill summits, and the theory of what must have happened to us began to form in my mind. 'I don't know how we've done it,' I said, 'but we've followed the wrong lead. The one we went down last night is not the one we've come up this morning, and there's nothing to do now but put in another half day finding the right one.'

"By this time the gang had come up to us, and there we all stood, with the rain running down our cheeks like tears, arguing as to which was the right gully. One was for this, another one for that, and Hennesy, strangely enough, stood out for the third from the big maple tree, which was the one we had just followed. But this was simply guesswork. The quickest way to find the lumber again was to divide the men up into couples, two to a lead, as I had done before, with instructions to search the ground at the head of the gullies; and to insure thoroughness I promised five dollars to the man who found the wood.

"It was dark before the last of us came straggling in to the camp fire at the edge of the canyon; the blankest lot that ever tramped through timber; for though every water course had been traveled to its head, and the bushes beaten for rods around, not a splinter of the lost lumber pile had been discovered.

"There were queer looks given me then. The gang muttered aloud that it was a wild-goose chase, and some—under their breaths—that the lumber never had been found—that some one had been drunk and seen a brush pile. Right there I gave them a few words. 'Boys,' I said, 'that's nonsense. Here are two men as sober as you, who have both seen it. If you don't believe me, there's Hennesy—drunk or sober, he wouldn't mistake a heap of dry bushes at five yards for a big lot of hewn oak. This is a queer piece of woods, as queer as a Chinese puzzle, but if you're going to let a bit of hill and timber get the better of you, you'd better pass up your records as skilled woodsmen.'

"That was all very well for talk. It braced them. But just the same that bit of hill and timber seemed to have twice gotten the better of me. I did the hardest thinking I'd ever done in my life, and I made it out that the lost lumber lead was a blind lead, a smaller gully forking all but invisibly out of a main one; one Hennesy and I had turned into by accident that first time and lost afterward. I prospected the canyon basin, and a way up every gully, but there was not a sign of any sly water course slipping away under leaves; everything was open and uncovered. My theories, one by one, melted away into air. I was thrown back stranded on the last possible supposition. The woods play tricks sometimes. The same trees at times hide a thing; at times show it out plain. I had heard old lumbermen talk of the forest's vanishing trick, but I was up against it for the first time. Nothing for it but to go over every foot of ground myself. There must have been at least six square miles to cover, but I went at it systematically, working up from the canyon crisscross between two gullies, step by step over ground where I knew the lumber pile could never have been, to the head of the two, and from there across in a straight line to the next water course, with the gang at my heels, muttering.

"I'll never forget those days—the everlasting tramp, with only the wish-a-wish of wet leaves in our ears, and the suck-suck of our own footsteps in the soggy ground; the plunging peering through the underbrush, that fearful strain of looking, every moment looking, hoping, certain, that at this next turn, behind this next tree, the lumber must loom up solid before our eyes. And hour after hour seeing nothing but black boles of trees marching on before us, and the pale, glistening, empty vistas of the gullies. I said the woods make a man fanciful, but these were making me crazy. For it began to seem to me that they were against us—that they had been fighting us from the first.

"On the morning of the fourth day Hennesy called to me in a queer voice, 'Look there, sir!'

"I thought he meant the lumber pile. I turned where he pointed, and there on the trunk of an oak I saw the cross I had blazed to show the place we started from.

"We had completed the circuit. We had covered every foot of ground. Right and left I looked, and on either side were the white glimmers where our axes had blazed trail; and broken bushes, broken bushes—nothing more.

"Something large and hot seemed to swell inside my head; I was boiling, furious. Nature was playing some huge, inconceivable, preposterous joke. I couldn't explain it; I simply had to face it—and face the gang, the men who had stuck to me all through this wild-goose chase, sullen and scared and on the edge of mutiny. I was beat and worse than beat. I owned up to it. 'Boys,' I said, 'to-night we'll camp on the coast.'

"There I stopped thinking. There I shifted all responsibility. All I wanted was to be quit of the woods, and through the rain and timber and mud I got the men and the stuff out and down to the sea. From Hunter's Point I sent off a man to telegraph Morley: '*Have seen the lumber pile once, but can't find it again. Please advise. Wayne.*' I showed it to Hennesy.

" 'Good Lord!' he said, 'but if you put it like that he'll be furious.'

" 'Just what I mean him to be,' I said, and I sat down to wait return orders. I thought there wasn't much doubt what a man like Morley, getting a message like mine, would do, and all I expected or wanted was our walking papers. But instead of a telegram, at the end of three days came a company steamer with the old man himself aboard.

"It was a squally morning with a hard wind blowing offshore, and a heavy tide coming in, and the boat was an hour getting to dock. I remember well just how the little tub looked standing off the point in the chop of the sea between wind and water, as if the very devil were holding her off the land. But if he were, there was one aboard her who was his equal, and bound to go ashore. I have heard Morley called handsome, but I never saw anything in my life so ugly as he when I walked out on the dock to meet him.

" 'Well, Wayne,' he said—and then a string of words relieving his feelings—'what sort of a game is this you've put up on me, eh?'

" 'If you mean my telegram,' I said, 'it's God's truth,' and I told him the story.

"His little eyes kept getting redder and more bulging under his high forehead, and when I had ended he said, 'Now either you've seen it and can find it, or you haven't and can't. Which is it?'

"It was blowing and spitting rain and we held to our hats and shouted above the wind. 'Mr. Morley,' I said, 'I have seen it, and I can't find it. It isn't there.'

" 'Isn't there!' Morley shouted, and his face twisted horribly with passion. I thought he was going to strike me.

" 'Isn't there,' I repeated as angrily as he. 'If you don't believe me, you can go up into the woods and see for yourself.'

" 'That's what I'm here for,' he said, 'to show you—' And then he told what he thought of us, but I was beyond caring. What any man thought seemed an impertinence in the face of the sky and sea and those lonely woods, which had showed us their secret once, but wouldn't give it up to us. As for the gang, they wouldn't have followed me back to the lost lumber lead for all the money in the state, but they were afraid not to follow Morley.

"It was long since he had traveled timber and we took two days to get up to the creek head. When we finally came out into the canyon basin he stood for a little and looked all around at the gullies as if he hated them. 'Which is the one,' he said, 'the one you went up when you found the timber?'

" 'I don't know any more than you,' I said, 'but Hennesy here swears it's the third to the left of the big maple tree.'

" 'Come on then, the rest of you,' he shouted, 'and I'll show you—' He didn't finish, but, still panting, started on up the gully. I was at his heels, and one by one, reluctantly, the gang strung along behind. The slant of the rain was in our faces. Above our heads the gust beating through the trees had a melancholy sound, and everything was so drenched—so soaked soft and streaming smooth with water that the sound of our progression was deadened, so that even breaking through the brush we hardly made a rustle. There was something eerie in that quiet. Morley's panting sounded the loudest thing in the forest. It was strange to see him toiling along ahead of us up the gully, like a bull stumbling, blowing, heaving his bulk over places so steep that it seemed he never could have got up them if his anger, and something more—a sort of frenzy of incredulity—had not borne him along.

"Before us we could see but indistinctly because of the fine, driving mist that we kept wiping out of our eyes; only by the sharp rise of the ground could we tell how near we were approacing the head of the gully. But presently we began to come among scattering white oak, the atmosphere began to lighten, and all at once through thinning trees in front I saw the hill crest and a little glimpse of sky. Then the trees opened out before us with a rush, and broad between them the clearing lay, full of flying mist, and in its midst a dark, oblong mass stood up above the bushes.

In the wonder of that sight I could have shouted aloud. Morley's lips did open in a cry of triumph, but it died in his throat, and his lifted arm remained fixed. There was some one on the lumber pile. Some one! Some thing! So dim, so indistinct, the longer I stared the more I knew it was a waving branch, a wraith of rain; but with the first leap of my heart I had known it for a man, kneeling with his arm stretched out and pointing down upon us.

"Morley's voice breaking the silence with a ring of anger declared it horribly aloud. '*Who are you?*' The cry went quivering through the forest. No answer came from the lumber pile, but the figure kneeling there, like a picket outpost on the sky, was pointing at us with something longer and more immovable than any finger; and though the light struck no gleam of steel from its surface, I knew what it must be. There was nausea in the pit of my stomach as if something horrible had happened before my eyes, and my right hand felt hot as if it grasped a smoking revolver. All at once, though its outline increased not a jot, that figure above me seemed to tower, to command, to cut off the whole forest at its back. My knees bent, and sweat stood out on my body with a fear worse than the fear of death. Morley beside me gave an inarticulate cry, and started forward. I tried to stop him. I caught his coat. It tore out of my hand; and tossing his arms above his head, as if with that gesture he would beat the lumber pile to earth, he rushed up the clearing. It seemed to me I saw him meet the lumber pile. It seemed—God knows in that wild moment what really was! I know I saw him fling his arms out like a man who has taken a mortal wound. But when we reached him he was face down in the leaves of the clearing, and nothing else was there.

"He was purple in the face, unconscious, breathing heavily, and for awful moments we thought him dying. When at last his eyes opened, he was like a man crazy. He struggled to his feet. 'I don't want it,' he cried, and threw out his arms with a gesture as of keeping something off. 'Let him have it all! Let him keep it! A-ah!' he groaned, and leaned on us, half fainting.

"We led him out through Ford's woods—the great, intrepid man, stumbling, muttering, rolling his head limply on his breast—one of us on either side of him. From every rock and ridge and tree a great finger, the finger of Justice itself, seemed pointing terrifically at me. But Morley walked, unconscious, in his own dream of horror, until we came out of the timber and sighted the coast and smelt the sea. Then he seemed to rouse from his stupor, straightened up, shook us off, and walked down to the pier ahead of us as steadily as if nothing had happened.

"But what had happened? Ah, now you ask me, I don't know. I can only tell you what I saw and what Morley did. All the while we were getting our stuff aboard the steamer, he sat in a heap at the side of the pier. I could see his lips moving, and his eyes shifting to and fro, and I knew that he was studying, studying for a way to beat down the idea he couldn't face. At last, just as we were getting ready to cast off, a boy came out on the dock and stood watching; and it was the same boy I had met the first day in the wood. I noticed Morley looking at him, and presently, to my surprise, he got up and went over to the child and spoke to him. 'Sonny, do you know anything about a pile of timber up in the woods?' It took some money to open the child's mouth. Then he said: 'There was a lumber pile, but it burned up five years ago.'

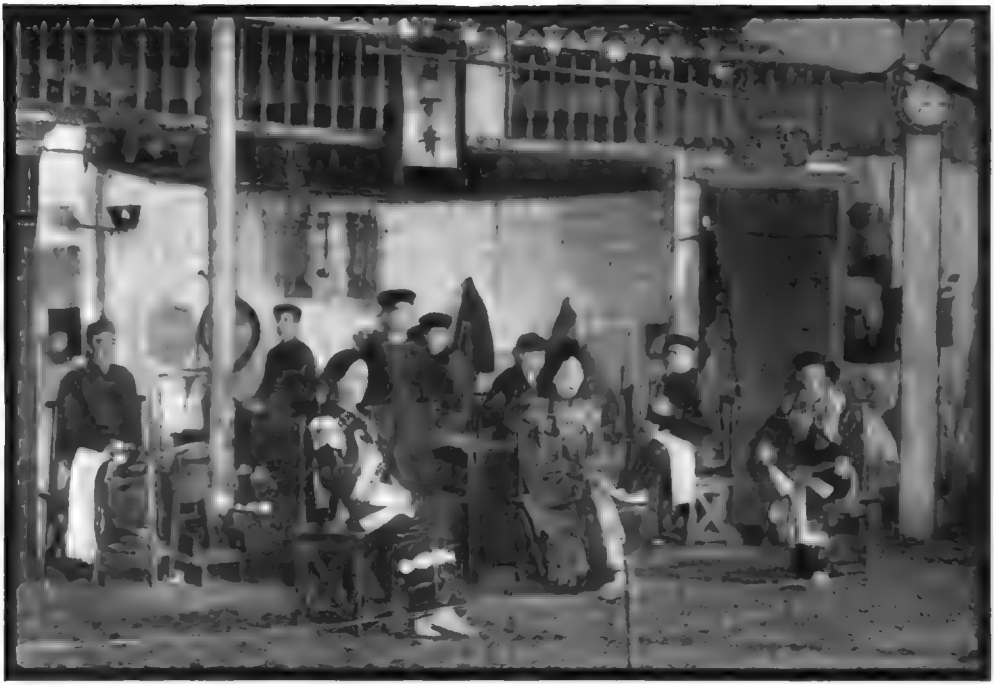
"'Why the devil didn't you tell me that?' I said.

"He answered, ''Cause the foreman of the gang last year said he saw it, but after all they didn't find it, and dad told me not to say anything to any one.'

"For a moment Morley's face was a blank, and he stood staring at his shoes. Then he raised his head and smiled. 'So you see, Wayne, why you couldn't find it,' he said.

"I gasped; but he kept on looking at me hard and steadily. 'I'm coming back in April to open up the tract,' he said, 'and take out the rest of the oak.'

"It fairly knocked the breath out of me to hear him—and then remember that dreadful cry of his up in the woods. I must have looked as if I didn't believe him, for when we were aboard the steamer and dropping out to sea he came and stood beside me by the rail, and said with a smile so affable it was hideous: 'In April I shall come up again and have the timber cut.' But he never went"



SCENE IN THE PLAY "SEVEN IN THE FAMILY, KIND-HEARTED THE WHOLE LOT," FROM WHICH ALL BUT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING PICTURES ARE TAKEN.

THE DRAMA IN CHINATOWN

By WILL IRWIN

Author of "The Hamadryads," "The City that Was," Etc.

Illustrated with Photographs Made Especially for Everybody's Magazine by Byron

A WOMAN tourist of a somewhat aggressive type sat beside me, one winter evening long ago, in the proscenium box of the old Jackson Street Chinese Theatre, in San Francisco. The stage, a bare platform without scenery or enclosure, lay to our right. In a quaintly recessed alcove, overhung with the gauds of a perpetually burning joss shrine, the musicians were torturing instruments of strange sound and design; along the edges of the stage, supes, children of the players, all the riffraff and following of a theatre, moved about their own devices; centre stage, and just before the musicians, two male actresses, in rose and cream colored robes of wonderful blendings, were holding a falsetto dialogue.

To our left sat the audience—a silent mass of Chinese, as alike, in their uniform black and green blouses, their round hats, their pigtails, as a regiment of soldiers. Above, the atmosphere rose to the low ceiling thick and oppressive with the smoke from two hundred Chinese-made cigarettes—a blue smoke-cloud pierced with vibrations from the shrill-pitched fiddles, the clanging gongs. The brasses stopped suddenly, and a pipe of reedy tone took up the music. The actresses, with gestures like swaying flowers, sank upon stools up stage, and one of them started a solo in a high-pitched, unnatural voice.

The tourist stirred, put her handkerchief to her lips, and shuddered.

"Isn't it outlandish?" she exclaimed. "Let us leave!" Sniffing, moving shrinkingly to avoid contact with the Chinese, she hurried out of the theatre.

Yet she had been witnessing a drama which, written two hundred years before *Hamlet* ever trod the boards, was venerable when English players were still struggling with crude tableaux on festival floats; a

HOM LING AS THE "YOUNGER SON."

masterpiece which has been held worthy to stand beside Sophocles and Shakespeare; a work of art which has influenced to morality and love of beauty more millions than our theatres ever held—the immortal "Pi-Pa-Ki, The Story of the Lute." The bare platform, with its incongruous crowd lolling about the edges—what was that to the eye of the Chinese spectator but the gardens of the Forbidden Imperial City whose inhabitants hold intercourse with the gods? And that song of the rose-clad actress, whose unfamiliar falsetto had driven our woman tourist away—what was that but the complaint of Si-Tchun, the little waiting woman who mourned beside the fountain at twilight? Here it is, as it comes from Chinese to French and from French to English, rubbing off some of its poetry with each remove:

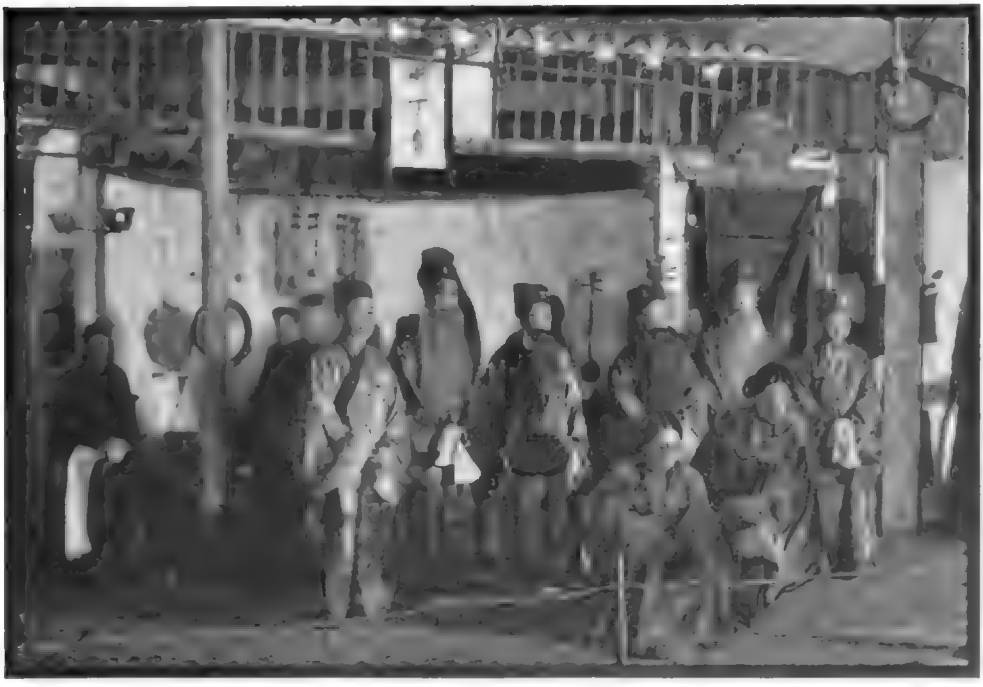
"Listen, lady. This morning at dawn a gentle breeze bore me, I thought, the sweet odors of long ago. I opened my window. Lo, willow leaves, whirled aloft by the wicked wind, strewed the pavilion roof. At noon, I saw rain-tears upon the withering pear blossoms; and when evening came, I heard the Hoang-li bird singing in the dusk. Once how sweet that note to me; now how plaintive in the twilight! There lies my grief, O lady! When fade the charms of spring, then life is sorrow!"

"Why, it's Shakespeare's stage!" exclaimed Barrett Wendell, upon first beholding a Chinese play. No student of the English drama ever attended the Doyers Street theatre in New York, the Washington or Jackson Street theatres in San Francisco, without lighting upon that same truth. Behold these parallels:

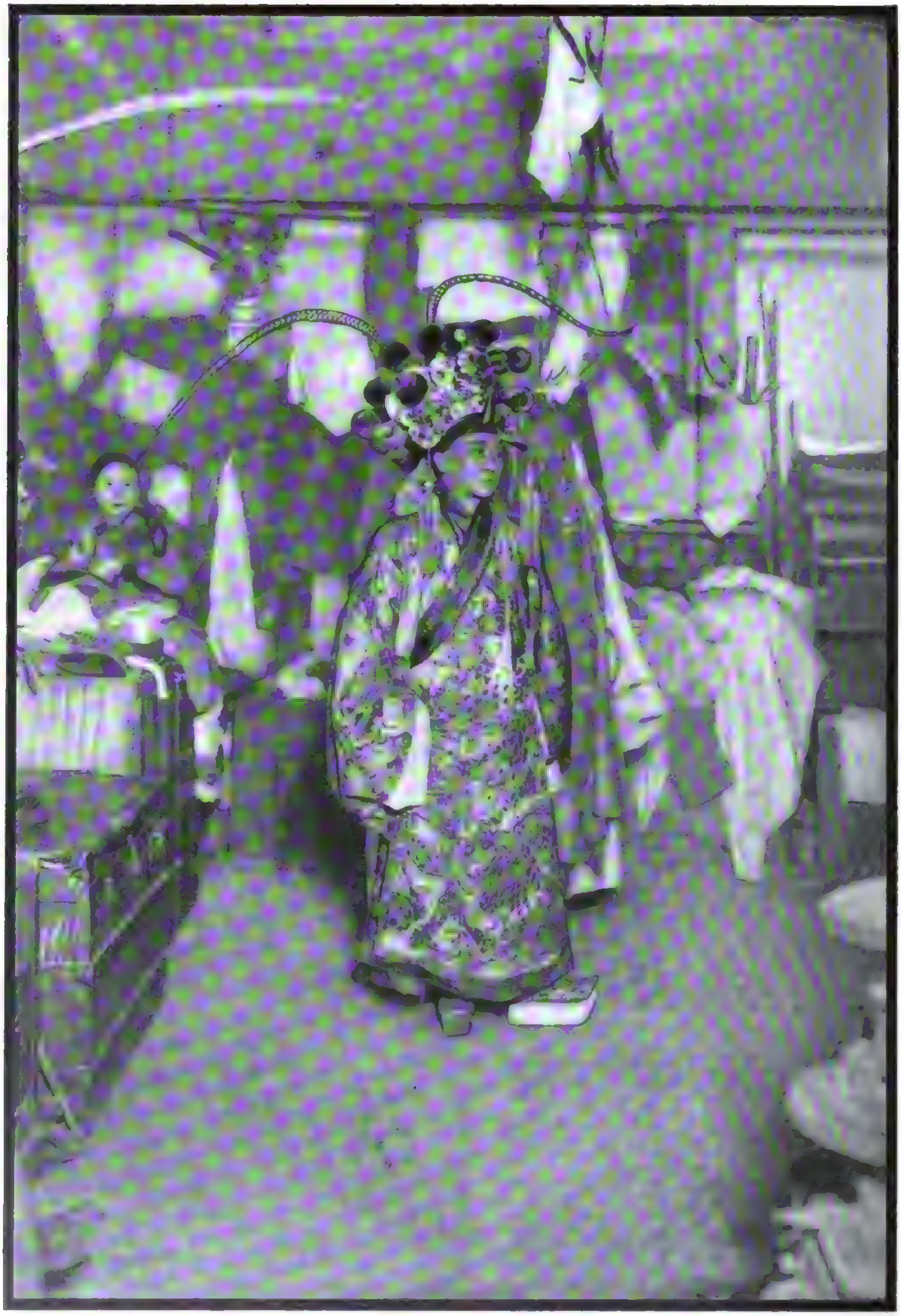
The Chinese present their plays on a bare platform without scenery; so, in spite of some modern scholars who take issue, probably did the Lord Chamberlain's Servants of the Globe Theatre, they who "created" Shakespeare's parts. In the old Chinese theatres of San Francisco, tourists and Chinese dignitaries used to sit on the side edges of the stage, so close to the actors that I have seen a tragedian, in one of his most solemn passages, step over the legs of a spectator. Just so, we are informed, sat the dignitaries and notabilities who attended the Globe in Shakespeare's time. No woman treads the boards of China; the female characters are taken by young men, trained from childhood to impersonate women. We know that the parts of Ophelia, Portia, Rosalind—all Shakespeare's galaxy of immortal women—were "created" by boys. The fifty actors of the Doyers Street theatre in New York run their own enterprise, all sharing in the profits. So, the documents prove, did my Lord Chamberlain's Servants. The Chinese actors are a low caste, so low that even the lowest of the spectators despises them. In the days of Shakespeare, the English actor was a brother to thieves and tinkers, a being unworthy of Christian burial. The actors of the Globe Company lived together in the basement of the theatre; just so live the actors of the Doyers Street company in New York, and so lived the Jackson and Washington Street companies in the old days of Chinatown, San Francisco.

The resemblance covers even the matter of stage setting and properties. The Elizabethan actors, we are told, furnished a bare stage with simple, curtained entrances to right and left. For scenery, they depended upon the auditor's imagination and the poet's lines; and to this we owe some of the greatest poetry in Shakespeare. Further, the stage manager

CHINESE PLAYERS AND THEIR FAMILIES LIVE ALMOST AS PRISONERS, IN SMALL, TEN-BY-TEN ROOMS IN THE THEATRE BUILDING.



DOUBTLESS THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "HAW SHOU," THE CEREMONIAL WORSHIP PAID EACH MONTH TO THE MYTHICAL FOUNDER OF THE CHINESE THEATRE.



A CHINESE STAGE GENERAL. HOM LING IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM AT THE DOYERS STREET THEATRE.

of the Globe or the Blackfriars suggested the scene by the properties, setting a bed on the stage to designate a chamber, a throne to mark a palace. Not otherwise is it with the Doyers Street company in New York. Many of the falsetto solos which so amuse and vex the tourist are descriptions of the stage setting, which is further suggested by the properties—an altar for a temple, a crude arch of bamboo with a sign at its apex for a city, even a pile of chairs and tables for a mountain.

There the resemblance ends; these Chinese, symbolists by nature, have introduced into their effects a great body of conventional gestures which take the place of setting and properties. They have symbols to show that the actor is on horseback, that he is under an enchantment, that he stands behind a wall concealed from his fellows on the stage, that he is dead and out of the action, that he is invisible, that he is a man of high station in disguise. Further, they have some strange conventionalities in the way of stage properties. In Chinese drama, as in all other Oriental art, one never knows where realism will end and conventions begin. So, when any property is really a part of the action, it is more than likely that the stage manager will introduce, not the thing itself, but a pretty and conventional representation of it. I have seen two Chinese actors enter in a representation of a boat. Their feet, concealed by the hull, propelled it; the swaying of their bodies gave it the necessary wavy motion; the pose of their bodies, appearing above the gunwale, suggested that they were sitting at ease in the craft. But did it look like a boat? No indeed, it was a great deal prettier. It was an affair of pink tissue paper, fringed and trimmed with silk pompons; and in every chink of the decorations burned pink Christmas candles. These properties, like the costumes, are always a delight to the eye; they exemplify that art which the Chinese puts into the common objects and implements of his daily life.

Of the literary side of the Chinese drama, there are a few incomplete

THE KING OF THE FAIRIES AND THE GOOD TIGER.

DR. QUAIE LOUIE, IN THE COSTUME OF AN EMPEROR.

critical accounts; of the histrionic side, not one. So when I treat of that, it is not with entire confidence; I have had to depend for my information upon the few Chinese actors with whom, after much patient labor to break down the barriers of reserve, I have been able to talk.

The custom of China, and the national law by which actors are declared outcast, makes all of the craft a clan. The blood is officially tainted. To the third generation, the descendant of a Chinese actor was disqualified, under the old régime, from taking those literary examinations which lead to all political preferment. Most of them have no family traditions outside of the theatre; their ancestors, for generations back, were actors.

Their unconscious training begins as soon as they can toddle about on the edge of the stage; their formal training at the age of fourteen. In the beginning, the actor must have a pretty fair literary education. For be he Cantonese, Nankinese, or Pekinese, he must speak his lines in the literary language of China; and that is as far from his native dialect as Latin from French. When he has acquired this literary language, he must learn by heart every part in a great number of plays—his repertoire. The least among the Chinese actors of the Doyers Street company, in New York, knows fifty plays; and that company of fifty, by patching out among its members, has a repertoire of about three hundred.

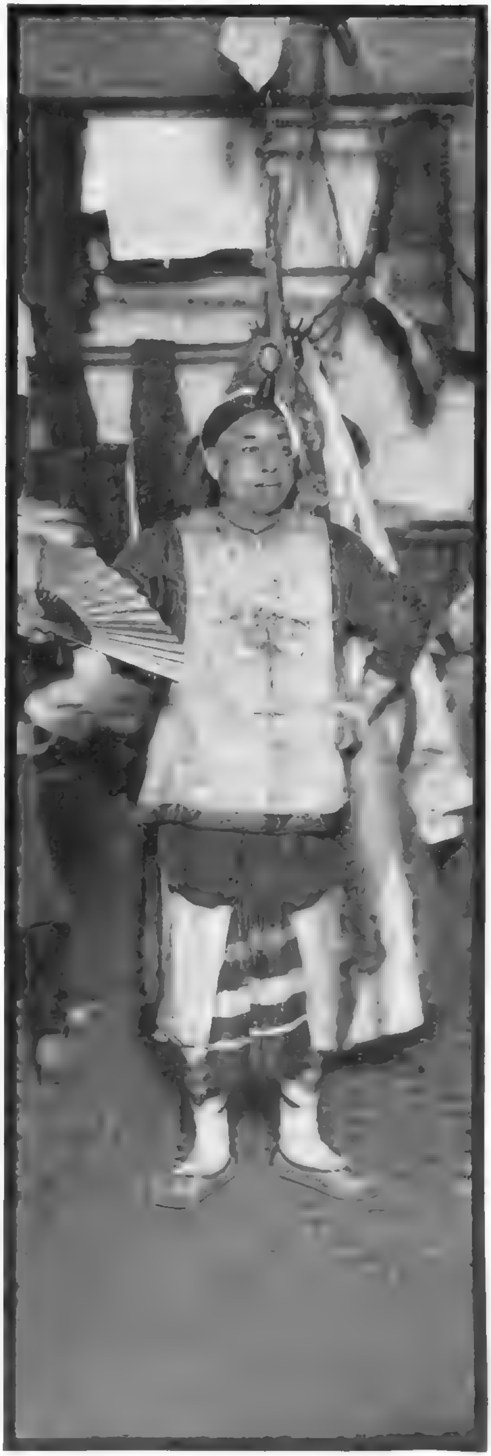
This intellectual part mastered, the student, if he has no father in the company, apprentices himself to an older actor for six or seven years of training with his voice, his muscles, and his powers of mimicry. Every Chinese play is partly an opera: he must learn music; every Chinese play calls for certain grotesque dances and acrobatic motions: he must become a proficient tumbler. Chinese singing is all in falsetto. It is an unnatural tone to our ears, although it is sweet sometimes in a good voice. Without destroying his natural speaking voice, the student must work at that falsetto until he has it smooth and clear. When, in his early twenties, he presents himself for his début, he has been through a course of preliminary training more thorough than any of our Occidental actors know.

Men, as I have said, are the women of the Chinese stage; and it goes even harder with the female impersonators. To make a stage woman, the master selects a boy with a voice naturally light, and puts special stress upon development of the falsetto tone. At the age of puberty, when "the voice changes," he is watched carefully. If he fails to carry that light, high tone over into his mature years, he turns in his career and becomes a straight actor of male parts.

Although there exist a few short treatises on the greatest of the classic Chinese plays, and although some of the best have been translated into French and German, the literary drama of China is mainly an unworked field. To delve into history for a moment: the Chinese theatre had its beginnings in the crude tableaux of mountebanks at country fairs. From the first, drama and opera went hand in hand; even the old mummers sang their dialogues. Then, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries of our era, came the Yuen dynasty, a bright period in which all the arts flourished. The Yuen emperors and their courtiers patronized the theatre, worked it out into an artistic form. Except as they may survive in later stage versions, all the Yuen plays are lost save a collection of a hundred, gathered and published in 1620, three years before the publication of the Shakespeare First Folio set a guide-post for the English drama.

Early in the fifteenth century, when the brightness of the Yuens was quite gone and the "brilliant" Mings had set up their dynasty, an obscure schoolmaster living in an interior province wrote "Pi-Pa-Ki," the immortal drama of desire in conflict with duty "which," says a Chinese commentator, "no right-minded man can see without tears." It is the standard drama of the Chinese stage, greater among them than "Hamlet" with us; for the author of "Hamlet" wrote many plays, but the author of "Pi-Pa-Ki" only this one.

From that time on, during five hundred years in which the profession of acting dropped from the hands of courtiers into those of outcasts, the Chinese drama is lost to scholarship. Time, it appears, brought a gradual degradation. Play-tinkers took the old themes of the Yuen plays, revamped them, cheapened them for the popular demand; and most of the plays seen now on the boards of Chinatown are in those cheaper versions, as though "Macbeth" should be made melodrama. As every Occidental novel is a debtor to Homer, so every Chinese play is a debtor to the little schoolmaster; for the central theme of "Pi-Pa-Ki"—the young man of humble birth who went to take the literary examinations, the



CHIN HONG, A STAGE-STRUCK LAUNDRYMAN WHO BECAME A COMEDIAN.

faithful wife who followed him for her love—is repeated again and again.

Every Chinese play is partly an opera. The Chinese artists anticipated Wagner by centuries in Wagner's central idea, his great innovation in Occidental opera—adaptation of the emotion to the motif. Their expression of the idea is crude, however. No one play has its own music. They have a number of stock themes—the hero motif, the love motif, the young man in doubt motif, four or five battle motifs, etc.—and these are repeated in any and every play, whenever that particular character or emotion appears in the action. This music is not music, only noise, to the unaccustomed European ear, for the reason that the Chinese scale is on the interval of the fifth, as ours is on the interval of the eighth. It runs to loud, blaring effects on the gongs and drums; although certain themes, carried by the reed pipes, are sweet and pleasing.

THE "YOUNGER SON" STARTS ON HIS TRAVELS ACCOMPANIED BY THE "GOOD SERVANT." SEATED AT THE EXTREME LEFT IS THE ORCHESTRA-LEADER AND STAGE-MANAGER.

The gong and the tom-tom, named alike in Cantonese dialect and in English, are the chief instruments of a Chinese orchestra—the violins, as it were. The smallest stringed instrument is a little fiddle called the *ngee yin*, or "two strings." The bow is an integral part of this instrument, for its gut runs between the two strings. The player holds it upright in his lap. The *sam yin*, or three-stringed guitar, has a large sounding-board. It is played with a pick, like a mandolin. The *yut kim*, or "moon fiddle," is a large lute with keys nearly a foot long. The shrill but sweet little pipe is not always a part of a Chinese orchestra. Finally, the hard-sounding gourd, upon which the stage director raps out his signals to the players, is a part of the symphonic whole.

The actors themselves divide their plays into the *chut low*, which means "light play," and the *shung ho*, or "heavy story." Rather, the playing repertoire of an American Chinese theatre may be divided into heroic plays, domestic dramas, comedies, fairy plays, and moralities. These classifications overlap; the moralities may include heroic scenes—"Pi-Pa-Ki" is a drama of this kind—and nearly all the heroic dramas introduce gods and fairies of the Chinese pantheon. Pure tragedy they know not; the dying hero falls, and receives from his fellow players that wave of the hands and feet which shows that he is out of the action and at liberty to walk away;

immediately, a low comedian appears to delight the groundlings. In fact, the Chinese drama observes not one of the three unities—time, place, and action—as laid down by our ancients and defied by Shakespeare and later by Hugo. Neither does it know the principle of dramatic climax.

Perhaps I can do no better, in portraying a modern Chinese play, showing how the actors get their effects, than to describe from beginning to end a production of "Chat Yin Hung Goon," which, in the literal translation of Charley Gong, official interpreter in Doyers Street, means "Seven in the Family, Kind-hearted the Whole Lot." While essentially a morality play, this is varied with comedy and heroics; moreover, it is a favorite play with our American Chinese.

The night when I witnessed "Chat Yin Hung Goon" and when Mr. Byron photographed its early scenes, was an auspicious one for seeing a Chinese play. For it was the first day of the lunar month, when every conservative Chinese troupe precedes its performance with the ceremonial act of worship known as the "Haw Shou." Thus they honor the deified Emperor Hong Ming Wong. In joss-house tradition, it is set forth that this great ruler, having seen heaven and hell in a vision, taught his courtiers to act so that they might show the people how the immortals looked and moved.

Every Chinese play in this country begins at half past six or a quarter to seven. The audience does not commence to arrive until eight; therefore the actors play to bare boards for more than an hour. No reason for this—it has always been; that to a Chinese is enough. On the night of the Haw Shou, they abridge the main play a little to make room for their act of faith.

At a quarter to seven, therefore, the musicians are tuning up in their alcove; from back of the wooden partition, where the actors are making up, sound many voices in the singsong inflection of the Cantonese dialect. A dignified Chinese takes a seat beside the stage entrance to the left, and sets before himself a little drum made from a gourd. Upon this he sounds a preliminary tattoo with two drumsticks. He is the prompter and stage manager; from the rhythm of his tattoo, both actors and musicians take their cues. Another Chinese in plain clothes steps into the foreground. He is the property man and active stage director, who wanders continually through the action, setting out properties, arranging costumes, seeing that everything is shipshape. The eye of Chinese imagination regards him as invisible.

As suddenly as an explosion, the gongs sound out a great, booming note; and through the right entrance comes a gorgeous procession. First are two "women" in plain black, with sacred fillets of red drooping from their temples; then six men in long robes that blaze with scarlet and gold, in sweeping, artificial stage beards that cover the mouth, and in curious antique bonnets. These are gods of the Chinese pantheon, and the women are worshippers. The gongs finish the "god motif," the little fiddle takes up a monotonous theme, and the women sing in unison a holy chant. Suddenly they prostrate themselves on the platform, and the gods, in deep, male voices, take up the refrain. From this beginning they enact a short play whose moral is our "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men," and whose theme is the reward of the just.

The prompter rattles his sticks again; the Haw Shou is over, and the drama of "Seven in the Family, Kind-hearted the Whole Lot" is on.

Here is the cast; let us dispense with the confusion of Chinese names, and call the characters by the relation they bear each to the other:

The Rich Man.
The Elder Son of the Rich Man. He is the offspring of an early marriage, and his mother is dead.
The Stepmother, present wife of the Rich Man.
The Younger Son, child of the Stepmother and the Rich Man.
The Good Wife of the Elder Son.
The Boy } Children of the Elder Son and
The Girl } the Good Wife.
The Good Servant.
The Bad Servant.
The Emperor.
The Prince.
The Traitor to China, commander of the Barbarian armies.
The Barbarian Princess, an Amazon, wife of the Traitor.
The Prison Keeper, brother to the Traitor.
The King of the Fairies.
The Good Tiger.
A Magistrate.
Soldiers, servants, fairies, courtiers, etc.

For a time, we will follow this story without the action: The Stepmother develops at once as the villain. In the opening scene, it is set forth that the Elder Son has gone to Pekin for his literary examinations. Taking all the license of tyranny allowed the oldest female of a family in China, the Stepmother is persecuting with whips and hunger the Good Wife, the Boy, and the Girl. The Younger Son, her own offspring, protests. This so angers her that, carrying her baseness still farther, she plots with her two menservants against the Elder Son. They are to follow him into the mountains and kill him. "But," says Charley Gong, interpreting the actors' dialect, "the lil' servant, he got good heart. He think diffelent from plot." When the time comes to strike the blow, the Good Servant turns on his fellow conspirator and kills him. The Elder Son, learning thus of the plot, commands the Good Servant to go home and report him murdered according to program.

Here—taking up the action—comes one of the naïve bits of Chinese stagecraft. Hom Ling, leading tragedian, playing the part of the Younger Son, renders a solo which means that the widow and orphans are going to the temple to celebrate funeral rites. The property man sets on the stage a little box for an altar and throws over the widow's head a white veil, symbol of mourning. Then Hom Ling, as the Younger Son, waves his hands and kicks his foot like a man punting a football. This signifies that the rest of the family is out of his sphere of action. The scene has officially changed from a house to a temple. So, while the rest of the family kneels before the altar, Hom Ling strolls over and chats with one of the musicians who happens to be resting.

Now, the Rich Man sends this Younger Son, escorted by the Good Servant, to collect debts in the mountains. As they sweep out of the right door, enter, left, the King of the Fairies. He wears a long robe of dignity, a crested bonnet furnished forth with horizontal wings like the blade of a propeller, and a sweeping beard which depends not from the chin but from the upper lip. This costume marks an emperor, a god, a fairy, or a high dignitary. Subtle distinctions in coloring or pattern inform the Chinese spectator which it is. The property man shifts a stool to permit the Fairy King to sit down, which he does with great dignity.

A peculiar, shivery strain ripples over the music of the big lute. Enter a Chinaman in plain, coolie clothes, except for a false head which makes him look like a gigantic frog. As he comes, he gambols and curvets for all the world like "Nana," the big dog in "Peter Pan." As every Chinese in the audience knows—for spectators are coming in by this time—it is the Good Tiger.

"Cometh a man of good heart into our domain," sings the Fairy. "Eat him not, but take him and bring him to me. I will make him wise."

Exit the Good Tiger, hopping. In a moment he returns with the Younger Son. In the course of a long duet, the Fairy tells the Younger Son that he is to remain in Fairyland for six years, gaining the wisdom and power to be and do what he wills. *Exeunt omnes.*

The property man puts a table and two stools before the orchestra and drapes them with silk of imperial yellow. And lo, the scene has shifted to the Emperor's Court, and six years have elapsed without a fall of the curtain or a break in the music. Enter the Emperor, the Court, and the Elder Son, who, by his learning and attainments, has become Prime Minister.

In a long operatic passage, the Court sets forth the condition of the realm. The barbarians, led by a traitor to China who has joined their ranks, married the Barbarian Princess, and become commander of their forces, are pressing the imperial armies hard. In the latest battle, they have captured the Prince, heir to the throne. Who is to save China?

And, to a "warrior motif" which can be heard clear across the Bowery, enter the Younger Son in the costume of a general. The fairies, having perfected him in wisdom and power, have sent him to the rescue.

This costume of a general is possibly the most showy set of garments that man ever wore since the first troglodyte sewed a skin. The robe, falling over a tunic of white, is of soft yellow, figured in bright gold. The head is lost under a war-bonnet whose splendor defies description. On a foundation of yellow, it rises, fan-shape, to a height of two feet. It is decked with red streamers, with sunbursts of red, and blue pompons, resembling nothing so much as a great rocket just bursting and discharging its gaudy balls. From above each ear streams a pheasant feather which curls backward to a length of five or six feet; and from the shoulders grows a stand of banners, like gold wings. As the Younger Son enters, slow, majestic, he performs a kind of dignified dance.

The Elder Son, sitting in state as Prime Minister, recognizes his half-brother with a dignified bow. This little ceremony over, the Emperor—moved thereunto by the influence of the fairies—appoints the Younger Son general of all the armies of China. *Exeunt omnes.*

When the property man has taken the stools away and put the yellow trappings neatly into a box, weeks have passed and we are on the field of battle. The Traitor is conferring with his wife, the Barbarian Princess. Being an Amazon, she also wears the great war-bonnet, the sheaf of flags, the pheasant feathers. A private soldier, a mere "supe," reports that the fight is on.

The Traitor and the Princess walk off; and now it is "another part of the field." Two soldiers, representing to the eye of the Celestial mind two armies, enter, introduce themselves in a short duet, and fight. Here again symbolism drives out realism. A battle on the Chinese stage is a kind of sword dance. The combatants whirl like dervishes, clash their spears as they pass each other, whirl again, clash again, make three or four fancy passes like the salute in fencing, and finish with a hurricane of blows. At the end of this particular fight, one of the combatants—the member of the imperial army—holds out his wrists to receive a smart blow from his opponent. That means that he is defeated. And *exeunt omnes.*

Through the other entrance come the Traitor and the Younger Son. There follows a tragic passage which shows all the histrionic power of Hom Ling, the handsome young star who is playing the Younger Son. For five minutes he reviles the Traitor. Though his voice is somewhat squally at the very heights of his passion, he shows real tragic power; his face is a picture of righteous scorn. For this recreant is traitor to more than his native land. In his youth, he committed a murder and fled, leaving his family to suffer for it. By Chinese custom, his old father and mother were thrown into prison for his crime; and in prison they died.

They advance to the combat. As they walk, each raises the foot nearest the audience in a gait like the convict lock-step. This conventional gesture means that they are on horseback. They fight with terrific acrobatic whirls; the Younger Son deals a mighty blow; the Traitor falls. Imitating the action of a man leaping from a horse, the Younger Son proceeds to the side of the wounded Traitor, and puts his spear to his throat. The gongs, which have been imitating the din of battle, suddenly fall to silence, as Hom Ling declaims:

"Give up your kingdom or die now. Better: go home, give yourself up, and die like a man to expiate your sins against your ancestors!" Through the power which the fairies have given him over all men and their affairs, the Younger Son converts this fallen sinner; the Traitor promises to give himself up. He calls a foot-soldier and starts on his pilgrimage of expiation.

In the course of the next few scenes, the Traitor reveals to the Barbarian Princess his new determination.

"You go over my corpse!" she says. "Fight me. Unless you conquer, you shall not go!" They fight a long time. Although heavily pressed—for she, too, has magic powers—the Traitor wins and leaves her wounded on the field of battle.

Here again came one of the naïve bits. At the end of this duel, Kung Chee, playing the Traitor, and Sin Fah N'Gon, playing the Amazon, suddenly stripped off their great headdresses, handed them over to the property man, sat on stools at the back of the stage, and began to cool themselves with fans which they drew from the folds of their costumes. The musicians, too, dropped their weary arms; the music ceased altogether. "What does that mean?" I asked Charley Gong. "Oh, just lesting," said Charley Gong. "Playing fight hard work." The audience waited in patience for two or three minutes, while Kung and Sin fanned away the perspiration and got wind for their final duet.

In three more scenes, it is set forth that China is all-victorious, that the Prince is rescued, and that the two half-brothers, one Prime Minister and the other General, are given the highest orders of nobility.

If Chinese plays recognized the division into acts and scenes, there would be a new act here; for the property man sets out two stools and a table draped in domestic red, and we are back in the interior province where we started. Enter a character made up with a white nose to show that he is a comedian. His solo explains all. He is a brother of the Traitor; and he has a good heart. When his father and mother died in jail, their goods confiscate to the Empire, the governor made him jail-keeper to reward his filial piety. And in his jail is the Good Wife—spouse of the

Elder Son. The Wicked Stepmother has had her arrested, charged with murdering the Younger Son, who was reported eaten by the Good Tiger. And, because the Wicked Stepmother has influence in the province, the Good Wife must lose her head. Enter the Boy and the Girl to see their mother. She is led forth, her long hair streaming down her back.

There is a scene of weeping and wailing which is effective at first from the sheer emotional power of the actors, but grows tiresome after it has been prolonged for five minutes. The Chinese actor, in portraying deep emotion, tears a passion to tatters.

A new scene. The Boy and the Girl are standing center stage, waving their arms up and down in gestures like the old Delsarte harmonics. This means that it is snowing. They have been driven from home by the Wicked Stepmother; they are dying in the snow. When they have sunk into a frozen sleep, enter the jailer, who takes off his coat and, making comedy of the fact that he can cover only one at a time, warms and revives them. The Boy, although played by Seu Sun Yat as a young man in his twenties, is—we are asked by the playwright to believe—just ten years old. He tells the jailer that he wants to die in place of his mother. The jailer, approving this filial piety, devises a plan, hereinafter to be unfolded.

The property man sets up a bamboo arch, inscribed with the name of a city, and puts behind it the inevitable table and stools. We are now in the capital of the province, and near the office of the chief magistrate. The Boy comes creeping in and strikes a gong which is standing front stage. Whenever that gong is sounded, the magistrate must come forth to do justice. He enters in a bad humor at being disturbed, and has his servant bastinadoed on full stage for letting any one approach.

During this passage, the Boy has stood waving his hands, palms forward, before his face. This conventional gesture means that he is behind a wall—outside of the house. As the servant is released, he makes pantomime of opening a door, falls on his face before the Magistrate, and confesses that he, not his mother, killed the Younger Son. The Magistrate summons the Good Wife. She accuses herself. The Magistrate, perplexed by these contradictory confessions, decides to leave it to the gods of chance. Dismissing the prisoners, he prepares two scrolls, one an order of release, the other a sentence of death. These he places on the two stools. As he turns back to the table, the Boy creeps in and inspects the scrolls. So, when the prisoners are led forth for this judgment of chance, he leaps to the death scroll, opens it, and claims its penalty.

The Good Wife goes out to liberty; the Boy kneels to receive the sword.

But the Magistrate is moved by this filial piety in one so young. He commutes the sentence to banishment for ten years. A soldier enters and leads the Boy away. And here, if the Chinese plays were divided like ours, an act should end.

By this time it is ten o'clock, and the actors have been playing for three hours. The pit is filled with Chinese, taking on faith the unfamiliar literary dialect in which the piece is spoken; the boxes at the back and to one side are filling with tourists from the "Seeing New York" wagons. Admission for the Chinese runs on a sliding scale. He who enters in the first hour pays fifty cents. At half past eight, the price goes down to thirty-five cents, and at nine to an even quarter. When, at half past nine, tickets fall to the bargain-sale price of fifteen cents, standing room is taxed by a mob of Chinese which has been gathering outside all the evening.

Let us cover the rest in synopsis. In his wanderings, the Boy comes upon the Emperor's retinue. As he is about to fall on his face, he recognizes his father in the glittering train, and stands erect. For that he is arrested, and brought before his father to be judged. There are recognitions, explanations—and the half-brothers return home to straighten things out. The Good Wife is raised to be a noblewoman of the Empire.

And the cruel Stepmother? This is a morality play, and every one forgives her—except the gods. They consider her case in conclave, and decide that a bolt of lightning is about the medicine for her. But the Younger Son, having wisdom and perception in all things, learns this; and, at the moment when the bolt is about to fall, he gathers the whole family so close about her that the gods cannot strike her without striking them. So the Heavenly Powers, having it not in their hearts to smite such pious folk, withhold their hands. Just at midnight, this triumph of good is consummated with a kind of stationary dance of the whole family; and the play is over.

The actors hurry through the gaudy

dressing room, hung with a thousand brilliant costumes and painted properties, up a steep ladder to a swinging French window, across a narrow iron fire escape that fringes an enclosed court whose atmosphere breathes murder and mystery, and into a queer old house, lost in the sunless middle of a block, where they live—prisoners of custom. The few among them who have wives sup in their tiny ten-by-ten rooms; the rest, hurrying out of paint and wigs, go down to the common dining room under the stage. At about one o'clock, the manager posts the notice of the next night's performance; and their day is over.

Prisoners not only of custom but of art! By a world's width the superiors, in intelligence, breeding, and perceptions, of the Chinese porter or laundryman, they form a caste so low that we have nothing wherewith to compare it. Yet some of them are admirable men. One cannot meet Quaie Louie—known affectionately to the Doyers Street actors as Quaie Bock or "Father Quaie"—without realizing that here is a personage. Dr. Quaie was not born to the theatre; he comes from a long line of Cantonese physicians. He entered the craft, for what reason no one knows, at the age of fourteen, and he became an eminent actor of "king parts." He managed to study the profession of his fathers; he is physician in ordinary to the theatre. Over here, he has developed in views and knowledge as an actor could develop in no other Chinese community—for New York tends to smooth out all race peculiarities and customs. He has entered the Chinese Empire Reform Association, pledged himself to help deliver China from medievalism, and cut off his cue. More than that: he is a convert to the Catholic Church. In his tiny room, one sees among the knickknacks with which a Chinese loves to deck his walls, a painting of the Sacred Heart and a cheap print of the Virgin; and before these hang, as votive offerings, some of those red silk pompons and streamers with which an orthodox Chinaman honors his joss.

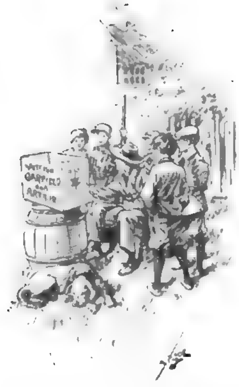
A fine, dignified face, a bright eye, and an engaging smile has old Quaie. He bears on his face the universal actor's mark of developed facial muscles; he bears in his mind the Chinese actor's mark of mental isolation. One night, as he sat in his great king costume waiting his cue, I talked theatre with him. I asked him what he thought of "Pi-Pa-Ki." His face twisted in scorn. "Back numbah," he said. "China lefohm. Old idea no good." Then, through Charley Gong, he explained that the old plays carry the spirit of medieval China, with its superstitions, its over-insistence on the one virtue of filial piety.

I mentioned Shakespeare; Quaie looked puzzled, and asked whom I meant. It turned out that he had never heard of our supreme dramatist; and he listened with polite attention, although with no great interest, to my story of the mysterious life of Stratford and London. Imagine telling to a gentleman, a scholar, and an actor the fresh tale of William Shakespeare! I told him how Booth had seen Ah Chic, leading tragedian in San Francisco, and approved of his acting; but Quaie had never heard of Booth, either.

Finally, let me lull a pet Occidental superstition about the Chinese stage. Contrary to general belief, a Chinese play does not last two, three, or six weeks. Most of these plays are written, like our own, for one-night production. Indeed, many of the classic Yuen plays are mere curtain-raisers, with a legitimate action only three quarters of an hour long. Among the nobles and gentlefolk in China, it is the custom to hire bands of actors to assist at banquets or festivals. The mummers carry with them their repertoire. This is passed about among the guests, who elect the play they wish to see. Pausing only to don costumes, the players give that play at once. When it is finished, the guests choose another; and so on through the evening.

On the other hand, there are a few very long plays—most of them, really, expansions of these one-night plays produced in Doyers Street. These are given, usually, by the "river companies." A band of actors, sometimes as many as a hundred, charter a flatboat and drift down one of the great Chinese rivers, playing at city after city. At each stop, they set up a tent, like the circus, and invite the whole populace to attend. Admission is free; but it costs ten cash to sit on the benches. The actors proceed with a play which lasts six days and six nights without a single intermission. The players take the parts in relays—for example, one tragedian plays the hero *Jut* on the eight-to-four shift, another relieves him on the four-to-midnight shift, and another fills out the night. This is the Chinese equivalent of the circus. Doubtless, the sight of such a performance moved some early traveler to make a faulty generalization concerning the length of Chinese plays.

Little Stories of Real Life



SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

III

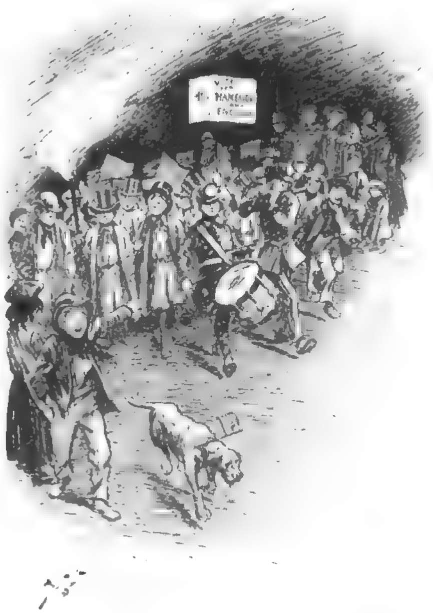
BROOKDALE MASS, NOV. 1, 1880

DERE COUS. GORGE—

wel how are you Gorge. I am pritty wel only my mouth it is all swelled up and most of my teeth are loose, it was this way.

You kno it is Election next weke, wel for election they hav torchlight paraids, you kno Gorge, like the one you broak up when you shuvvelled the gravvel off yore roof when it was going by and they thot they was shot. Wel we had one. Uncle Walter sed why dont you boys hav a torchlight paraid, and we sed what do you do, and Uncle Walter sed O you just paraid and yel for yore man, and get carrysene all over yore plug hats and thats all.

Wel we got some plug hats, Fred Strong and me and Dwite and some of the boys, and Uncle Walter maid us a transparansy, that is a box with cloth sides and a torch inside so the words that are on it will show, and on one side mine sed garfield and Arthur, they are the republican presidents, you kno Gorge, and on the other it sed hancock and English, they are the demmycrats and if they get elected the country wil go to the dogs, my farther told me so. But Uncle Walter sed he put both sides on the transparansy to show our indypendense.



"DWITE AND ME WAS AT THE HED OF IT EXCEP THE BAND WHICH WAS A DRUM AND A FIFE."

Wel we let all the boys join, and Dwite and me was at the hed of it excep the band which was a drum and a fife. We went down all the stretes but not ours becaws I dident kno but maybe my farther wood be mad if he saw me with his plug hat on, you nevver can tel Gorge, and peeple laffed, and old Deecon Thomas sed theres the fuchoor pollyticians, playing both sides at once.

Wel just as we turned into Longbrook avenue, you kno Gorge, the wide strete the school is on, we met the demmycrats who was paraiding too that nite only we dident kno it, and Dwite sed lets turn back becaws you nevver kno what the demmycrats wil do to you, but befoar we cood they saw us and Eddie Rooneys farther, he's a demmycrat, he saw my transparansy the side that sed hancock and English on it and he sed hurah for the Park strete kids, that's us, there farthers may all be stuck up republicans but the kids is demmycrats which shows they hav more sense than the old geezers, hurrah.

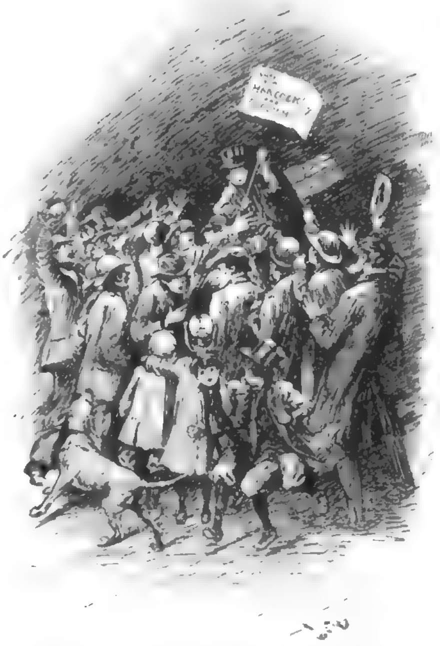
Wel Gorge they grabbed me and lifted me up on there sholders and they was cheering us fine when someboddy sed look at the other side of that transparansy, and they did and they saw garfield and Arthur, and say Gorge the things they sed was something awful.

So Dwite and me we sed cheesit and we run for the village, and that busted up the paraid and my transparansy.

Wel my mother when we was going to hav the paraid she sed now you be home in a nour, and dont you stay a minnit longer, but the paraid hadent only lasted a littel while so

Dwite sed it woodent be disobeedience if I went down to the sqware to see the paneless dentist for a little while.

They was a platform in the middel of the sqware and all lights like a torchlight paraid, and it had a band, only they wasent annything but a bass drum and a cornet and a pare of symballs, but they cood maik a lot of noise. Youd ought to of seen the paneless dentist, he was fine, he had all green clothes on and a green plug hat, and he was all covered over with tethe that he had pulled out of people without hurting them. He had tethe on his hat and along his cote and a watch chane maid of tethe and he looked fine. Fatty Dereborn he's the cop you kno Gorge, he was thare too and he maid the boys kepe quiet so we had to behaiv, he's always around when you want to hav anny fun in a crowd chasing each other.



"—AND THEY WAS CHEERING US FINE."

wel when they was a lot of people there the Doc, thats the paneless dentist, he sed ladies and gentlemen I am not hear to get yore monney, you hav yore reglar dentist such as they are with you all the yere round. I am hear to demmunstraight my wonderful majjic ointment for the tethe, it is a secret I got from the fegee islanders, who hav tethe like ivory as anny gentleman in the audience wil bare me out who has bin thare. You only hav to rub my majjic ointment on yore tethe and they become like the drivven sno.

And then he sed I also apply it befoar pulling yore tethe thus maiking the prosess absolutely paneless, stepp up ladies & gentlemen and be the lucky ones, becaws after I hav shone the wonderfull power of my ointment to a few I shal charge a smal fee four it, including a solid gold watch and chane and a card baring yore fortune and naim of yore fuchoor husband or wife free with evvery bottel, stepp up.

wel then Eddie Rooney he ast the dentist cood he come up and the man sed yes, so Eddie went up and the man sed open yore mouth and Eddie did, and the man rubbed some of his majjic ointment on his tethe, not on his but Eddies, and then he scrubed them just a littel and then he terned Eddie around so we cood see Eddies tethe, say Gorge, honnest they was just as clene as they cood be.

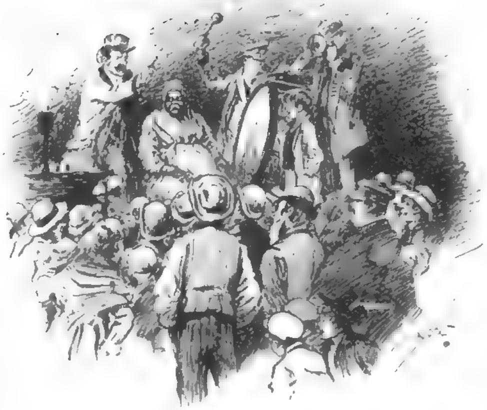
And I ast Eddie when he come down if it hert and he sed no it was as esey as pie, so I went up, but the doc maid me wate a while, becaws they was a nold cullurd lady that is a washwoman and she sed she had a nawful tooth ache and wood the doc pul her tooth, so I stood up on the platform by the band and the gang all yeled at me.

And the old cullurd lady she was crying and howling, and fatty Dereborn sed to the crowd shut up, we want to here her yel, so they did. Then the doc maid her sit down and he put the pinchers in her mouth and got hold of the tooth and puld, and she began to yel, but just then the band began to play loud and you coodent here her.

Wel sir the doc puld just as hard as he cood but he coodent budge the tooth, and then he rested and he sed, did that hert lady and the old cullurd lady she sed deed it did boss, and the doc sed of coarse it did, that's the way the town doctor wood pull a tooth. Now let me sho you.

So he grabd the tooth agen and told the band to play loud some moar, and it did so the crowd coodent here her yel but I cood, and then the doc stopd, and he was awfull tired, and he sed, did that hert, and she sed wuss than befoar, and he sed no doubt, that's the way they all hert you. Now let me rub a littel of my majjic ointment on yore gums and I wil sho you. So he did, and then he just put his finger in her mouth and took the tooth rite out, say Gorge, it was wonderfull. Dwite ses it was no wonder, he had yanked the tooth so the furst too times it had to come, but Dwite is to smart.

Then it was my tern, and the man sed when he looked at me, you hav a fine hed of tethe, I wood like one, I wil giv you a quarter if you wil let me pul one, so I sed sure, and he sed I wil just rub some of the majjic ointment on it and it wil not hert you, so he did, and then he sed, so noboddy but me cood here, I wil choose a loose one so it wil come out esey and he winked at me, and then he puld the tooth out, and it was esey. Then he sed speke up my littel man and tel the audience it dident hert, and it dident, and he sed we wil try annuther one, but this time he got hold of a tite one, and say but it hert and I yeld merder, and the doc sed, you littel rat are you trying to spoil my graft, get down out of hear, and he pushed me down off the platform, and woodent giv me my quarter, and fatty Dereborn sed hear you giv that kid his monney for that tooth, and the doc sed something at fatty and fatty climed up on the platfoarm, and the man maid a hit at him and they fel down on the flore, and the band they jumped on fatty, and Hennery Hood the butcher he climed up to saiv fatty and the hole thing collapsed like Rooneys howse, and then fatty rested the doc and we follerd him to the lock up.


"THEN THE DOC MADE HER SIT DOWN."

And when fatty got the doc in the sell we all stood outside and laffed at him, and the doc sed go on and laff now you monkey, which was me, you wont byme by. That maid me remember I oughter be hoam, so I went.

wel by the time I got hoam my gums was beginning to hert something awfull whare the doc had put that majjic ointment on and I coodent help crying, and my farther sed, whats the matter and when I told him and my mother they forgot to giv me a licking, but they sent for the doctor in the moarning becaws my mouth was all sweld up, and the doctor sed the boy is lucky if he duzzent loose all his tethe, that skoundrel had oughter be strung up, and my father sed I wil tend to him.

And he sed you stay in the yard for two days, and I am, and he ast me who put me up to such a thing and who was with me and I ses Dwite was with me, and my farther sed I bet he was too good a littel boy to let the doc pul anny of his tethe, and I dident tel my farther it was Dwites next tern only the platform had fel down.

Wel my mother sed what wil that boy be doing next and I sed maybe it isent so bad, you was going to taik me to the dentists to get my tethe clened and they are reel white, it took the tarter off annyway, and my mother sed yes and most of the namel, and say Gorge it did. I hoap I dont loose all my tethe, how cood you open a bowie knife with yore tethe if you dident hav anny, and that wood be bad.

wel Gorge, I wisht I hadent of prommised my mother not to rede anny more dime novvels or nickle ones. Isent they anny that costs nine sents or fore. That wooden be dime or nickle novvels then, Dwite ses, and so it wood be all rite.

wel that is all I can think of now to tel you, and my tethe are herting some agen, maybe it is becawse I found the jar of minse mete my mother maid and put up in our cupoler for thanksgiving, say Gorge it was fine.

So no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

p. s. no they isent anny p. s. I havent got anny moar to say this time.

WHICH?

By James Pratt Brown

THE disembodied spirit of a gentlewoman hesitated at the portals of Eternity and looked back regretfully upon the green, smiling Earth. She longed to return, for she was yet young and had not tired of life.

The grim guard who sentineled the gate watched her indecision with inquiring gaze. His hand rested on the half-open portals, and he awaited her determination.

"May I return?" the spirit ventured timidly, pointing back to Earth.

"The privilege is yours," said he. "But mark the conditions well. You return to enter the soul of an unborn child. Once your back is turned upon these gates, you must make selection. You have the choice of but three lives, and cannot reconsider."

"May I know the fate in store for them from whom I make my choice?" she asked with trembling voice.

"You may," replied the guard. "But it is compulsory that you should choose one," he added gravely.

"If they are to be honest women, then I elect to return," she declared bravely.

"They are to be honest," he answered.

"Then I'll return," she sighed.

The great gate closed.

"Go look in yonder mirrors," said the guard, "and make your choice."

The spirit turned and, gazing at the mirrors, saw, as in a panorama, a moving picture of the lives from which she was to make selection. The scenes changed only as she willed.

The three babes were born to happy homes. She followed with sheer delight the course of each through babyhood, and from thence by pleasant paths to early womanhood. There was but little choice among the three.

Then came the second epoch, Marriage. The three girls wedded men of their choice. Love came into their lives, and happiness dwelt among them. Then the mellowness of middle age crept in upon them. All three were happy. The gentle affection and the strong but tender hand of manhood sustained them and warded care away.

The spirit wept softly and with pleasure.

Then over the life of one came a deep shadow. Another and a younger woman came upon the scene. Misery sat where Happiness had reigned. A great sorrow overwhelmed the older woman's soul. Worldly wealth was hers, wealth to buy, and wealth to go and come whither she would. But she was a deserted wife. A sturdy, manly boy with a great love threw his little arms about her as *he* was wont to do, and sought to comfort her. But go where she would, she could not find that one thing for which her heart sought and hungered.

The spirit turned quickly to the next glass.

The man and wife were preparing for a journey. He petted and caressed her, who had been his helpmate and companion for years, and yielded to her those sweet attentions that make the sum of woman's happiness. Then they are at sea. She is alone in her cabin. A tropic storm comes up with sudden and terrific force. For the safety of the passengers an officer hurriedly locks the doors. In her fright she screams for help. Then, in the midst of the crash and crack of thunder, the fierce shrieks of wind and rush of swirling waves, she hears her dear one's voice. He has braved everything to come to her. The door is locked. . . . She looks out through the narrow window only to see a huge green wave sweep him from the vessel. He hears her screams, and, when he rises on the wave, turns toward her, love beaming in his eyes, wafts her a farewell kiss, and then is seen no more. She falls unconscious and when found later is obsessed with an incurable melancholia.

The spirit turns in horror from this scene.

Here, too, comes duplicity and faithlessness in man. But this woman, with a tender girl clinging to her side, pleads with the man, as only a woman driven to despair can plead. For the sake of her child, for the sake of his mother, for the sake of herself, she begs him to return. He has ceased to love her. But from deep down in his breast arises a latent sense of duty. Turning his back upon the outstretched arms of illicit love, he gravely takes up the life that duty urges but that all his heady passions resist in hot rebellion. And so they live together, she loving but unloved, he adhering to stern duty while his vagrant heart lives elsewhere.

Now the spirit gazed with hopeless grief back upon the world.

The guard approached. "Choose quickly," said he.

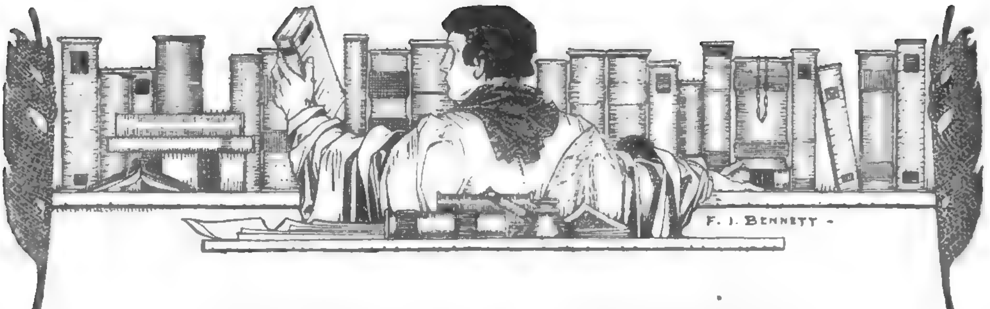
"Shall I on earth anticipate and realize what is to come?" she asked.

"No. It will be as a sealed book. Perhaps, I cannot say, afterward or while the thing is happening, there may come a flash of recollection as though 'twere the repetition of a dream. But even this is not certain. Choose," he again commanded.

Half blinded by tears, the spirit pointed to her choice and, even as she did so, turned her weeping face away in sheer dread of it.

The sentry opened the way to earth. The spirit descended into one of the unborn babes.

Which?



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

A GREAT many years ago—so many that we can only guess at the geological epoch of the event—some rough-hewn, paleolithic philosopher announced, in the tentative language of his time, the discovery that it was love that made the world go round. It is likely enough that, at the moment, this announcement was greeted with scorn—we have no means of knowing; but by the time that Literature came upon the scene, it had come to be accepted as axiomatic. Love (no one attempted either to prove or to disprove it) was at once the mainspring and the escapement of the watch of life, and when Literature wanted to amuse her children, she held the watch up to their ears and they listened to the ticking and were satisfied. Later on they came to be more demanding. They asked to have the watch case opened that they might see the wheels go round. And now—for we are arrived at the mischievous age of "wanting to know"—nothing will do but that she must take the works apart that we may see what it is that really makes the noise. And while many—having been brought up to believe that, if you open the back of a watch, dust will get into the mechanism; and if you go poking among the cogs, you will interfere with their adjustment—disapprove of the proceeding, there seems to be nothing for them to do for the time being except, perhaps, to confine themselves to mere current fiction and to leave current literature alone. They will not, at any rate, have anything to do with Mr. Morley Roberts's "David Bran" (Page), a volume that, technically and otherwise, has excellent claims to being classed as literature, and that also, quite frankly, surrounds itself with little glass saucers full of screws and cogwheels. The novel, it is stated, presents "in a new light the old problem of a man and two women." As a matter of fact, the book deals with the underlying, and so far ineradicable, instinct of polygamy that persists in man; and deals with it (our friends would say) unsatisfactorily, in that it insists in looking at human nature as it unfortunately is, and not as we pretend that it is and hope that it may become. The scene, in order to escape the over-sophistication, yet preserve the setting, of modernity, is laid in an English fishing village of to-day. The characters are unescapably, yet very simply, real. The story is told, if one may so phrase it, with an exquisite brutality; and the whole is informed with the wisdom that springs from an understanding born of knowledge.

◆

Our old friend, John Galsworthy, author of "The Country House" and other novels not easily forgotten, shows himself likewise, in his new book, "Fraternity" (Putnam), inclined to play watchmaker. Mr. Galsworthy is, if not in manner, certainly in effect, a cynic. He never sneers. He does not even smile awry. He does nothing either so ill-bred or so obvious. But, having led us through familiar scenes and lured us into intimate companionship with creatures of his imagining, in whom we recognize and even openly acknowledge our own likenesses, at the last he silently withdraws and leaves us face to face with the vacuity of our illusions and the idleness of our boastings. In "The Man of Property" and in "The Country House," where he is dealing with a restricted type or a peculiar phase of life as we live it, this quiet "showing up" of self-deludings is accepted with comparative complacency, even by those of us who ask rather to be confirmed in the visions of their dreams than to be awakened from them. The fact that these stories lead, in the story sense, to no conclusions; that, indeed, they imply that life itself leads to no conclusion, is passed over because the implication is special and not general in its application. But in "Fraternity" Mr. Galsworthy brings his masked batteries to bear, not on an individual type or a localized phase of life, but on the whole orthodox, middle-class, modern sheaf of shibboleths—"altruism," "reform," "brotherhood," "morality," and what-not—or rather, not on these shibboleths, but on our use of them. It follows that many who, not being typically "men of property" nor living in "country houses," have read Mr. Galsworthy with equanimity and even with appreciation, will cry "destructive criticism" over "Fraternity." But John Galsworthy is still John Galsworthy. He is no whit more of a pessimist, and no whit less of an artist than when, intellectually speaking, he was not goring our oxen. And these new creatures of his imagining—however much we may squirm at the realization—are still made in our image.

◆

Yet, happily for all of us, there are still those who can beguile and charm us with the ordered ticking of the watch—who hold the old repeater to our ears and make its tiny bells ring for our hearing. Such a one is Louise Closser Hale, whose novel "The Actress" (Harper) is a love story as sweet (in the dairy, not the bonbon, sense) as one often chances upon in these days. Moreover, this story—to emphasize further its aloofness from our tinkering tendencies and from our somewhat saturnine determination to face the worst of things—deals neither with the sensational, nor with the salacious, nor yet with the young-persons-of-both-sexes-take-warning side of stage life. On the contrary, it deals, quite simply and as a matter of course, with the homelier and more day-by-daily aspects of the profession; and admits us, quite unaffectedly, to temporary fellowship with a mixed company of workaday Thespians. And the old tale of a tug-of-war between a girl's ambitions and her heart, her "art" and her instincts, is told with all the freshness of personal discovery, with an occasional spontaneity of humor that is disarming, and with an ingenuousness that is none the less genuine for being clever.

◆

We are not, in matters of art, concerned with the personality of the artist. A man and his work—these are separate entities, less closely allied, even, than parent and child; the laws of intellectual relationship that hold good between them less clearly guessed at, even, than are the baffling contradictions of heredity. Yet the enemies of Mr. Hall Caine, if such there be, may be imagined as reading his autobiographical account of his literary friendships, "My Story" (Appleton), with a certain unadmirable satisfaction. For us others, or at least for those of us who are unfortunate enough to suffer vicariously over the *gaucheries* of others, the volume is like to prove interesting, but uncomfortable. For Mr. Caine, in his somewhat morbid inclination toward the gloomy and *macabre* in human experience, recurs so constantly to the dark and bitter passages in the lives of his friends as frequently to suggest enjoyment and almost, at last, to savor of betrayal; and, in an excessive dread of the appearance of egotism, he protests so much as almost to convince us of his insincerity. One likes to think, however, that the explanation of these disturbing flavors is a simple one, and that Mr. Caine, in mistakenly trying to oust himself from his proper place as hero of his own autobiography, has thrown his picture out of drawing and worked injustice to himself; so that even in the three fifths of the book devoted to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, we are more conscious of the uneasy figure of the young Manxman who keeps himself so ostentatiously in the background, than of the haunted and unhappy poet.

◆

It is not altogether easy for a lover of good stories who happens also to be a crank about dogs, to remain quite sane when the two are encountered running neck and neck between the same covers. The effect is that of mixed intoxicants. The reader, therefore, unless he happen to be conscious of a like double susceptibility, will perhaps do well to regard with some suspicion this paragraph about John Muir's "Stickeen" (Houghton, Mifflin), an account of some actual experiences in the summer of 1880 in southeastern Alaska. John Muir, as we all know, is a scientist, an explorer, godfather to a great glacier, and lover of God's handiwork. Stickeen was a "wee, hairy, sleekit beastie," of unimaginable lineage and unprepossessing appearance. The story of their chance acquaintance and short companionship makes a slim booklet, externally unpromising. But the written word has seldom carried us, in so nearly corporeal presence, among the gleaming and translucent perils of the North; and the "true story" seldom proves so clearly its ability to be more searching, if not more strange, than fiction. In short, there is old wine in this small bottle; and no one whose imagination, on the one hand, is warmed by a sturdy tale, vividly straightforward and couched in resilient prose;

and whose heart, on the other, is stirred by occasional dog eyes to a consciousness of kinship, will read "Stickeen" unmoved.

◆

As one looks back upon the literary output of the past eight months or so, it strikes one rather forcibly that it has been, even more than usual, the unlooked for that has happened. Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, has given us, in "Tono-Bungay," one of the biggest novels of recent years; and however much of interested and ready attention we may have held at Mr. Wells's disposal, we scarcely looked for it to be so rewarded. On the other hand, one is conscious of having been over frequently obliged to explain, as politely as might be, that the looked-for new book by a favorite writer was not up to sample. And now, in the new season, the same task confronts us. For Frank Danby's "Sebastian" (Macmillan), whether we consider it superficially as a story, or more seriously as a study and presentation of human character, is disappointing. Its chief figure (in spite of the title) is Sebastian's mother—a brilliant woman, but one chilled and denatured by an early, ill-considered marriage with an older man; thinking herself worldly wise, yet alternately hurt and hampered by her own non-comprehension. It is a type, one feels, worth studying under the guidance of the creator of Sally Snape, Lady Kidderminster. Yet, while we are brought thus to understand and appreciate the author's conception, and while we read the book in constant expectation, with our hopes always fixed on the next chapter, the novel's appeal to our intelligence never reaches our hearts.

◆

A short story by Rudyard Kipling—it is called "With the Night Mail" (Doubleday, Page)—has just been published in book form. It describes a trip, made in the year 2000 A.D., under special permit from the postmaster general, in a fast aerial mail packet plying between London and Quebec; and while, once it shall be bound in company with its betters among the collected works of its author, it will, so to say, subside into its allotted position of comparative insignificance, it will, for the moment, be read with a pleasurable glow of imaginative realization by those who are responsive to Mr. Kipling in his modern *rôle* of psychologist to the inanimate. For my own part, I frankly own myself one of this company. Mr. Kipling has always been, in a literary way, a ventriloquist. In the old days he did not speak to us about the jungle—his voice came to us *from* the jungle. And so now he speaks from the cogs, not of them. We do not lack stern critics and counselors of perfection to tell us that this later Kipling—he of the psychology of steam and steel—is not the old Kipling—he of that greater psychology of brain and blood; nor to point out to us the obvious fact that the one psychology differs from the other in glory. But there is a personality in inanimate things; there *is* a god in our machines; and Kipling, this later and lesser Kipling, is his prophet.

◆

OTHER BOOKS

"Special Messenger" (Appleton). A collection of connected tales, romantic and adventurous, by Robert W. Chambers, dealing with the triumphs and defeats of a daredevil Union spy who was yet a woman. Taken either singly or in series, these stories make pleasant reading.

"Random Reminiscences of Men and Events" (Doubleday, Page). A little volume in which Mr. John D. Rockefeller replies to a few of his critics, sets down some interesting recollections of early days, and speaks of his personal opinions in regard to business methods and philanthropy. Perhaps its greatest interest lies in its allowing us to glimpse a human figure and personality behind the gigantic bugaboo of popular imagination.

"Salvage" (Holt). A collection of clever verse by Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*, from the pages of which much abused and misrepresented journal most of these selections are reprinted. The book affords us the rare enjoyment of a humor not garbed in motley.

"Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor" (Scribner). An excellent piece of biographical work, earnestly undertaken and sympathetically executed, by Paul Wilstach. The story of any man, understandingly presented, is worth reading. This volume deals most interestingly with an interesting personality.

"Comrades" (Doubleday, Page). The somewhat strident story, by Thomas Dixon, Jr., of an imaginary experiment in applied socialism. Being an answer (in kind) to the dreamers who have attempted to put the millennium into print, it matches their insistence upon the better side of human nature by glitteringly emphasizing its baseness, and is as lacking in sympathy as are they in worldly wisdom.

"Sun and Shadow in Spain" (Little, Brown). A new book of wander records by Maud Howe, whose "Roma Beata" and "Two in Italy" were such pleasant companions. Its pages are full of leisurely enjoyment, agreeable people, and that element so important in books of travel and so frequently absent from them—the personal equation.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "T[illegible]estnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

At a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said:

"Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?"

"An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"

* * *

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation.

* * *

It was the opening day of the kindergarten. The teacher began by asking each child what it had learned to do.

"James, what can you do?"

"Please, ma'am, I can sharpen pencils."

"That's very nice. William, what can you do?"

"I can throw a ball."

"That's splendid. Mary, what can you do?"

"I can undwess myself," was the proud response.

"I'm sure that must be a great help to your mother, Mary. Rachel, what can you——?"

"I can undwess myself," interrupted Mary.

"Yes, Mary, that's very nice, but you mustn't interrupt. Rachel——"

"I can undwess myself," piped Mary.

"So you have said twice before, Mary. If you interrupt me again, you will have to be punished. Now, Rachel, what can you do?"

"I take care of my baby brother sometimes, and——"

"That's lovely, Rachel. Charles, what can you do?"

"I can undwess myself," persisted Mary coyly before Charles had time to answer. So the teacher gently led Mary to the cloak room to meditate on her disobedience. Shortly afterward the doctor called to see if all the children were well.

"Yes," the teacher assured him, "we are all well and happy this morning. Oh, all but one little girl. I think there must be something the matter with her tongue. Will you look at it, please? Mary, come here a moment."

Mary fluttered into the room minus her clothes. Waving her arms she said with childish glee:

"See, I can undwess myself!"

* * *

Si Perkins had never been surprised in all his life. When it snowed in the latter part of April, he allowed he'd sorter felt it in the air for some time; when Jedge Abbott's barn burned, Si thought it was about time; and when the town hall was struck by lightning, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he'd told 'em that them lightnin' rods wasn't any account when they were first talkin' of puttin' 'em up. Mrs. Perkins had just about given up all hope of ever exciting her husband's wonder when a friend told her of a marvelous conjurer who was showing at a variety theatre in Boston. She took Si.

When the conjurer called for a volunteer from the audience, Mrs. Perkins urged her husband to go up on the stage. He did. She watched expectantly as the "professor" extracted a five-dollar gold piece from Si's ear, passed a watch through his back, and extracted yards and yards of ticker tape from his shoes. Si looked bored. Finally the conjurer began to coax at Si's beard and, to the amazement of the spectators, out hopped three little white rabbits.

"Wal," said Mrs. Perkins triumphantly when Si resumed his seat, "I guess that surprised ye some, didn't it?"

Si seemed almost surprised that she should think so. "Why, no," he finally drawled. "I didn't like to say nothin' about it, but I've been sorter suspectin' that them rabbits wus thar for some time."

◆

This story would seem to show that colored people have tough heads:

Dinah, crying bitterly, was coming down the street with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" she was asked. "How did you hurt your feet, Dinah?"

"Dat good fo' nothin' nigger [sniffle] done hit me on de haid wif a club while I was standin' on de hard stone pavement."

◆

"Now remember, Mary," the teacher said just before the school exercises, "if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song, don't stop. Keep right on. Say tum-tum-tummy-tum or something like that, and the words will come back to you and nobody will know the difference. Now don't forget."

On exhibition day little Mary (What's in a name?) edified her audience with something like this:

" . . . and she wears a wreath of roses
Around her tummy-tum-tum."

◆

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and —er—decidedly disgorgeous."

◆

Mosie was a typhoid convalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurse tickled him playfully under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish," said the nurse, laughing.

"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanishing, "I'm Yiddish."

◆

"It's a mighty good book," said a publisher, speaking of one of his own publications, to Upton Sinclair. "Have you read it? What do you think of it?"

"There is only one thing to be said in its favor," said Mr. Sinclair. "A friend of mine carried it through the Spanish-American war in his breast pocket, and a ball ricochetted against his ribs, but the book saved him. The ball was unable to get beyond the fourth chapter."

◆

John L. Sullivan was asked why he had never taken to giving boxing lessons.

"Well, son, I tried it once," replied Mr. Sullivan. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he came around for his second lesson he said: 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman what I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind,' says he. 'If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

◆

For many years Dr. Francis L. Patton, ex-president of Princeton University, wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested shaving them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he came into his wife's dressing room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."

◆

"It was a long and tedious speech," said Simeon Ford, "but I listened attentively. I like to have people listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I did listen, because if I hadn't, I'd have missed one of the best windups I ever heard.

"'And now,' said the speaker, just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, 'as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, "I am drawing near my clothes."'"

Everybody's Magazine

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THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

EVERY month there come to us a number of letters warmly praising some article that has appeared in the current number, and often requesting us to fix a price at which the writer can secure anywher[illegible]m 500 to 5,000 reprints for distribution among people who would be influenced by the facts set forth therein. We take this occasion to thank all our good friends who express such a keen and vivid interest in the magazine.

In order that our friends shall understand the situation, and shall not regard us as churlish in regretting our inability to comply with their requests, an explanation is in order. We print no books. Our publishing activity is confined to the production of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. From the point of view of the outsider, this may seem a simple enough task for a big organization, but, because of the pains we take, it really is both exacting and laborious. Those elaborate articles reviewing social or industrial conditions that some of you like so much, are months and years in preparation. That is before they are even put into type. They are generally illustrated with photographs, and to make these stand out from our pages, we use the finest halftone engravings and high-grade coated paper.

And that is only the beginning. Each issue has at least five forms of eight pages containing photographs. Before the pressmen can start their big machines on the edition, they must spend at least two days on each of these forms, "making ready" the presses so the details and outlines of the plates will be clear. Consider the expense involved in this operation, and remember that without it the engravings would come to you blurred and ugly. If, after an edition is exhausted, we should undertake to replace one of these forms in order to comply with some zealous friend's desire for booklets, the very same preparation would be necessary. We'd be holding up a big power press and a crew of several skilled operators for a little run of 200 to 1,000 copies. We could not afford the time.

Think also of this phase—no sooner is one magazine off our hands than we begin the elaborate preparations necessary to get next month's issue ready on time for the printer. When a number contains two or three articles of a controversial or accusative character, the greatest pains are necessary to make all the facts right. We cannot afford to have either our accuracy or our fairness impugned. This imposes an immense pressure on our editorial force. Proofs are taken and sent out to experts, alterations and corrections are made, and a thousand and one details attended to, which, while they go to creating a magazine in which you can have confidence, involve a severe strain on the workers. We haven't either the time or the strength to stop and publish an article twice, however much we sympathize with the objects of our friends.

OUR MISSION—AND YOURS

We have come to believe that something more is required of a big magazine in these days than a mere monthly grist of curious or entertaining miscellany. There is work to be done in this big country of ours, and we are in a fine place to do some of it. These informative and reformative articles of ours are not set in aimlessly. We want them to have some effect. Our mission, as we see it, is to put the facts before you. We can do no more than enlighten you. If you are convinced that something is wrong, you must do the correcting. But we desire to get our facts before all the readers possible. The larger our audience, the surer it is to contain a few men and women with initiative enough to get up and cry a halt or start a reform.

There's the point. When we've gone as far as we can, isn't it "up to you" to bear a hand? Next time you find an article in Everybody's that moves you to write and pat us on the back, instead of using a two-cent stamp on us, buy two postals and send them to friends who you think need the article as much as you do. Urge them to buy that Everybody's while it is still on the news-stand. In that way you will be doing real work. You'll be part of the organization helping to make permanent reforms you approve. You'll be spreading the propaganda in an efficient way.

We are speaking now rather for the cause than merely in the interest of our magazine, for we are only one of the many publications honestly devoting themselves to the betterment of social conditions. Our real satisfaction, now and always, comes in securing the adoption of some of the reforms we urge, and we are going right ahead telling you how and what things are, whether you like it or not. But if you are convinced, as your letters seem to indicate, that we are sincere in our effort, help us practically to get these articles of ours into the hands of a lot of other people who need them, and who may believe in them as you do. After a while something will really get itself done.

HONEST DIFFERENCES

It is so easy to discredit the statements of any writer, however authoritative, that we have aimed in our Wall Street campaign to present facts that would be accepted as evidence in a court of justice. In furtherance of this object, we obtained from the receivers the privilege of examining the books of certain defunct stock-brokerage houses which happened to be in the custody of Suffern & Co., public accountants. In deference to this firm, we print the accompanying letter disagreeing with Mr. Adams's conclusions, but we submit that the figures irrefutably bear out his contentions. As we have repeatedly said, our quarrel is not with Wall Street, but with the bad business of margin gambling and the rascals and tricksters who are short-carding the people under the guise of offering a market for legitimate investment of capital.

Suffern & Son,
Certified Public Accountants.

Gentlemen: The article of Mr. Adams in the May number of Everybody's has just come to my attention. While not disputing with Mr. Adams the figures given him by our firm in accordance with instructions which we received from the Receiver, I wish to take exception to his treatment thereof and to his deductions.

From an intimate knowledge of the operations of stock exchange houses and transactions, it is my opinion that the vast majority of stock exchange firms are honest, and their operations legitimate. Too much emphasis is laid upon the extravagances and scandalous iniquities of those concerns whose methods have been questionable. With stock gambling I have neither concern nor interest, but I sincerely believe that there are much better ways to rectify the abuses of Wall Street than by means of articles dwelling upon the rotten practices occasionally manifest which seem to have brought discredit upon all stock exchange dealings.

Yours very truly,
April 22, 1909. Ernest S. Suffern.

WE WILL DO OUR BEST

Here's the plaint of one of our far-afield readers, who is dissatisfied with our delivery service:

Kingsland, Auckland,
New Zealand.
March 16, 1909.

E. J. Ridgway: Darn it all, Sir! What do you mean by such conduct? Here it is the above date and no February Everybody's reached here yet! This is the second occasion I have had cause for complaint—December Everybody's not coming along until the end of January. Surely you can manage to get it along every month.

I first made your acquaintance in Kalgoorlie, Westralia, at the beginning of Lawson's article. Since then I have had to inquire for you in Adelaide, Melbourne, Hobart, Christchurch, and this town. I don't look for you—go right in and *ask for you*, and some times have to ask for you in half a dozen stores.

Do you know what it is to miss a monthly letter from an old friend? Well, that's just how it strikes me when I miss Everybody's—or rather when I have to wait for Everybody's, for I have only missed one month's issue since knowing you, and that number is still at Christmas Island with the *Aeon*, wrecked whilst coming out.

Yours in anticipation,
C. K. B.

Crooked Commission Merchants more dangerous than Boll Weevil or Potato Bug
See Page 761

Vol. XX
Everybody's Magazine
No. 6

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1909

The Stainless Banner. Verse	Herbert Kaufman	*Reverse of Frontispiece*
Illustration to accompany "The Title Market."		*Frontispiece*
Training with the "Giants" With photographs.	James Hopper	739
A Harbinger of Spring. Verse	Charles Buxton Going	749
The Search for a Hard-Boiled Egg Illustrations by Albert Levering.	Samuel G. Blythe	750
Waiting for a Train. Verse	Harry H. Kemp	760
Robbing the Hand That Feeds With photographs.	Forrest Crissey	761
Spring on Long Island. Verse	Lydia Schuyler	772
Along the Ripply River. A Story Decorations by Charles B. Falls.	Eleanor Hallowell Abbott	773
The Peroxide Plugman. A Story Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl.	Robert Dunn	784
When Hearts Are Trumps. A Story Illustrations by George Brehm.	Anna Yeaman Condict	794
The Tricks of the Wall Street Game	Frederick Upham Adams	804
Stalking the Gentle Orchid With photographs.	Franklin Clarkin	814
The Spectacular Suicide of Slothful Slack. A Story Illustrations by Horace Taylor.	Porter Emerson Browne	826
The Title Market. Serial Story. Chapters XVI–XIX Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper.	Emily Post	834
The Lost Lumber Lead. A Story Illustrations by Thornton Oakley.	Lucia Chamberlain	847
The Drama in Chinatown With photographs.	Will Irwin	857
Little Stories of Real Life:		870
Short Letters of a Small Boy. III.	Paul West	
Which?	James Pratt Brown	
A Row of Books.	J. B. Kerfoot	874
Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.		877
With "Everybody's" Publishers.		879

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TIFFANY & CO.

Out-of-Town Service

Tiffany & Co.'s out-of-town service is an important feature of their business, and reaches patrons in all parts of the world

Intending purchasers are invited to correspond, with the assurance that their inquiries will receive the most exacting attention, regardless of the amount involved

Photographs and descriptions of diamond, pearl, and precious-stone jewelry; silverware, fancy goods and other articles, will be sent upon request

Tiffany & Co. are strictly retailers and do not employ agents or sell their wares through dealers

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Fifth Avenue & 37th Street New York

Were We Right? What Do You Think?

Here is a story of A Fight with Ourselves. It isn't hugely important; it was only an event in the day's work. But because of a moral issue, it has a bit of human interest which you may like to hear. Besides that, it concerns you, our readers. So we narrate it, and ask your opinion.

You know our conscientious care that these advertising pages shall contain no untruthful claims. Their reliability is part of our contract with you.

You know, also, the handsome pictures of well-dressed young men which have long accompanied the advertisements of ready-made clothing. These smart pictures have done much to expand that line of business; the public believed the pictures; so have we.

Early this year another clothing house offered us an advertisement which, to advance itself, appeared to discredit these pictured arguments of its competitors. It presented a picture of a man whose eyes were blindfolded with a strip on which were printed seeming copies of the familiar fashion-plate designs, while underneath, in big letters, were the words, "Don't Be Blinded by Pretty Pictures."

The first glance suggested a "knock" at other advertisers whose honest claims we had been, in good faith, conveying to you. It looked like an upper-cut at their trustworthiness. *If this was right, they were wrong.*

To print that "knock" would be disloyalty to our older advertisers whom we believed in, and to ourselves because we believed in them. We couldn't blow hot and blow cold. Besides, it was destructive advertising, for this cartoon virtually impeached the whole method of representing any beautiful product by a correspondingly beautiful picture—a perfectly proper method, both logical and satisfactory.

So we told the new advertiser he must change his "copy" or else stay out. But he was obdurate. "'Tisn't a 'knock,'" said he. "It is," said we. "'Tis good business," said he. "'Tis unfair business for our pages," said we. "Take this copy or none," said he. And then came the final scrimmage of ourselves with ourselves. For it was a lovely two-page "spread," and there was more to follow—thousands of dollars, probably for us to have or not to have.

The new advertiser himself was sound, and we wanted his business. But not at that cost.

That advertisement has been conspicuously absent from Everybody's. But we stood alone. For in the final line-up, our contemporaries, with whom we had discussed the question, accepted that objectionable copy, and received the liberal revenue. "They are all honorable men," as Shakespeare says, but they permitted themselves a different point of view.

In our case and in their cases the conditions were identical. Which was right? Did we make out a fanciful moral issue? Did we lean over backwards? Were we Quixotic? Or did we do the one straight thing in thus squaring ourselves with our old and trusted advertisers,—showing our faith by our works?

Not for a minute have we been sorry for the sacrifice, for we believe we did right. But as it was a human problem, over an ethical standard, we would frankly like to know what our readers think.

(Continued on the following page)

Index to Advertisements

Automobiles and Accessories PAGE
Anderson Carriage Co. 82
Atlas Rubber Co. 84
Badger Brass Manufacturing Co. 67
Bartholomew Co. (The Glide) 79
Brush Runabout, The 80
Classified Advertising 103
Columbus Buggy Co. 79
Continental Tires 78
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. 77
Fisk Rubber Co. 67
Locomobile Co. 83
Metz, C. H. 109
Motsinger Device Co. 103
National Carbon Co. 67
Oldsmobile, The 76
Packard Motor Car 143
Rambler, The 81
Rubberlife Manufacturing Co. 70

Banking and Financial
Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co. 114
Classified Advertising 101
Empire State Surety Co. 114
First National Bank 70
First Trust and Savings Bank 90
Georgia State Savings Ass'n 70
Gray Realty Co. 108
Kimball, Chas. W., Co. 110
New York Central Realty Co. 64
Stoddard Inc. Co. 90
Trowbridge & Niver Co. 92

Bathroom Appliances
Standard Baths and Lavatories 140

Building and Construction PAGE
Acme White Lead Co. 31
Atlas Portland Cement Co. 26
Cabot's Shingle Stains 64
Caldwell Mfg. Co. 48
Carey, Philip, Roofing Co. 36
Glidden Varnish Co. 30
Grand Rapids Plaster Co. 114
Kewanee Water Supply Co. 57
King Mantel Co. 58
Mershon & Morley Co. 50
Morgan Co. 88
National Lead Co. 58
New Jersey Zinc Co. 54
Pettyjohn Co. 70
Pratt & Lambert Floor Varnish 69
Rathbone & Panigot Co. 69
Sherwin-Williams Co. 55
Springfield Portable Cons. Co. 116
Standard Paint Co.—Ruberoid 69
Up-to-Date Mfg. Co. 109
Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co. 65
Wieger, S. R. 109
Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg. Co. 66

Cameras
American Thermo Ware Co. 111
Ansco Co. 127
Bausch & Lomb Opt. Co. 113
Classified Advertising 103
Eastman Kodak Co. 129
Folmer & Schwing 130
Geneva Optical Co. 48
Gennert, G. 108
Rochester Optical Co. 23

Cigars and Tobacco PAGE
Gravely, P. B., Tobacco Co. 109
International Vending Machine 86
Johnson-Rosenthal Sales Co. 58
R. & W. Jenkinson Co. 87
Wizard Pipe Co. 110

Cutlery and Strops
Auto-Strop Safety Razor 109
Fleming Sales Co. 37
Gillette Safety Razors 133

Educational
Bliss Electrical Trade School 162
Chicago Corres. School of Law 16
Classified Advertising 102
Columbian Corres. College 16
Cortina Academy of Languages 16a
Detroit School of Lettering 16a
Dickson School of Memory 16
Evans, W. L., School of Cartooning 16a
Goodwin, J. N. 16
International Corres. Schools 131
Landon School of Cartooning 16a
Language-Phone Method 16
National Corres. Institute 16a
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n 16
Page-Davis School 16a
Ransom, C. W. 103
School of Applied Art 16
Sheldon School 16f
Southern Adv. Journal 108
St. Louis Trades School 12
Universal Business Institute 16a
University Extension Law School 16

Educational

Residential	PAGE
Connecticut	7
Florida	10
Georgia	8
Illinois	8
Maine	12
Maryland	14
Massachusetts	9
Missouri	12
New Hampshire	12
New Jersey	10
New York	11–12
North Carolina	10
Ohio	14
Pennsylvania	13
Tennessee	15-16
Virginia	14-15
Washington, D. C.	7–8
Summer Schools and Camps	6–7

Electrical Apparatus

Robbins & Myers Co.	5
Western Electric Co.	85

Food Products

Buffalo Lithia Spring Water	130
Chiclets	42
Clicquot Club Co.	119
Coca-Cola	135
Cox Gelatine	105
Cream of Wheat	3d cover
Curtice Brothers	128
Hawaiian Pineapples	134
Jell-O	22
Kingsford's Corn Starch	24
Knox Gelatine	120
Lea & Perrin's Sauce	49
Londonderry Lithia Water	118
Nabisco	136
Post Toasties	25
Postum	17
Shredded Wheat	16h
Toasted Corn Flakes	142
Vineland Grape Juice	49
Welch Grape Juice	121
White Rock Water	68
Whitman, S. F., & Son	119

Furniture

Bishop Furniture Co.	118
International Mfg. Co.	89
Levinger Mfg. Co.	111

Heating and Lighting Systems

Humphrey Co.	110
McCrum-Howell Co.	104
Michigan Stove	38
Ruud Mfg. Co.	33
Spencer Heater Co.	112
U. S. Heater Co.	112

House Furnishings

American Vacuum Cleaner Co.	94
Clarinda Lawn Mower	64
Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner Co.	118
Crex Carpet Co.	91
Hartshorn Shade Rollers	90
Hough Shade Corp., "Vudor Shades"	35
Monroe Refrigerator Co.	111
Ostermoor Mattress	57
Pacific Electric Heating Co.	56
Piedmont Cedar Chest Co.	55
Shoyer, D. W., & Co.	115
Stearns & Foster Mattress	34
Sweet-Clarke Co.	75
White Mountain Freezer	32

Household Supplies

	PAGE
Bon Ami	48
Buffalo Spec. Co.—Liquid Veneer	66
Caementium Sales Co.	124
Classified Advertising	98
Collette Mfg. Co.	110
Pearline	20
Robertson, J. T., "Vanco"	103
Sapolio	2d cover
3 in One Oil Co.	50

Insurance

Fidelity & Casualty Co.	59
Hartford Fire Ins. Co.	90
Home Life Insurance Co.	59

Jewelry and Silverware

Alvin Mfg. Co.	120
Burlington Watch Co.	158
Ingersoll Watches	16g
Lindemann, Henry	109
Meriden-Britannia Co.	111
Reed & Barton	29
Tiffany & Co.	2

Miscellaneous

Alison Co., The	70
Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	137
American Thermos Bottle	93
Burns, Prof.	108
Classified Advertising	103
Elliott Nursery	44
Jefferies, W. P.	108
Ketcham & McDougall	75
Kirk Mfg. Co.	64
Plymouth Rock Squab	109
Wellington Co.	109

Novelties

Amusement Supply	110
Chicago Projecting Co.	68
Classified Advertising	98
Hercules Farm	100

Office Equipment

American Writing Paper Co.	126
Burroughs Adding Machine	68
Cady Paper Co.	68
Classified Advertising	102
De Long Hook & Eye Co.	116
Esterbrook Pen	116
Kelsey Press Co.	108
Mabie Todd Co.	121
Mittineague Paper Co.	117
Neostyle Co.	54
"O. K." Paper Fastener Co.	51

Pianos, Musical Instruments and Talking Machines

Aeolian Co.	23
Baldwin Piano	125
Classified Advertising	102
Krell Auto-Grand Piano	123
Multo-plate Co.	109
National Phonograph Co.	138–139
Steinway, The	21
Universal Talking Machine	122
Victor Talking Machine	18–19

Publishers

Classified Advertising	98
Collier, P. F. & Son	16b, c
Funk & Wagnalls	16g-112
Sprague Publishing Co.	16a
System Company	16a

Shoes

Florsheim Shoe Co.	48
Miller, O. A., Treeing Mach. Co.	132
Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.	45
2 in One Shoe Polish	42

Sporting Goods

	PAGE
Caille Motor Co.	107
Carleton Canoe Co.	84
Classified Advertising	103
Colt Revolvers	62
Detroit Boat Co.	84-103
Detroit Engine Works	86
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.	68
Gray Motor, The	108
Heddon, James, & Sons	66
Hopkins & Allen Arms Co.	60
Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Co.	60
Mead Cycle Co.	110
Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.	67
Michigan Steel Boat Co.	88
Mullins, W. H.	75
Reading Standard Motor Cycle	70
Remington Firearms	61
Savage Arms Co.	124
Smith & Wesson	65
Stevens Arms, J.	63
Winchester Arms Co.	53
Winslow Skate Mfg. Co., Saml.	126
Wright, C. T., Engine Co.	55

Toilet Articles

Calvert Tooth Powder	116
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.—Vaseline	56
Classified Advertising	98
Colgate's Talcum Powder	4th cover
Cuticura Soap	113
Graham, Mrs. Gervaise	74
Ivory Soap	144
Lablache Face Powder	51
Mennen's Talcum Powder	42
Rexall Hair Tonic	132
Sanitol	107
Sheffield Dentifrice Co.	66

Travel, Hotels and Resorts

Bedford Springs Hotel	74
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium	75
Canadian Pacific R. R.	107
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	74
Classified Advertising	101
Clendening Hotel	107
Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co.	73
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.	74
Grand Trunk Ry. System	72
Intercolonial Railway	72
New York Central Lines	73
Rock Island R. R.	71
Where-to-Go Bureau	106-107

Typewriters

Classified Advertising	102
Cutter-Tower Co.	109
Monarch Typewriter	52
Montgomery Ward & Co.	68
Oliver, The	16f
Royal Typewriter	95
Smith, L. C.	62
Smith Premier	92-93

Wearing Apparel

Arlington Co., The—Collars	50
Best & Co.	115
Beyer & Williams	49
Blum & Koch	50
Brighton Flat Clasp Garter	39
B. V. D. Underwear	47
Carter, Wm., Co.—Underwear	52
Cawston Ostrich Farm	49
Chalmers Knitting Co.	45
Chattanooga Knitting Mills	89
Classified Advertising	98
Corliss, Coon & Co.—Collars	41
Crown Suspender Co.	50
Fiberloid Co.	46
Frost, George, Co.—Garters	42
Gotham Underwear Co.	46
Hart, Schaffner & Marx	141
Holeproof Hosiery	40
Knotair Hosiery Co.	91
Lord & Taylor—"Onyx Hosiery"	96
Magic Clasp Garter	110
Pacific Mills	115
Panama Hat Co.	116
Peck, Samuel W., & Co.	43
President Suspenders	51
Price, Ed. V.	27
Roxford Knitting Co.	43
Superior Underwear Co.	44

(Continued from preceding page.)

Meanwhile, it is an added pleasure to receive such a letter as follows from one of our stand-by advertisers of ready-made clothing:

STRAUSS BROTHERS, WHOLESALE TAILORS.

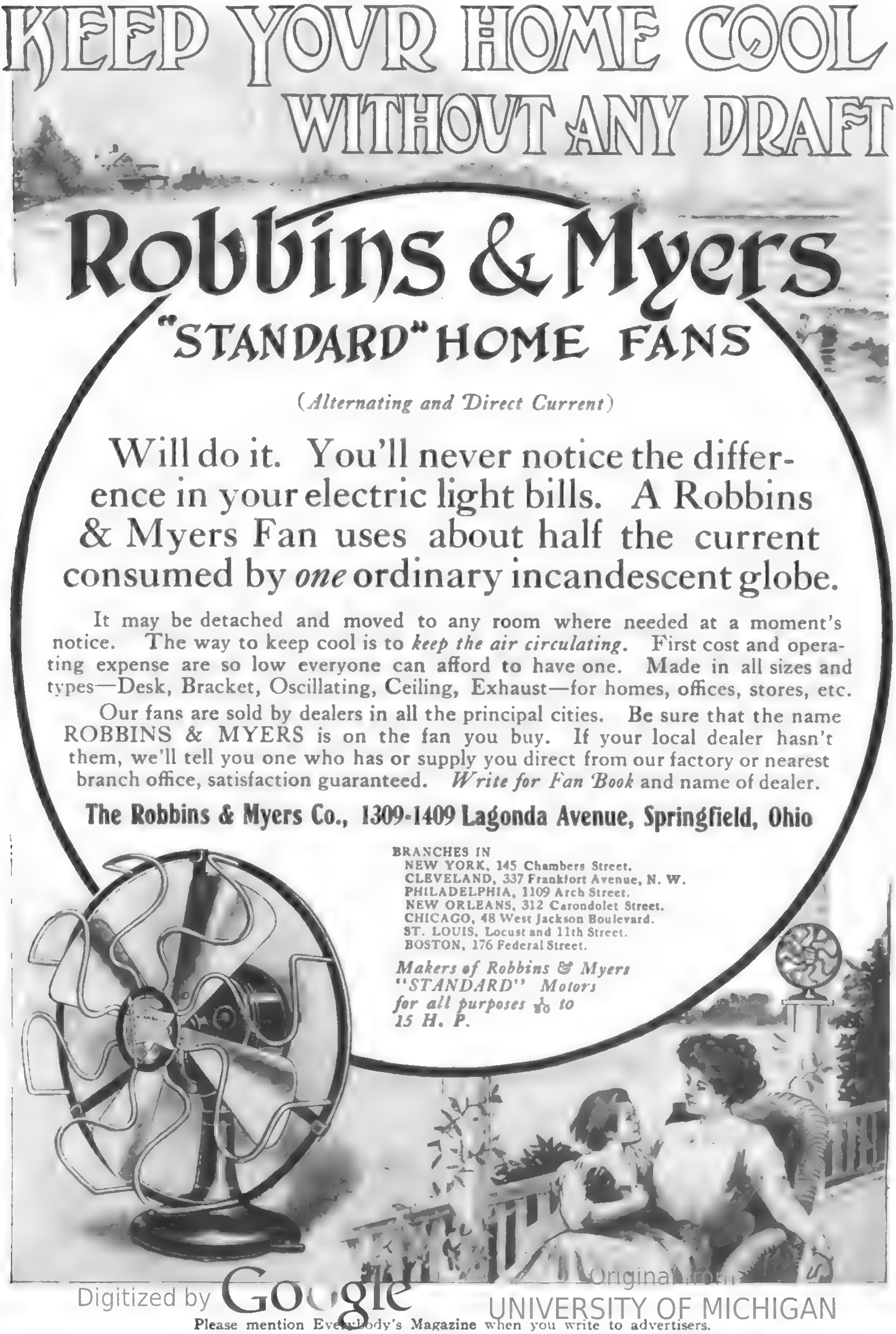
CHICAGO, April 3rd, 1909.

MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM.

Dear Sir:—We are not given much to the writing of testimonials, but we can hardly refrain from telling you how enthusiastic we are about "EVERYBODY'S." While we do not depend on direct returns from national magazine advertising, nevertheless from reports our dealers make to us, we feel satisfied that your publication is actually selling tailoring for them. The number of inquiries increases with each insertion of our advertising. That makes our proposition especially interesting to dealers having our agency. You stand first on our list of monthly magazines.

Sincerely yours,
STRAUSS BROTHERS.

Back from the local dealers to the manufacturer comes the proof that EVERYBODY'S is "first on the list" in producing purchasers. A compliment, indeed, for you.



KEEP YOUR HOME COOL WITHOUT ANY DRAFT

Robbins & Myers

"STANDARD" HOME FANS

(Alternating and Direct Current)

Will do it. You'll never notice the difference in your electric light bills. A Robbins & Myers Fan uses about half the current consumed by *one* ordinary incandescent globe.

It may be detached and moved to any room where needed at a moment's notice. The way to keep cool is to *keep the air circulating*. First cost and operating expense are so low everyone can afford to have one. Made in all sizes and types—Desk, Bracket, Oscillating, Ceiling, Exhaust—for homes, offices, stores, etc.

Our fans are sold by dealers in all the principal cities. Be sure that the name ROBBINS & MYERS is on the fan you buy. If your local dealer hasn't them, we'll tell you one who has or supply you direct from our factory or nearest branch office, satisfaction guaranteed. *Write for Fan Book* and name of dealer.

The Robbins & Myers Co., 1309-1409 Lagonda Avenue, Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES IN
NEW YORK, 145 Chambers Street.
CLEVELAND, 337 Frankfort Avenue, N. W.
PHILADELPHIA, 1109 Arch Street.
NEW ORLEANS, 312 Carondolet Street.
CHICAGO, 48 West Jackson Boulevard.
ST. LOUIS, Locust and 11th Street.
BOSTON, 176 Federal Street.

Makers of Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors for all purposes $\frac{1}{20}$ to 15 H. P.

EVERYBODY'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Summer Schools and Camps

BOYS' SUMMER CAMP

"Wildmere," in the Maine Woods

Tenth season. The kind of vacation that does good. Mountain climbing, canoeing, fishing—the life a boy loves. Coaching trip to Mt. Washington. Manual training; Motor boats. Bungalow. Dining Hall, Boat House, all new. Companionship of College bred leaders. Tutoring. Resident Physician. Experienced physical director.

Branch Camp in Rocky Mts. Booklet.

IRVING H. WOODMAN, Ph.B.
215 West 23d St., New York

Camp Mooswa For Boys

Lake Annis, Nova Scotia. A genuine bear hunt. Moose hunt (cameras). Trouting. Bungalow and tents. Week at the seashore. Trip to the scenes of Evangeline and British forts at Halifax. Send for booklet. Address
George H. Cain, High School, Everett, Mass.

19th Summer Session **19th**

of the

University Preparatory School

Eleven Weeks. July 6—September 17

Special training in all subjects for CORNELL'S SEPTEMBER ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS, also in work for removal of college conditions.

2 TERMS. July 6th-Aug. 10th: Aug. 10th-Sept. 17th. 3 WEEKS' SPECIAL REVIEW, Aug. 30th-Sept. 17th. Boarding and Day Departments. Excellent Table; Tennis; Golf; Boating. Registration list now open.

ACADEMIC YEAR for 1909-1910 opens SEPTEMBER 30th. Certificate to Cornell and all leading colleges.

PRESIDENT J. G. SCHURMAN says: "I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school, as evidenced by the students who have come to Cornell."

D. F. HOY, REGISTRAR of Cornell University, says; "The University Preparatory School of Ithaca, is one of our best fitting schools. I consider the teaching, management, and supervision of the school to be above criticism."

Descriptive Catalogue of Summer Term and Academic Year on request to

CHAS. A. STILES, B.S., President
Avenue E Ithaca, N. Y.

CULVER Military Academy

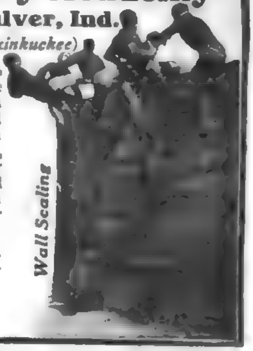
Culver, Ind.

(On Lake Maxinkuckee)

A boy's life at Culver is an interesting one. The military life makes him strong and manly, and cultivates in him a high sense of honor, system, perseverance, respect for authority and physical endurance. Thorough preparation for college or business is offered.

Beautifully illustrated catalogue sent upon request. Address

THE PRINCIPAL,
Culver, Ind.


Wall Scaling

Connecticut, Madison.

Cottage for Boys

A real vacation for boys with exacting supervision. Tutoring optional. Write for Catalog. Henry G. Shailer, West Jersey Academy, Bridgeton, N. J., after June 8th Middletown, Conn.

New Hampshire, Lake Spofford

Camp Chesterfield for Boys

Eighth season. Manual training, tutoring, canoeing, motor boat, golf, tennis and all sports. We have always given more than we promised; we will do it for you. Send for information. Edgar Burr Smith, High School, Brattleboro, Vt.

New Hampshire, Asquam Lake.

Camp Algonquin, A Select Camp for Manly Boys.

Twenty-fourth season opens June 26th. Personal supervision, outdoor life, tutoring For circulars address: Edwin De Meritte, 815 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

CAMP
OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Lake Leelanau, Michigan, July 6.

Location. Ideal spot in beautiful Michigan.
Advantages. Healthful camp life, tutoring, boating, swimming, fishing, hunting, trip on Great Lakes, address,

A. M. HENSHAW, Commandant,
Box 42 College Hill, Ohio.

Fall term of the School begins September 28

KAMP KILL KARE

(Where Style is Dead and Comfort's King)

ABORIGINAL SUMMER LIFE FOR MANLY AMERICAN BOYS on Lake Champlain, near the Adirondacks, Green Mountains and Canadian Border. Tutoring, Cruising, Coaching and all Camp Sports. Indian [illegible] College Bred Councilors. Resident Physician. Third year. Rate $100. Booklet. C. L. ORTON, Pennington, N.J.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Connecticut

The Ely School

For Girls

Greenwich, Conn.

One of the best equipped schools for girls in the country. Beautifully located, overlooking Long Island Sound, and only 50 minutes from New York City. Building new and specially designed for the school. College Preparatory and general course. Modeling, drawing, choral and sight singing included in every grade. A special department for every branch of domestic science. Gymnasium. Athletics. Catalogue on request.

CHESHIRE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Founded A.D. 1794

Situated in the beautiful hill country of central Connecticut. College preparatory and general courses, combined with well-directed physical training. Extensive grounds, fine buildings: first-class in every particular. Acquaint yourself with the advantages Cheshire offers before deciding upon a boarding school for your boy. Send for illustrated description and catalogue.

Rev. John D. Skilton, M. A., Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

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J. D. Walter
*Edward Dodge, *Secretary*

Summer Schools and Camps

Norway Pines Camp for Boys

Casco Bay, Maine

11th season. Cruising, tennis, organized games, medals. Send for circular.

W. A. KEYES, Pd.D., Trinity School
139 W. 91st St., N. Y. City

LAKEPORT, N. H.

Camp Winnisquam for Boys

The best place for *your* boy. Fishing, canoeing, swimming, tennis baseball, golf, horseback riding, etc. Where boys are happy and healthy, free and fearless, safe and shielded. Illustrated booklet. M. H. MOODY, Box 25, Waterbury, Vt

---

Camp Sebago for Boys

In the lake regions of Maine, eighteen miles from Portland. All field and water sports—canoeing, motor boats, swimming, fishing, tramping, tennis, horseback riding. Conducted by experienced educators. Send for booklet. Address ERNEST C. WITHAM, 563 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

VERMONT, Fairlee, Lake Morey.

Aloha Camp

FOR GIRLS. Fifth season. Healthful location. Fine scenery. Boating, swimming, tennis, handicrafts. Nature-study, horse-back riding, mountain climbing, etc. Substantial house for headquarters. Board floor tents. Experienced counselors. Girls' welfare our first care. Send for booklet. MR. and MRS. E. L. GULICK, 75 Maple St., W. Lebanon, N. H.

Camp St. John's

in Northwestern Wisconsin for Boys and Young Men. Provides a summer of enchantment. Many features not found elsewhere. Permanent address,

CAMP ST. JOHN'S, File (D), Care St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wis.

MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, 819 Oakland Ave.

University of Michigan

16th Summer Session, June 28–August 20, 1909. Regular session of the University, offering over 275 courses in Arts, Engineering, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy and Library Methods. [illegible] Row.
[illegible] KRAUS, Secretary.

CONNECTICUT, Cornwall, Litchfield County.

Rumsey Hall

A school in the country for young boys.

Address, HEAD MASTER.

CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 865 Lafayette St.

The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School

We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. One and two year course. For catalogue, address

FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal.

Washington, D. C.

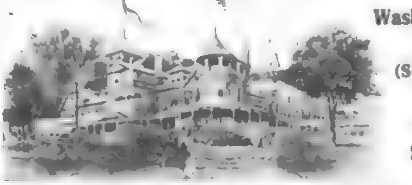
National Park Seminary

For Young Women

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)

The Glen School

ONE OF OUR 18 BUILDINGS



The story of the school; of its phenomenal growth; its remarkable equipment of 18 buildings, grouped in College fashion, forming a miniature village; its training in home-making; its development of special talents; its pleasures, sight-seeing, and study of the Capital—can only be told fully in our catalogue. Address Box 153, Forest Glen, Md.

Washington, D. C.

Washington College

An ideal school for girls and young women, located on a beautiful estate of 10 acres, within the National Capital. Surrounded and within easy reach of the many and varied educational institutions for which Washington is famed.

Cultured instructors; **delightful** home life; **refined** associations; **sight seeing** systematized; **social** advantages wholesome. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Catalogue on request.

F. MENEFEE, President, 3rd and T Sts., N. E. Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mt. St. Alban.

National Cathedral School

For Girls. Fireproof Building. Park of 40 acres. Unrivalled advantages in music and art. Certificate admits to College. Special courses. The Bishop of Washington, President Board of Trustees.

MRS. BARBOUR WALKER, M.A., Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Belcourt Seminary

Home and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies. Unexcelled location. College, Preparatory, and Elective Courses. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art, Expression and Languages. Social and educational advantages of the Capital. Illus. catalogue. Address

MRS. M. B. SOMERVELL, MISS IDA LEE DUNCAN, Prin's.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Drawer 841.

Chevy Chase College and Seminary

A Home School for Young Ladies. Campus of 11 acres. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Golf and other out-door sports. Healthful location; artesian water. Terms reasonable.

MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Prins.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fairmont Seminary

A school for girls. Regular and Elective Courses. Music and Art Schools. Fullest benefit of the educational advantages of Washington. Beautifully located on Columbia Heights—in the city. Playgrounds adjoining. Golf and tennis.

Illinois

MORGAN PARK ACADEMY

The Character Building School For Boys

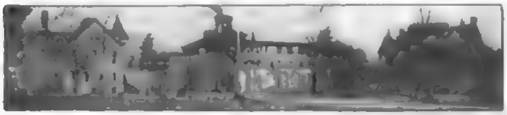
Offers careful preparation for any College or Business by an experienced Faculty, one of the strongest in any school. Parents approve the methods of discipline and development of efficiency under earnest men teachers. Mothers pleased with rooms, table and wholesome life with good companions. Write for illustrated catalog describing fully and faithfully advantages of this Home School, with High Grade Military Department.

Address 132 Morgan Ave., Morgan Park, Ill.

The Drury Academy

ALEDO, ILL.

Prepares for the best colleges, universities, and scientific schools, and provides its students with the comforts, conveniences, and protection of home life. An efficient faculty; new and modern buildings; equipment unexcelled. Gymnasium and athletic field. Christian but non-sectarian. Co-educational. Address the President, T. J. Davis.



Rockford College for Women, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

The only woman's college of the Middle West accorded the first rank in scholarship by the Commission of Education. Degrees of A.B. and B.S. Trains also for a vocation. Home Economics, Secretarial, Library, Music, Applied Desig Departments Catalog.

JULIA H. GULLIVER, Ph. D., President, Box I.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 3832 Wisconsin Ave.

The Washington School for Boys

Located in the country, but within easy access of the wonderful educational opportunities of the National Capital. Unusually strong faculty, all specialists. One teacher for every five pupils. Boys of any age received. Extensive athletic grounds. Year-book on request.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1683 Connecticut Ave.

Laise-Phillips School for Girls

College Preparatory, Academic, and Special Courses. Two years advanced course for high school Graduates. Art, Music, Native French and German teachers.

MRS. J. SYLVESTER PHILLIPS, Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Lafayette Sq.

Hamilton School

Opposite the White House. For Girls and Young Ladies. Write for Catalogue. MRS. PHOEBE HAMILTON SEABROOK, Principal.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bristol School for Girls

Home and College Preparatory Courses. The French Department occupies a separate residence, where French is the language of the house. Address MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Principal, Mintwood Place and 19th Street.

Georgia

GEORGIA, Gainesville.

Brenau College and Conservatory

35 teachers; 22 buildings including sorority houses. 60 pianos. 2 pipe organs. Gymnasium and athletic field; campus of 75 acres. Ideal climate. Summer School June 24th. Chautauqua July 4th to July 31st. Special courses for music teachers. Address Post Office Box 105 for Catalogue.

Illinois

The Frances Shimer Academy

Of the University of Chicago

A Home school for Girls and Young Women. Preparatory and General Courses. College Department. Two years' course; diploma. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Stenography, Elocution. Rate, $360. Certificate privilege. Golf, tennis, coasting. Beautiful grounds. 56th year opens Sept. 8th. No building more than six years old. New $20,000 college dormitory. Three hours from Chicago. Chicago Office, Fine Arts Bldg., August.

REV. WILLIAM P. MCKEE, Dean, Box 609, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

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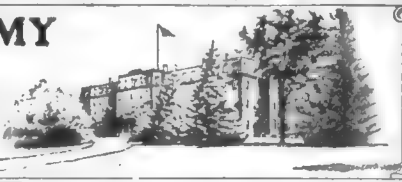

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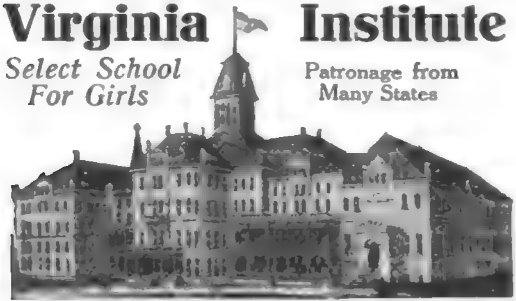

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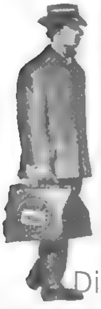

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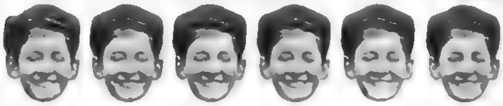

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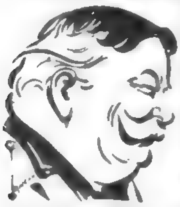

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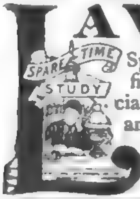

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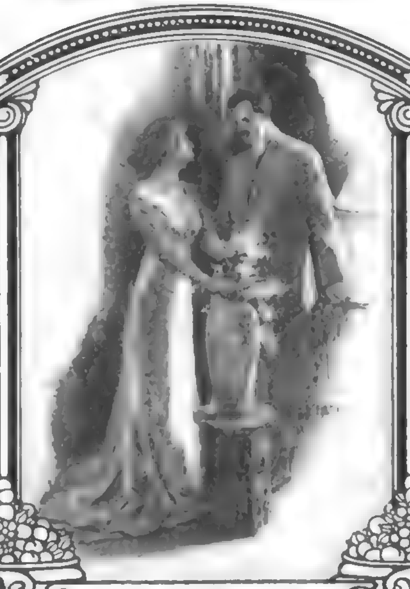

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"A Vision Sent," by **Joseph C. Lincoln,** the poet laureate of Cape Cod (really he lives in Hackensack, N. J.), is filled with chuckles, with ever so many real laughs, and Mr. Lincoln's keen, whimsical characterization. It is a story of adventure, for Cap'n Barzilla and Cap'n Jonadab come to New York and things do happen to them.

Photo by Reiser
E. Alexander Powell

"W. T." by **Harvey J. O'Higgins,** is a powerful story, the kind that will haunt you. But always in the background is a pink-faced, white-whiskered old man whose goodness and sweetness leaven the tragedy.

"The McTavish," by **Gouverneur Morris,** is a delightful romance, whimsical, tender, humorous, with most unfamiliar people who nevertheless ring true. It's altogether fine and unusual.

"The Back Porch," by **E. J. Rath,** is a modern—very modern—love story in which the two people behave very badly toward each other in a particularly well-bred way. It's mostly humor—with much sentiment tucked away in the corners.

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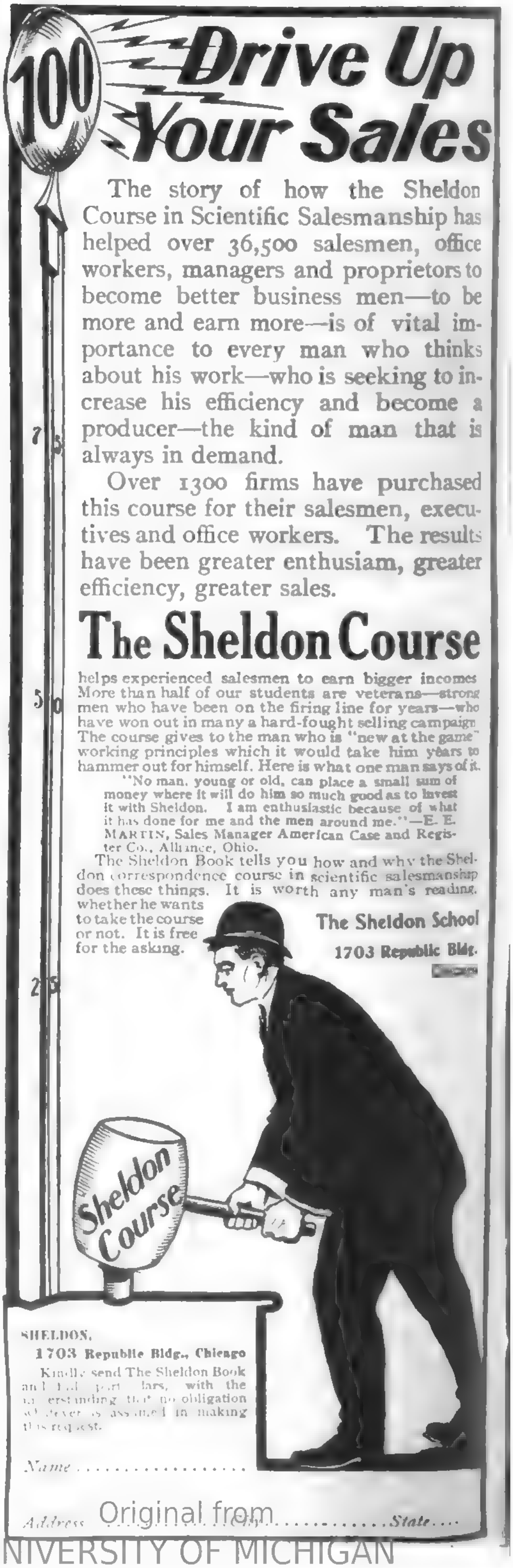

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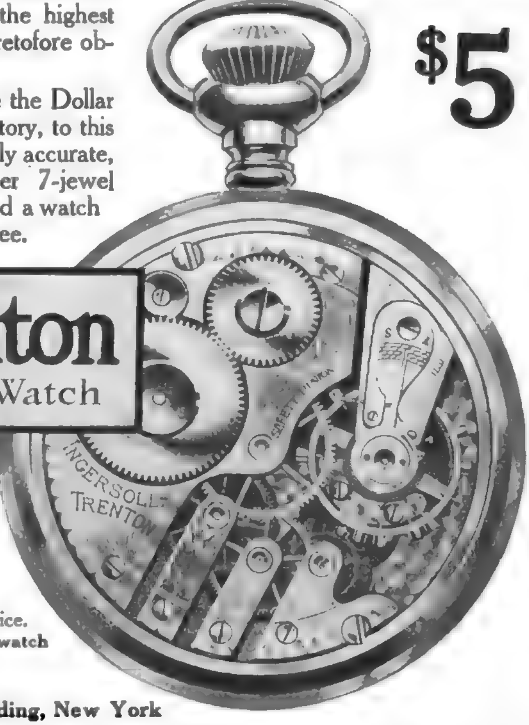

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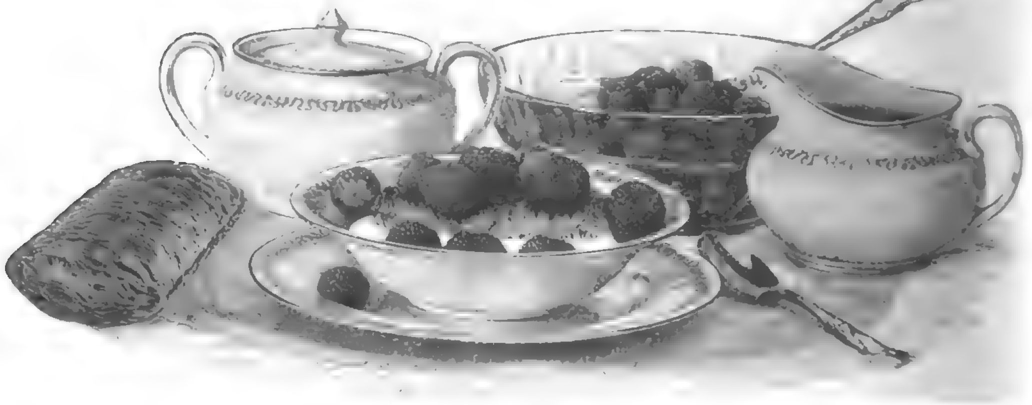

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16297	(*a*)	**Sullivan Medley**	Pryor's Band
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16299	(*a*)	**Lincoln Centennial March**	U. S. Marine Band
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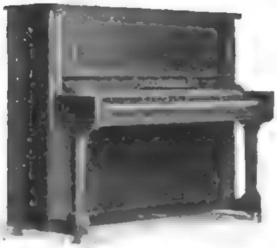

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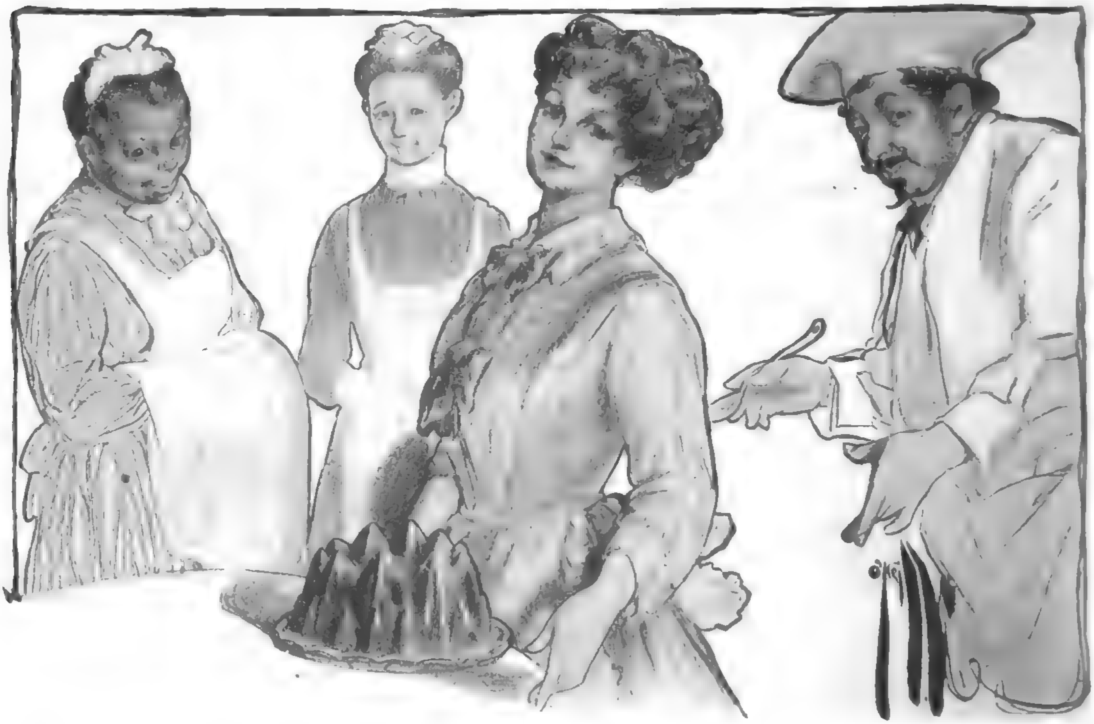

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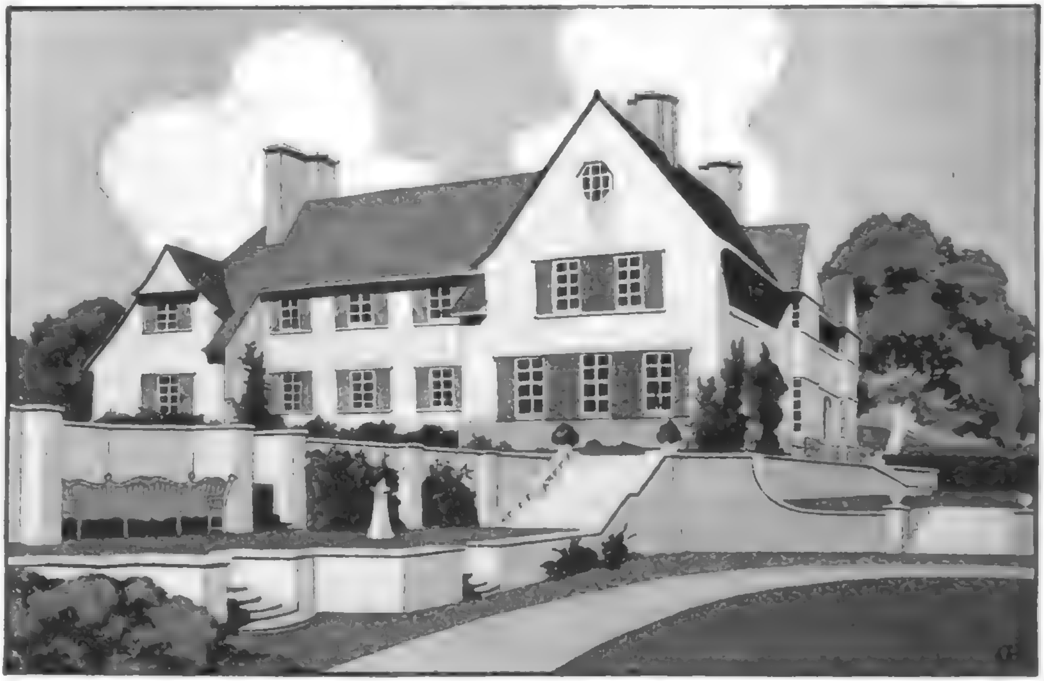

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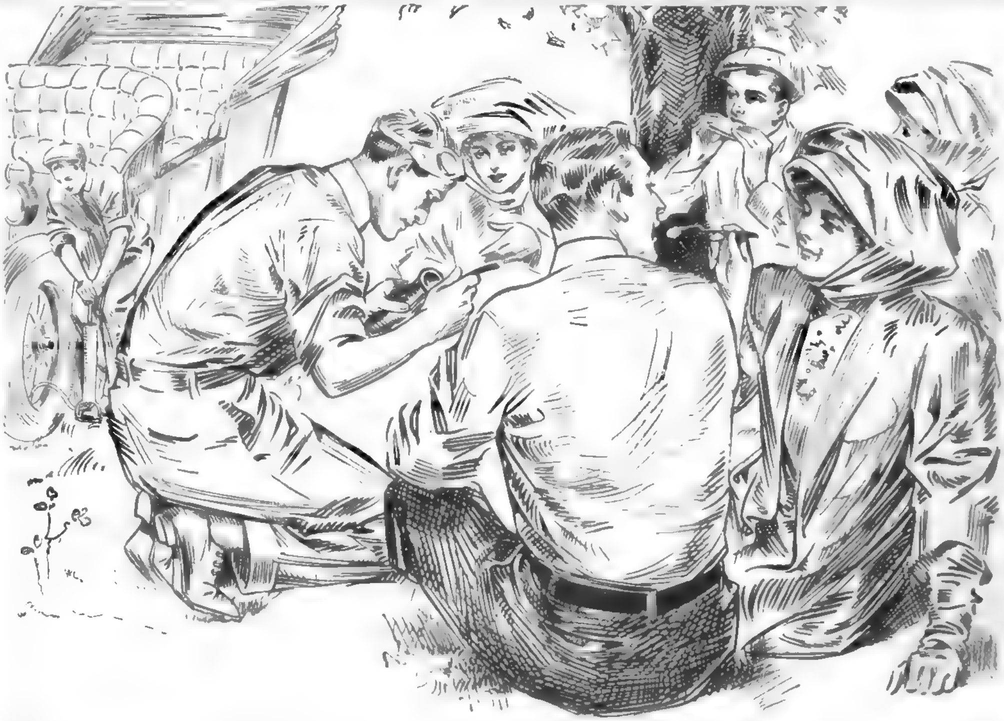

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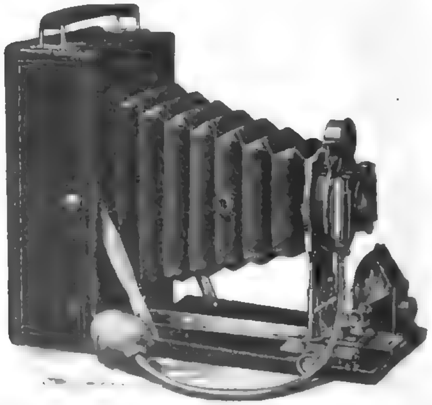

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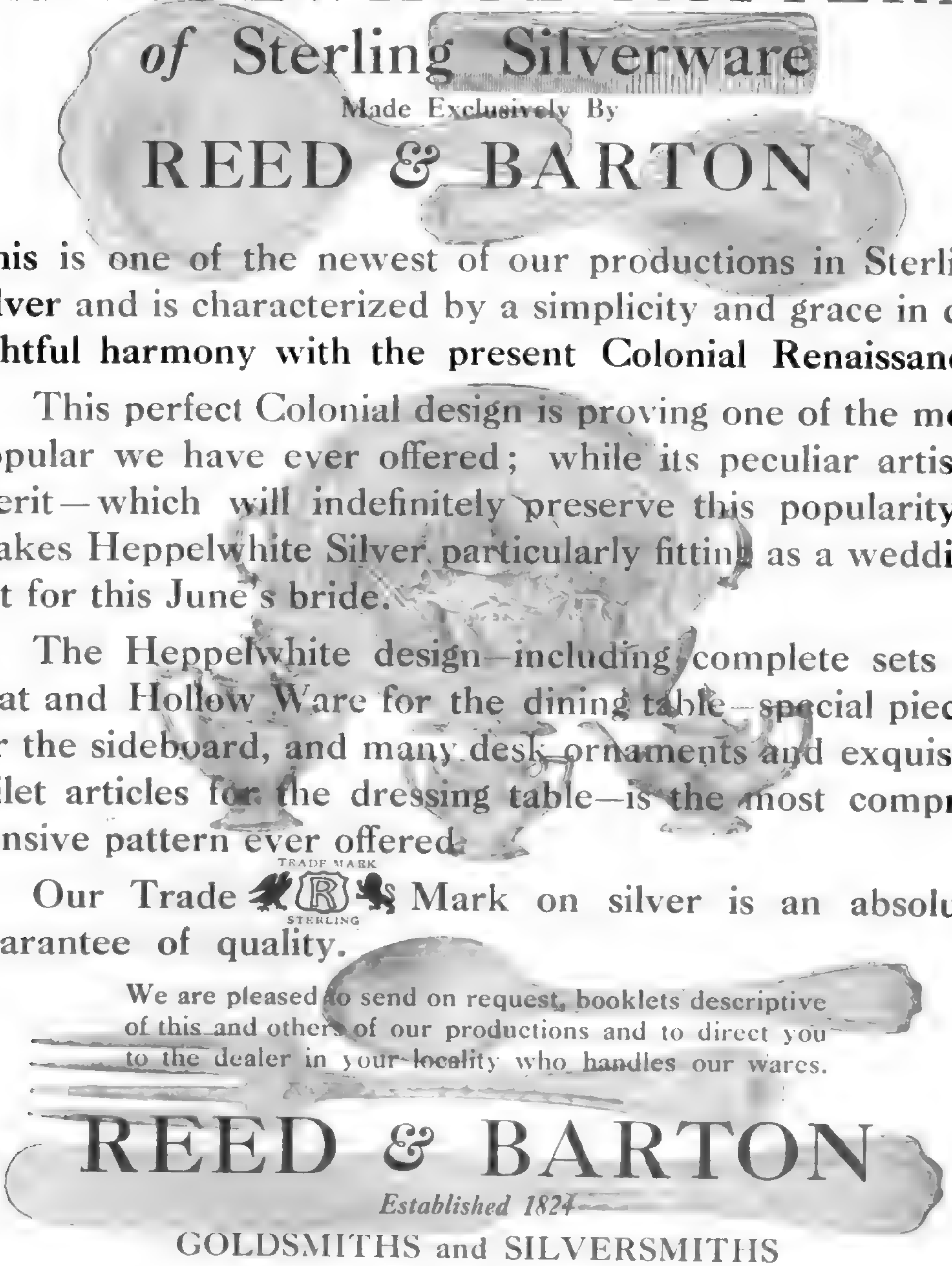

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ACME QUALITY

ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions on the can.

ACME QUALITY VARNISH—Gives a durable, lustrous finish to door frames, window-sills, scuffed stairs, etc. Inexpensive and easily applied.

ACME QUALITY NEW LIFE—Cleans, polishes, and renews the finish of all kinds of wood, metal and polished surfaces.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR WAX—Ready for use. Gives a handsome, lustrous, satin-like surface easily cared for and very durable. Equally adapted for the wax finish so popular for furniture and woodwork.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an ACME QUALITY Kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes tells you just what paint, enamel, stain or varnish to buy for any kind of work *and the best way to apply it.* Every one should keep a copy handy. Gives you just the information you want, *when you want it.* Write for a complimentary copy.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.

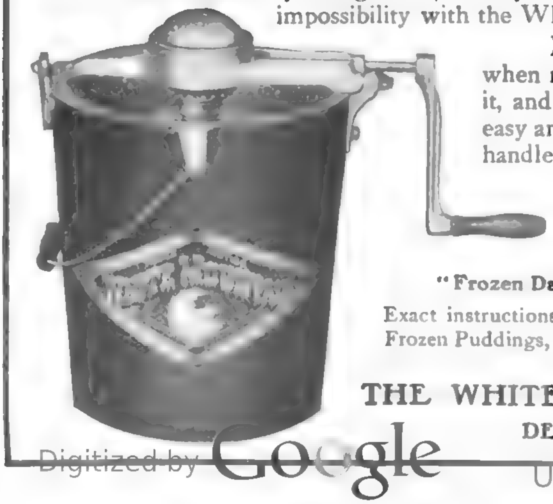
IN DETROIT-Life Is Worth Living

Make
Your Own
Ice Cream
and
You Know
It's Good

Smoother, richer, better ice cream—more wholesome, purer ices—a more tempting variety of frozen desserts than you could possibly buy anywhere can be made at home, in four minutes, with the

Triple Motion
WHITE MOUNTAIN
Ice Cream Freezer

It stirs three ways at once by just turning the handle. This triple motion produces an indescribably fine-grained, creamy result. Lumpy or coarse ice cream is an impossibility with the White Mountain Freezer.



Make ice cream often—it is wholesome when made at home, for you know what is in it, and with the White Mountain Freezer it is easy and rapid—four minutes at the light turning handle, and it is done.

Frozen desserts are frequent and inexpensive luxuries in homes possessing a White Mountain Freezer.

"Frozen Dainties" FREE—A Book for You

Exact instructions for making Ice Cream, Ices, Sherbets, Frozen Puddings, Fruits, etc. Send for it; you'll enjoy it.

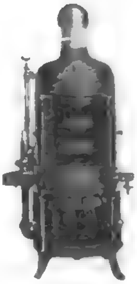
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
DEPT. P, NASHUA, N. H.

"Say, Sarah, this Ruud's hot stuff, aint it?"

You want just a *little* hot water on hot summer days—but you want that little badly.

The Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater, located in the cellar, *always ready,* sends a cupful or an inexhaustible supply *instantly* to any hot water faucet in the house—fresh, clean hot water, fit to cook with as it is to wash in. No raging coal fire.

You simply turn the faucet—the Ruud *lights* automatically from small, permanent, inexpensive pilot light. Heats the water to scalding heat as it flows through the coil. Gas *turns off* automatically when you close faucet. No hot, stagnant tank in kitchen. As valuable in Winter as it is in Summer. Country's best architects specify it. Easily connected with gas and water pipes already in.



Ordinary House Size. Price (delivered) East of Rocky Mts., $100; West of Rocky Mts. and in Canada, $115

Send for descriptive booklet

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Department B, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branch Offices and Salesrooms in all principal cities.
London: British Ruud Mfg. Co. Hamburg: Ruud Heisswasser Apparatebau.

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Best for Healthful Sleep

¶ Its absolute comfort and whole rest-giving construction make the STEARNS & FOSTER best of all for inducing dreamless, healthful sleep.

FEW of us own really comfortable mattresses! Heavy mattresses of the best grade of hair are comfortable—for a time But they are expensive, and costly remaking must be done from time to time to keep them in condition. Low-priced hair mattresses are merely a compromise, and the truth about their contents, their uncleanliness and dangers would not make pleasant reading. Tens of thousands have never slept on anything but a hair mattress—have never enjoyed the luxury of a Stearns & Foster.

And many more have used some cheap uncomfortable make-shift because they did not know the *best* mattress of all was so inexpensive as to be within their reach

If we could induce all these people to sleep on a Stearns & Foster mattress for 60 nights—if we could induce them to try it that long and enjoy the luxurious restfulness, its sleep inducing comfort, they would never give it up, and never use any other kind.

SEND FOR OUR BOOK OF BEDROOM FURNISHING

FREE It not only tells all about mattresses, but more than half of it is given to hints and suggestions as to the furnishing of modern bedrooms, by Isabel Gordon Curtis, the noted authority, illustrated with photographs of actual bedrooms as tasteful as they are inexpensive. Your name on a postal brings it with our compliments.

Every Mattress Sold on 60 Nights' Free Trial.

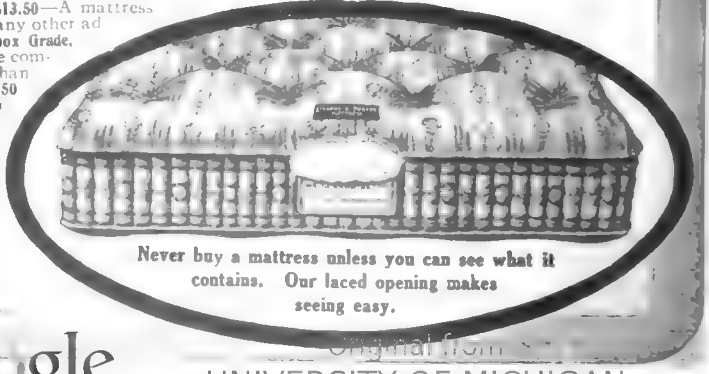
Four Grades of Superiority

Anchor Grade, $10.50—Soft and springy, better than most $15 mattresses. **Windsor Grade, $13.50**—A mattress that we guarantee is better than any other advertised makes at any price. **Lenox Grade, $16.00**—A little better, a little more comfortable, a little more durable than either of the others. **Style "A", $22.50**—A mattress de luxe, superior to any mattress of any material at any price.

Mattresses made in two parts, 50c. extra.

CAUTION: The name "Stearns & Foster" is our stamp of quality, and YOUR protection. Look for that name and don't buy unless you see it.

STEARNS & FOSTER CO.
Dept. E, - Cincinnati, Ohio



Never buy a mattress unless you can see what it contains. Our laced opening makes seeing easy.

Vudor Porch Shades

The Pleasure of the Porch

is increased many fold by the use of Vudor Porch Shades. They make the porch available at any hour of the hottest day—a cool, shady, secluded retreat, breeze-open, but protected from the sun's glare and heat.

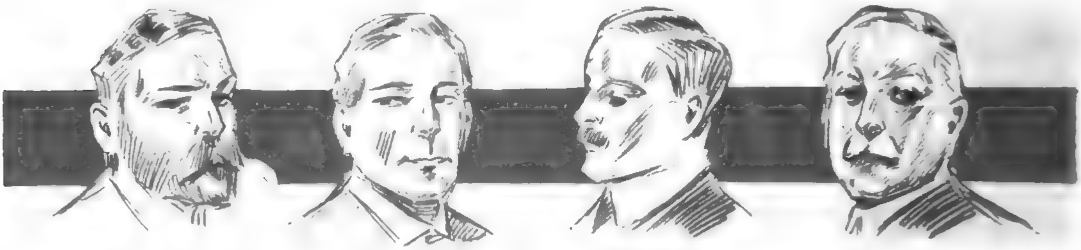
Vudor Porch Shades are made of wide strips of linden wood firmly bound with strong seine twine. They can be seen through from the inside, but not from the outside. They are artistically stained with water-proof colors in greens and browns and are in keeping with the finest residence. They last for years. Vudor Porch Shades must not be confused with the flimsy, ragged and cheap-looking bamboo or imported screens. Vudor Porch Shades come in various widths, and are inexpensive; single shades cost from $2.25 up, according to width, and an ordinary porch can be completely equipped for $5 to $10.

Write for Booklet and Name of Your Local Dealer

We will send you free upon receipt of a postal card request, the beautiful Vudor booklet fully describing and illustrating in actual colors Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks. With the booklet we will send you name of local dealer in your town who sells our goods. Write to-day.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 226 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

The background of this advertisement shows section of a Vudor Porch Shade, actual size.
The genuine Vudor Porch Shades always bear the Vudor aluminum name-plate.



The Architect

—whose "veto" power is wisely considered by discriminating owners, from his technical acquaintance with every form of roof construction for over 20 years, is professionally justified at all times in specifying The Carey Roof Standard.

The Contractor

—knows that his obligation to the Architect and Owner can be fulfilled without question where Carey Standardized Construction is specified. Also that the cost is uniform, delivery prompt, and that any workman can lay it.

The Dealer

—must stand high in his locality to be a distributor of Carey's. Our 45 Branch Stations in every section co-operate most cordially with our Dealers. Our Factory Guarantee stands back of every Carey Roof wherever laid.

The Owner

—when a Carey Roof is decided upon, is relieved of all question as to the responsibility of the Architect, Dealer, Contractor or Workman, because of the Manufacturer's Standardized Construction. He gets full value in return for what he pays.

Unanimously Endorse—

The Carey Roof Standard

INVESTIGATE all classes of roofing and you will find that The Carey Standardized Construction is most widely endorsed. It is most universally specified and used on all substantial buildings for service, durability and guaranteed satisfaction. The permanent economy and first cost of Carey's are the Standards of roofing values. For over a quarter of a century Carey's has been a uniform, standard, finished roofing always made the same in materials, quality, thickness and weight. Carey's is a combination of high-grade, wear-resisting materials formed by our special process into a compact, flexible, indivisible sheet that improves with age and gives the highest degree of protection and service in any climate. It is the one perfect finished roofing ready to apply. Any workman can apply Carey's. No roof can be a *perfect* roof that must be manufactured on top of the building by the workmen who lay it. The reason that so many "Built-up" roofs are failures is that the manufacturer of the materials cannot regulate or oversee their construction. With Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing there are no "specifications" to follow—No materials to "mix." The directions on every roll are simple and unmistakable.

The Carey Roof Standard

Write For Booklet and Free Sample

Satisfy yourself on the whole roofing subject by reading our booklet on the Carey Roof Standard. Let us also send you a sample of Carey's so that you will appreciate how it is made.

The Philip Carey Mfg. Company

38 Wayne Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

We Have 45 Branches and Distributing Points All Over the United States

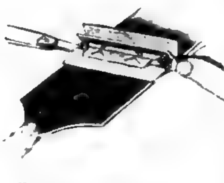
Don't Throw Dull Blades Away—Strop 'Em!

Not One Man in Fifty

Strops his Razor properly. Not one in a thousand knows how to Hone a Razor. The almost invariable result is a "rounded edge" instead of the keen, sharp edge so necessary to a clean and satisfactory shave.

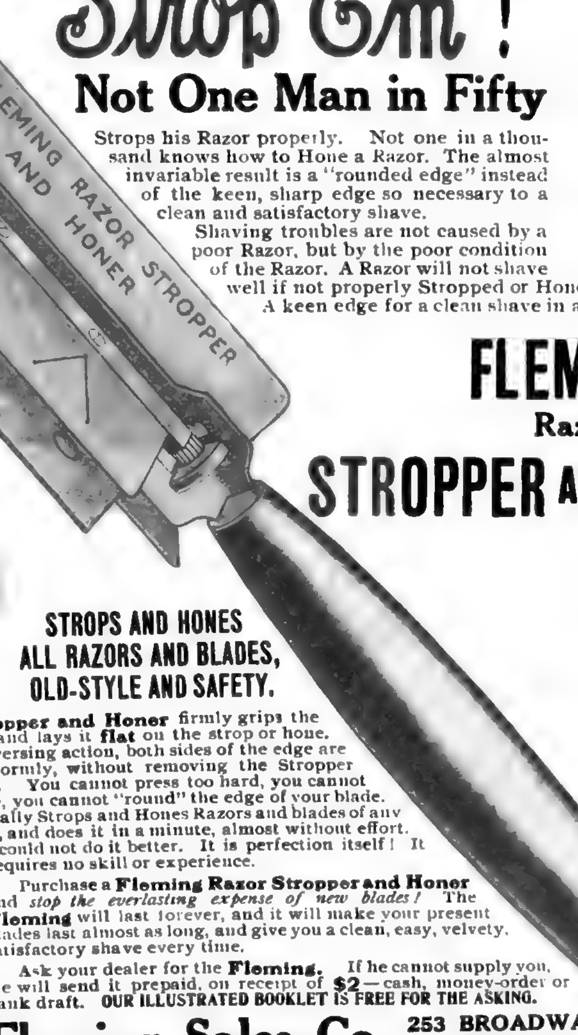
Shaving troubles are not caused by a poor Razor, but by the poor condition of the Razor. A Razor will not shave well if not properly Stropped or Honed.

A keen edge for a clean shave in a minute if you use the

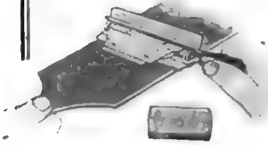


Stropping old-style Razor with the FLEMING.

FLEMING
Razor
STROPPER AND HONER.

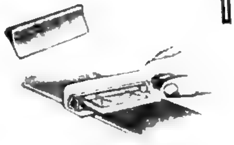


$2



Stropping thin Wafer Blade with the FLEMING.

STROPS AND HONES ALL RAZORS AND BLADES, OLD-STYLE AND SAFETY.



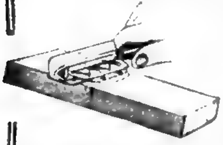
Stropping hollow-ground Safety Blade with the FLEMING.

THE Fleming Stropper and Honer firmly grips the blade of the Razor and lays it **flat** on the strop or hone. By an automatic reversing action, both sides of the edge are Stropped or Honed uniformly, without removing the Stropper from the strop or hone. You cannot press too hard, you cannot strop at the wrong angle, you cannot "round" the edge of your blade. The **Fleming** automatically Strops and Hones Razors and blades of any style, thickness or width, and does it in a minute, almost without effort. The most expert barber could not do it better. It is perfection itself! It requires no skill or experience.

$2

Purchase a **Fleming Razor Stropper and Honer** and *stop the everlasting expense of new blades!* The **Fleming** will last forever, and it will make your present blades last almost as long, and give you a clean, easy, velvety, satisfactory shave every time.

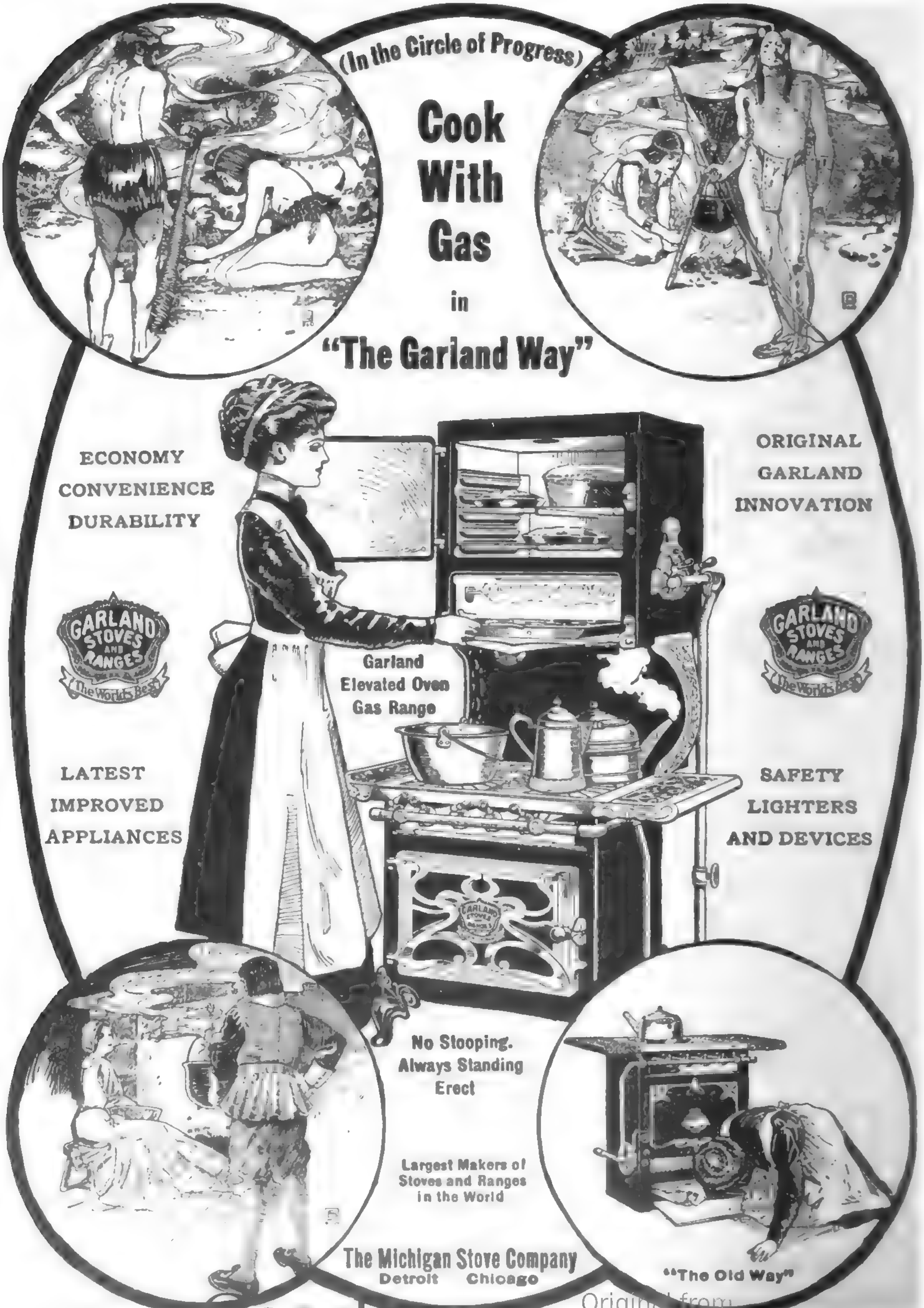
Ask your dealer for the **Fleming.** If he cannot supply you, we will send it prepaid, on receipt of **$2**—cash, money-order or bank draft. **OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET IS FREE FOR THE ASKING.**



Honing Safety Razor Blade with the FLEMING.

Fleming Sales Co., 253 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

Make Your Razor a Shaver—Not a Scraper!



(In the Circle of Progress)

Cook With Gas in "The Garland Way"

ECONOMY
CONVENIENCE
DURABILITY

ORIGINAL
GARLAND
INNOVATION

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Garland Elevated Oven Gas Range

LATEST
IMPROVED
APPLIANCES

SAFETY
LIGHTERS
AND DEVICES

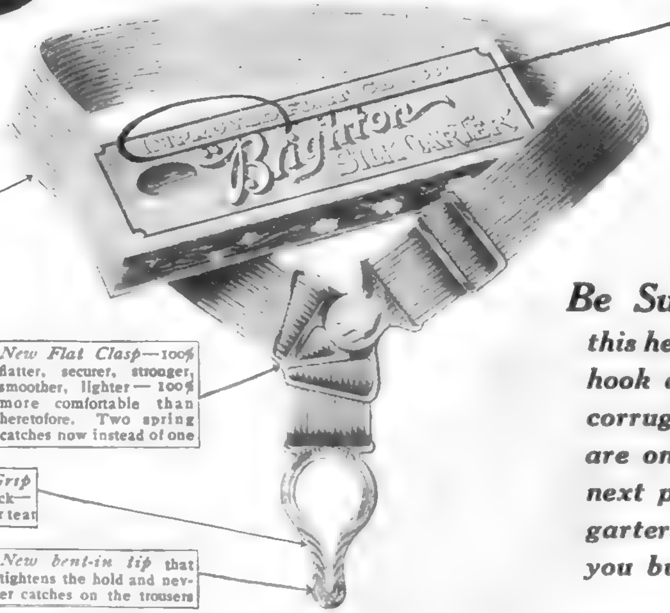
No Stooping. Always Standing Erect

"The Old Way"

Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

The Michigan Stove Company
Detroit Chicago

Brighton Garters



This Silk Web is the famous stretchy kind that never binds or chafes the leg—yielding or snugly holding at every motion—the same elastic that is used in the finest surgical appliances

New Flat Clasp—100% flatter, securer, stronger, smoother, lighter—100% more comfortable than heretofore. Two spring catches now instead of one

New Corrugated Grip that *draws in* the sock—no possibility of slip or tear

New bent-in tip that tightens the hold and never catches on the trousers

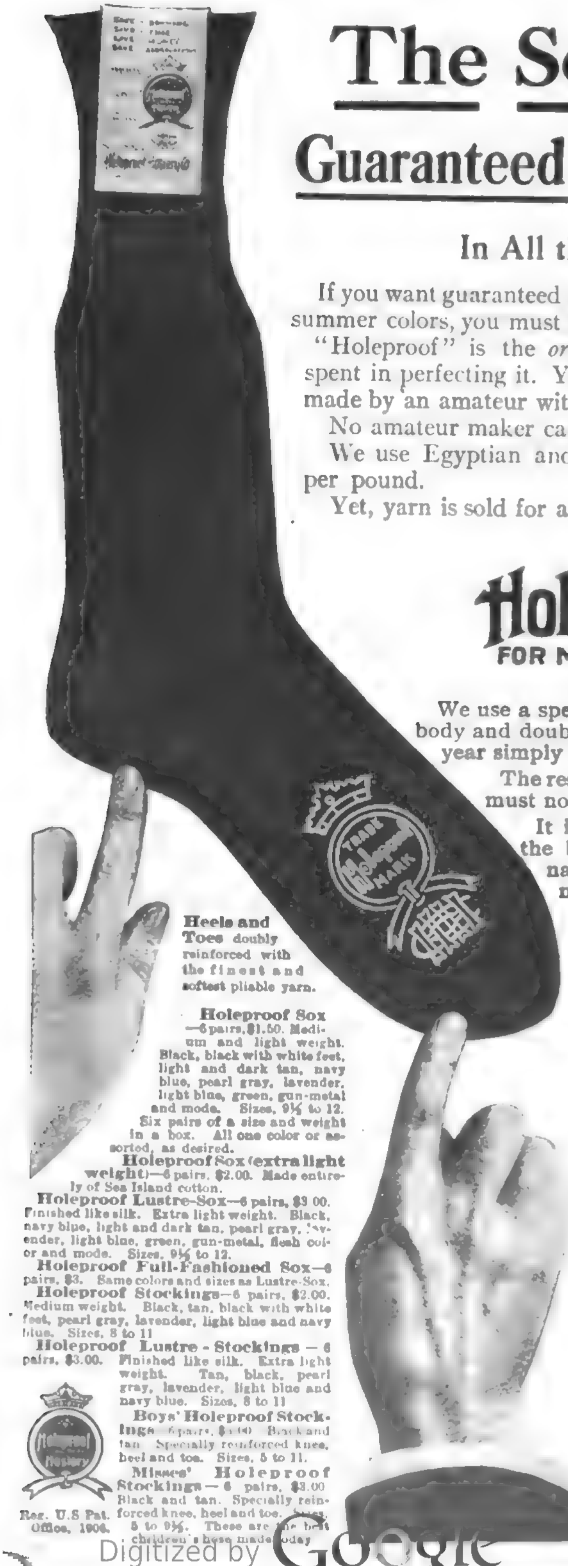
Be Sure
this heartshaped
hook and this
corrugated grip
are on the
next pair of
garters
you buy

These *improved* Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks, without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; nickeled brass rustless metal parts, rounded on edges to prevent wear or tear of socks. At your dealers—25c a pair—or we mail them direct—our guaranty card in every box.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct—our guaranty band on every pair.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., PHILADELPHIA
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS



The Soft and Light Guaranteed Hosiery is "Holeproof"

In All the Latest Summer Colors

If you want guaranteed hosiery that is soft, light and stylish in all the latest summer colors, you must get the hosiery stamped "Holeproof" on the toe.

"Holeproof" is the *original* guaranteed hosiery, *31 years* have been spent in perfecting it. You don't want hosiery heavy and cumbersome—made by an amateur with less experience.

No amateur maker can ever make hose half so good as "Holeproof."

We use Egyptian and Sea Island cotton at an average cost of 63c per pound.

Yet, yarn is sold for as low as 35c per pound.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We use a special process of knitting. Our yarn is 3-ply in the body and doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. We spend **$30,000** a year simply for inspection.

The result is a hosiery so much better than others that we must now make 18,000 pairs a day to supply the demand.

It is this enormous production that allows us to sell the best hose on the market at the price of the ordinary. When the best costs no more than the common you may as well have the best.

It is not enough just to get "guaranteed" hosiery. If you want hose that are soft and attractive, you must insist on "Holeproof."

Heels and Toes doubly reinforced with the finest and softest pliable yarn.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3 00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11

Boys' Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, $[illegible] Black and tan Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00 Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today

Reg. U.S Pat. Office, 1906.

25c a Pair

6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—$1.50

Up to $3.00

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs of *men's, women's and children's* hose:

> "If any or all of these hose come to holes, rip or tear—or need darning within six months from the day you buy them—we will replace them free."

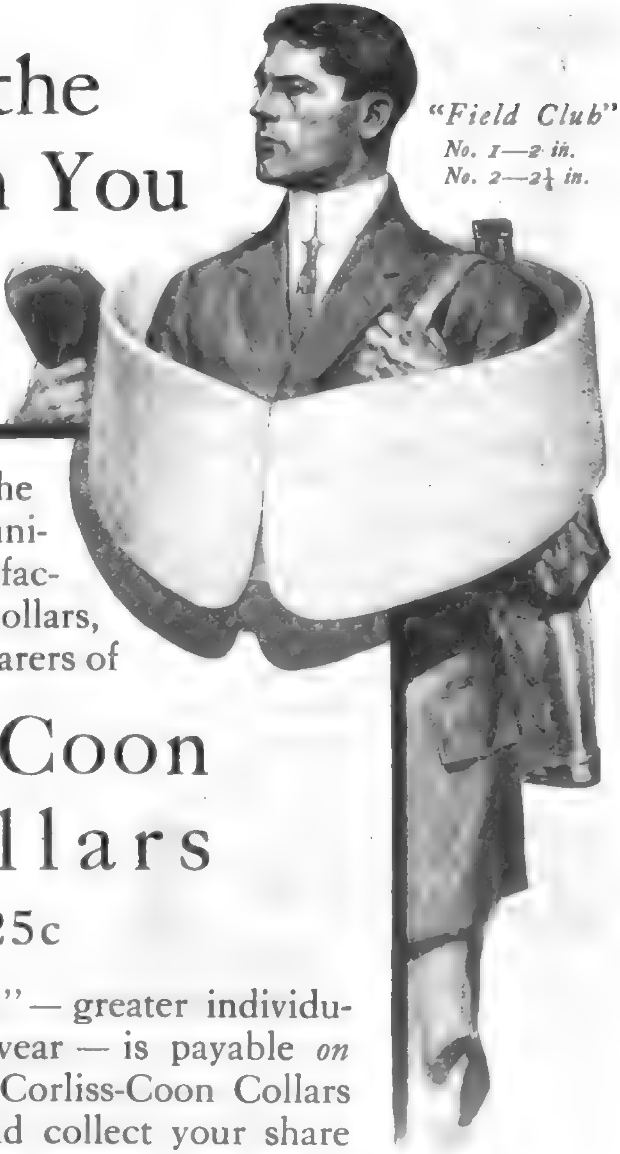
Are Your Hose Insured?

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We will tell you the dealers' names on request or will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
315 Fourth St. Milwaukee, Wis.

We Share the Profit With You

Your Dividend Payable Today



"Field Club"
No. 1—2 in.
No. 2—2¼ in.

In refusing to come to the machine processes almost universally adopted by manufacturers of two-for-a-quarter collars, we share our profit with wearers of

Corliss-Coon

Hand Made Collars

2 for 25c

Your double "dividend"—greater individuality of style and longer wear—is payable *on demand.* Simply demand Corliss-Coon Collars each time you purchase and collect your share of the profit regularly.

"On deposit" with discriminating furnishers everywhere. If you experience any difficulty in "collecting" through your furnisher, you have recourse through our Factory. Your order with twenty-five cents mailed to Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. B, Troy, N. Y., will bring two of these extra value collars (any style or size) to your door. Our New Style Book to help you make selection will be mailed to any address on request.

"Field Club" illustrated above is an "extra dividend" collar. The accuracy required in a collar which must exactly meet in front and stay together through a hard day's wear adds to the expense of making. But you get more style than is possible in any other shape of fold collar. The required exactness is found only in the Corliss-Coon "Field Club." Two Heights. "Field Club" No. 1—2 in.; "Field Club" No. 2—2¼ in. Regular and Quarter Sizes.

Corliss, Coon & Company, Dept. B, Troy, N. Y.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR DRUGGIST KNOWS
that the best peppermint in the world is contained in Chiclets

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

"Baby's Best Friend"
and Mamma's greatest comfort. **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.**

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox,**" with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free*

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen's Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Try **Mennen's** Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) Specially prepared for the nursery. } *No Sample*

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor—**Sold only at Stores**

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISH

Shines for All—

So different—so superior that once you have used it you will always use it.

No Trouble—No Odor
No Acids—No Turpentine
Doubles the life of leather.

The F. F. Dalley Co., Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Hamilton, Can.

At All Dealers

10 Cents

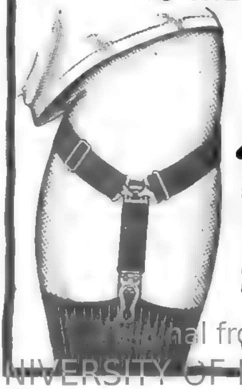
2 IN 1
SHOE POLISH

FOR WEARERS OF
KNEE DRAWERS
THERE'S A

Needraw

BOSTON GARTER

DELIGHTFULLY COMFORTABLE TO THE BARE LEG



NON-ELASTIC, TUBULAR KNIT LEG BAND

ELASTIC, ADJUSTABLE PENDANT

Velvet Grip

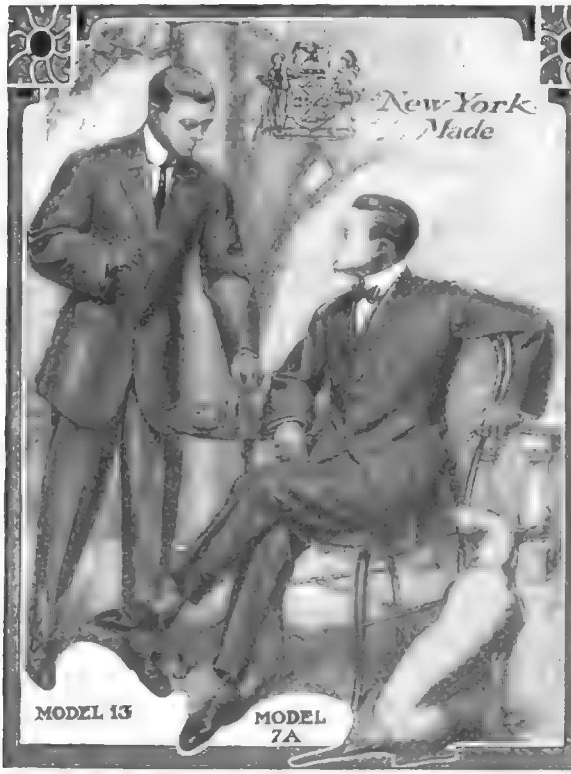
CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON **CLASP**

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON

Cotton Pendant, Nickel Plate, 25c.
Silk Pendant, Gold Plate. - 50c.

Sample Pair Mailed on Receipt of Price

GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND



"Sampeck" Clothes

for

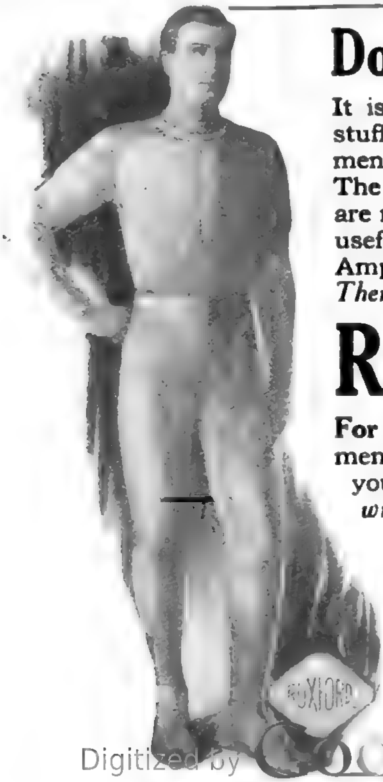
YOUNG MEN

THIRTY-THREE years of tailoring *just* for young men and *all* for young men has given "*Sampeck*" Clothes the premier place. They are "custom" in mode, material and making, but *uncustomary* in their dash and distinction.

Every leading clothier has them—*any* clothier can get them for you. We'll gladly refer you to one if you'll write us.

Demand the brand, "SAMPECK" of *your* clothes-shop. Our label is in *every* garment. The fascinating "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "C" of Dress and Sports sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK CITY



Doesn't This Look Comfortable?

It is. The satisfactory old-fashioned balbriggan knitted stuff is *now* made into the new-fashioned easy undergarments—short sleeves, knee length, coat-shirt and all. The "feminized" undergarments of muslin and nainsook are not in the same class for comfort, wear and general usefulness. Your ROXFORD size will fit you to a dot. Ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. *There is a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts
Short sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Bachelor shirts (no buttons)
Coat-shirts (short or long sleeves)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle length drawers
Knee length drawers
Short stout drawers
Long slim drawers

Any style, any weight, for any climate. Send your name for the **Book** and please yourself. 50c., 75c., $1.00 per garment.

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. G, Philadelphia

From Now until JULY 1st—NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until the fall, you save from 20 to 40 per cent in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers in the original packages immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

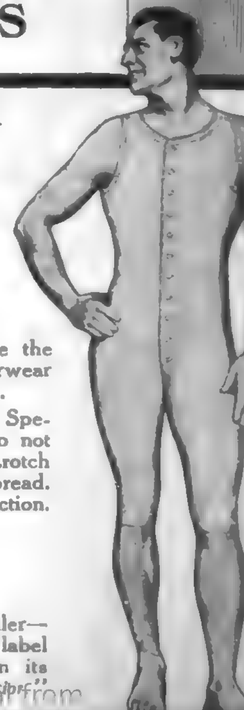
If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices**, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.) Our import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES

	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths	$3 00	$14 50
Fine Mixed Tulips	80	3 50
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips	1 00	4 50
Narcissus Poeticus	65	2 50
Double Daffodils	1 85	8 50
Narcissus Bicolor Empress	2 50	11 00
Narcissus Emperor	2 75	12 00
Narcissus Golden Spur	2 25	10 00
Narcissus, Mrs. Walter T. Ware. Splendid free-flowering	3 00	12 50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	30	1 25

ELLIOTT NURSERY CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Superior UNION SUITS



There IS a Difference- After All

Take your choice—the distressed look that comes from "too much knowledge" of the aggravation of two-piece underwear, or the expression of the satisfied man who is properly clothed in a union suit of the right kind.

Superior Union Suits

are different from all other underwear—two-piece or union. They give comfort, fit and service unsurpassed. They are the most reasonably priced and altogether satisfactory underwear ever offered. No shirt to crawl up—no drawers to sag down.

Among Superior *special* features are: Never-rip seams. Specially knitted elastic fabric. Shaped neck. Cuffs that do not become bell shaped. "The Lap without the gap." "The Crotch that covers." Buttons the best. Buttonholes that will not spread. Sloping Shoulders that do not sag. Comfort, service, satisfaction. All sizes; all styles; for all men.

SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
144 Downing St., Piqua, Ohio.

Write us for a handsome illustrated booklet.

The Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Ask your dealer—look for the label and insist on its being "Superior."

You can tell it

Porosknit

by this Label

"*Porosknit*" SUMMER UNDERWEAR

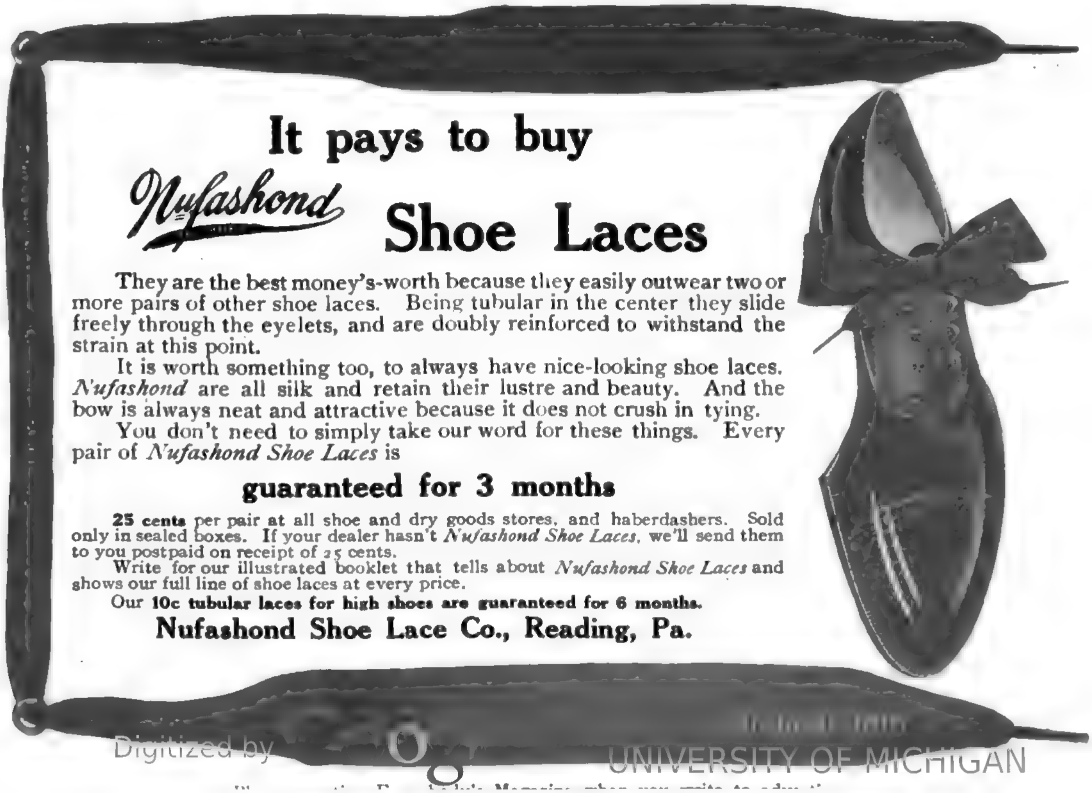
"I'm so glad I insisted on the label. I learned that last summer. This summer I looked for the "Porosknit" label first and I know I got the coolest thing for warmest weather — fit and wearing quality too." Ask your dealer for it.

MEN'S Shirts and Drawers, each **50c.** Union Suits $1.00

BOYS' Shirts and Drawers, each **25c.** Union Suits 50c

Styles and sizes? **In the new booklet.** Send for it now.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
9 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.



It pays to buy *Nufashond* Shoe Laces

They are the best money's-worth because they easily outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces. Being tubular in the center they slide freely through the eyelets, and are doubly reinforced to withstand the strain at this point.

It is worth something too, to always have nice-looking shoe laces. *Nufashond* are all silk and retain their lustre and beauty. And the bow is always neat and attractive because it does not crush in tying.

You don't need to simply take our word for these things. Every pair of *Nufashond Shoe Laces* is

guaranteed for 3 months

25 cents per pair at all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond Shoe Laces*, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Write for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond Shoe Laces* and shows our full line of shoe laces at every price.

Our **10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed for 6 months.**

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Reading, Pa.

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LOOK for this LABEL

The Underwear *of* a Gentleman

GOTHAM

DON'T grill—don't sizzle—avoid clinging suffocating under-garments for summer weather, try the cool, **loose fitting** soft texture GOTHAM SUMMER UNDERWEAR and PAJAMAS. They permit free circulation of air and freedom of motion, are sensibly cut over roomy patterns and tailored in a faultless manner.

Insist on the GOTHAM label:—it's your guarantee of *underwear perfection.*

GOTHAM GARMENTS are on sale at leading shops everywhere. **UNDERWEAR $1.00** and more the garment. **PAJAMAS AND UNION SUITS $1.50** and more the suit.

If your dealer hasn't them send size and price direct to us and you'll be quickly supplied. Handsomely illustrated style book about "The Underwear of a Gentleman" sent free on request.

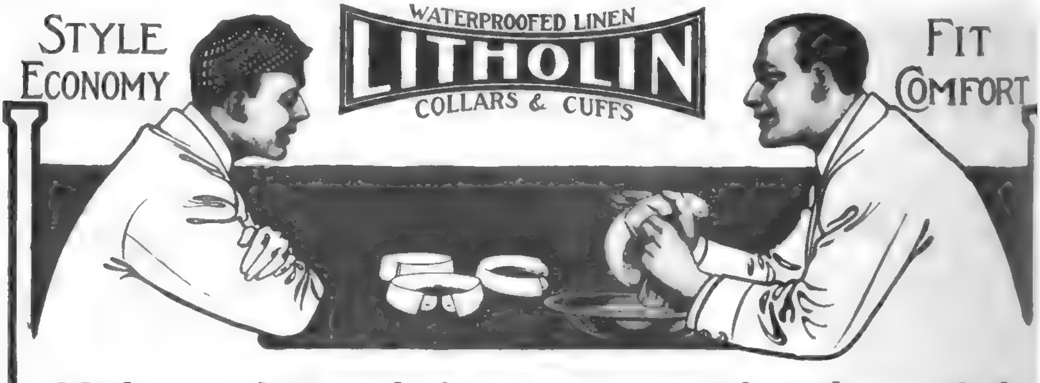
The Patent Waistband on GOTHAM Drawers, is a distinct improvement over other kinds and is welcomed by comfort seeking men.

GOTHAM UNDERWEAR CO.
Dept. E, 93-95 Franklin St., New York City

STYLE
ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT
COMFORT



Made as white and clean as new, with a damp cloth

You, or the maid, can take your half dozen or dozen soiled **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars,**—Cuffs also, and in as many minutes wipe them white as new with a damp cloth, and repeat it week in, week out. You cut down the laundry bill, look neat and dressy, feel comfortable and independent. Never wilt or fray. Has celluloid prejudiced you? Well,—these are different. All styles, all sizes. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed.

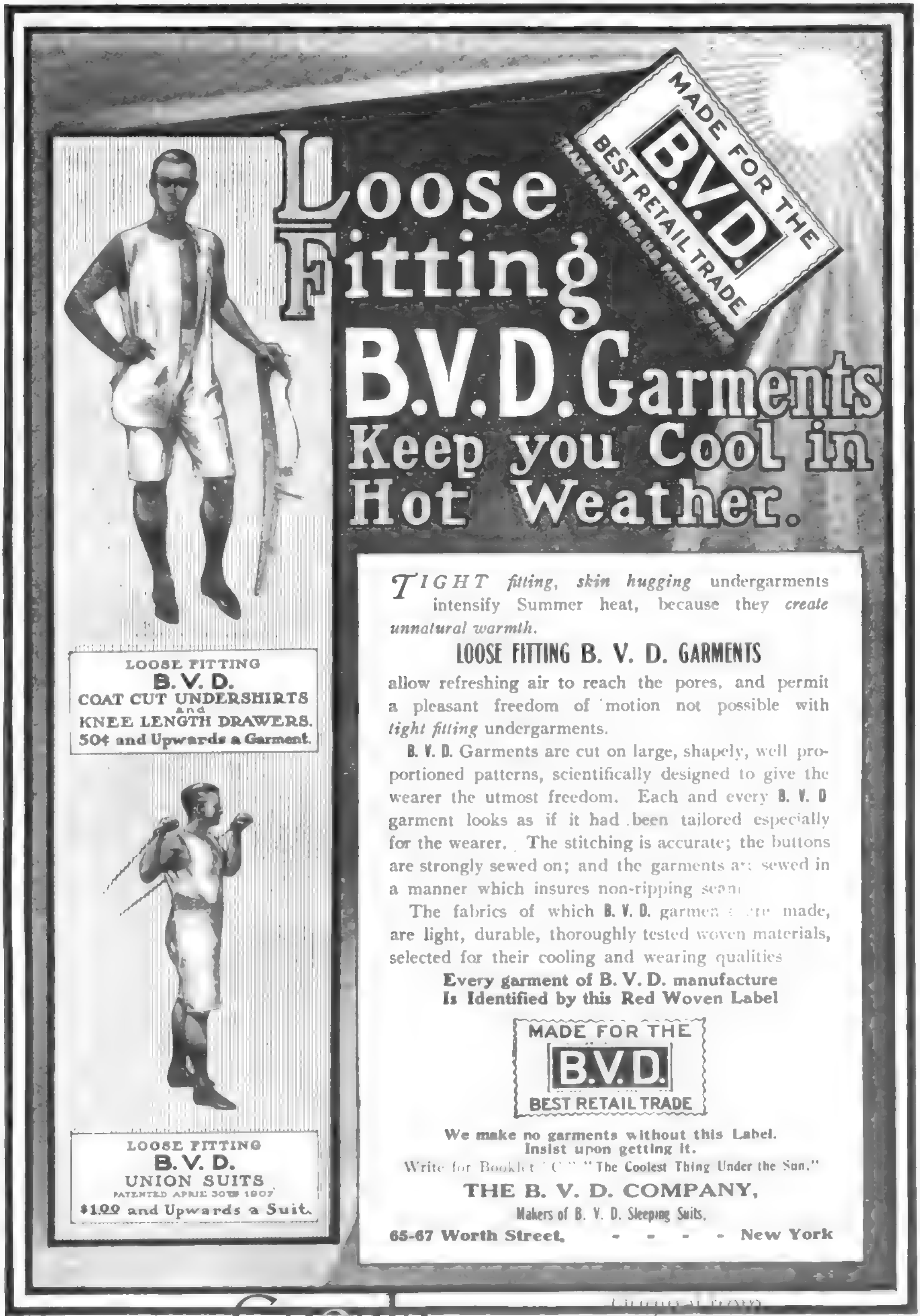
Collars 25c. **Cuffs 50c.**

Always sold from a RED box, if any other color the goods will not be LITHOLIN.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail—postpaid. Booklet free on request, with illustrations of styles from which to order.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
Dept. 16 **7 Waverly Place, New York**

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



Loose Fitting B.V.D. Garments Keep you Cool in Hot Weather.

LOOSE FITTING
B. V. D.
COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS
and
KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS.
50¢ and Upwards a Garment.

LOOSE FITTING
B. V. D.
UNION SUITS
PATENTED APRIL 30TH 1907
$1.00 and Upwards a Suit.

TIGHT *fitting, skin hugging* undergarments intensify Summer heat, because they *create unnatural warmth.*

LOOSE FITTING B. V. D. GARMENTS

allow refreshing air to reach the pores, and permit a pleasant freedom of motion not possible with *tight fitting* undergarments.

B. V. D. Garments are cut on large, shapely, well proportioned patterns, scientifically designed to give the wearer the utmost freedom. Each and every **B. V. D** garment looks as if it had been tailored especially for the wearer. The stitching is accurate; the buttons are strongly sewed on; and the garments are sewed in a manner which insures non-ripping seams

The fabrics of which **B. V. D.** garments are made, are light, durable, thoroughly tested woven materials, selected for their cooling and wearing qualities

Every garment of B. V. D. manufacture
Is Identified by this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

We make no garments without this Label.
Insist upon getting it.

Write for Booklet "C" "The Coolest Thing Under the Sun."

THE B. V. D. COMPANY,
Makers of B. V. D. Sleeping Suits,
65-67 Worth Street, - - - - New York

he Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe

The
Colonial"

Two Eyelet Tie—
Tan or Velvet Calf

A new note in footwear fashions—two eyelet ties. One of these is the Colonial—a striking style made over Florsheim "Natural Shape" lasts, which won't slip at the heel, gap at the instep nor pinch the toes. An ideal warm weather shoe.

Write for Style Book.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Chicago,
U. S. A.

The Silent Door

Avoid the nerve-racking slam of the screen door. Stop its banging and jarring. In 1,000,000 homes where the

"DIME" SCREEN DOOR CHECK

l. the slam of the door is never heard.
rubber bumper first checks the door, then allows it
e softly. At your hardware or housefurnishing
r by mail for 12 cents. Address

WELL MFG. CO., 29 Jones St., Rochester, N. Y.

Used by U. S. Signal Corps.

GENEVA

Superior Binocular

$15.

Our Handsome Book
The Near Distance
sent free on request

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equalled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it. If he has none in stock, send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will cheerfully refund your money.

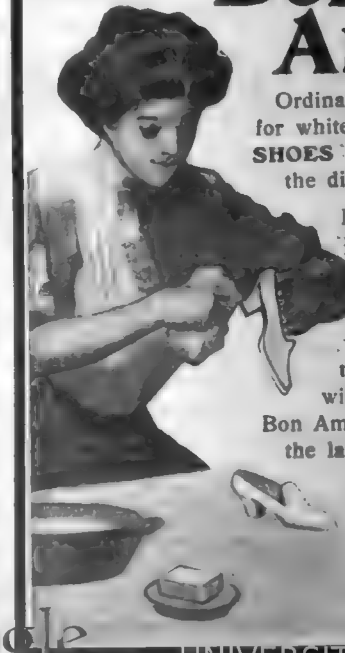
GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 39 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS.

F. G. Wilson, Ithaca, N. Y.
Buffalo Optical Company, 632 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. Wood, Oakland, Cal. Tucker, Hall & Co., Norfolk, Va.
W. M. Stieren Optical Co., 554 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
E. E. Bausch & Son, East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Hasn't scratched yet!!!

Bon Ami



Ordinary preparations for whitening CANVAS SHOES simply *paint* the dirt white.

Bon Ami *cleans* the dirt off—a nicer and better way.

Simply scrub the shoe clean with a brush and Bon Ami lather. When the lather has dried, wiping with a dry cloth leaves the shoe clean as new.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM IN CALIFORNIA

"One of the strangest sights in America"—N. Y. American.

SITUATED in South Pasadena, the Cawston Ostrich Farm is one of the most interesting sights in one of the prettiest spots in California. Here in a semi-tropical park of flowers, palms and trees, are the world famous Cawston Ostriches. For about a quarter of a century the industry of raising these magnificent birds for their feathers, has steadily gone on, until to-day the finest feathers produced in the world are turned out from the Cawston Farm.

The Cawston feathers have received prize medals and ribbons at nearly every exhibition in the world. The feathers are plucked on the farm and are prepared in the factory on the farm. This factory is the largest west of New York.

Send postal for the beautifully illustrated catalogue sent free.

There is no more delightful souvenir of the Golden State of California than one of Cawston's famous ostrich plumes. *Direct to you, we pay delivery.*

It is interesting to watch these great ostriches swallow oranges whole, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Notice one orange in beak and the other in the neck.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

P. O. Box 51, SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

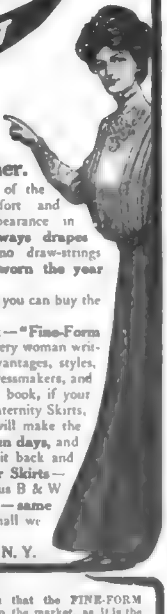
gives a piquant flavor indispensable to good

Chafing Dish Cooking

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N.Y.

Fine-Form TRADE MARK MATERNITY SKIRT Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting. — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. L Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

The beverage all children love—

VINELAND Grape Juice

"From the Land of the Vine"

Delicious—healthful—refreshing.

At druggists, grocers, etc., and at soda fountains. If your dealer will not supply you with Vineland Grape Juice, we will ship you direct, paying delivery charges. 1 dozen quarts, $5.50; 1 dozen pints, $3.00.

Trial Bottle 10c.—Enough to show the fine flavor and greater richness of Vineland Grape Juice. Send your name and 10 cents

Interesting Booklet, "The Bounty of the Arbor," mailed free. Write for it.

VINELAND GRAPE JUICE COMPANY
209 W. Boulevard, Vineland, N. J.

Your
Friends
Are
Wearing

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

You really can't tell them from linen: same dull finish—same linen texture—correct in style and perfect in fit as the best linen collar you can buy. They are absolutely waterproof—can be cleaned with a rub.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Collars, 25 cts., Cuffs, 50 cts. Our new "Slip Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book.

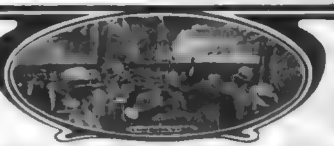
THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. D
725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston, 65 Bedford St.; **Philadelphia**, 900 Chestnut St.; **Chicago**, 161 Market St.; **San Francisco**, 718 Mission St.; **St. Louis**, Mills Building; **Detroit**, 117 Jefferson Ave.; **Toronto**, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

do this. Do this—draw razor blade between thumb and fore-finger moistened with "3 in One." Rub a few drops into strop. Then strop.

The microscopic saw teeth of a razor's cutting edge rust. This dulls the blade. "3 in One" prevents surface rusting. Stropping wipes the edge clean, breaking off all dull rusted steel particles. You get a brand new set of sharp teeth for every shave.

Just try this honestly one week. Write today to **3 IN ONE OIL CO.**, 49 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY, for sample bottle and special circular. Both free.



FISHING GUIDE, a reference book for the lovers of the Sport, FREE provided you send name of *your* Hatter.

BLUM & KOCH,
80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Among Correct Dressers **Blum & Koch Straw Hats** are most favored

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

M. & M. Portable Houses

Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes, complete in every detail. Built on the Unit System. Everything fits. Anyone can erect them. Absolutely wind and weather proof. **We pay the freight** and deliver our houses to any R. R. Station in the United States.

Write us, enclosing 4c. postage, for our handsomely illustrated **Book of Plans and Designs No. 7,** showing in full detail our Summer Cottages, Bungalows, Automobile Garages, Photograph Galleries, Children's Play Houses, Hunter's Cabins, etc., etc.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 611 Main Street, SAGINAW, MICH.
NEW YORK OFFICE: No. 1 Madison Avenue, Room 8102 C.

The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in the United States.

"THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES"

The Knee-Drawer Garter PAR EXCELLENCE

Crown Make

"Perforated"
Leather Garter

Perspiration and odor proof fabric lined. No metal or leather comes in contact with the skin. Made of one solid piece of leather. Either garter fits either leg. The perforation allows the pores of the skin to breathe.

50 Cents and $1.00 a Pair.

Three Adjustable Sizes Small, Medium and Large.

Crown Make

"Coatless" Suspender

Under the Overshirt—
Over the Undershirt.

The only practical and satisfactory **Summer Suspender**, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. **Cool, comfortable and negligee.**

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4, 1905

50 Cents a Pair.

For sale at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, Dept. E. 836 Broadway, N. Y.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER ANNOUNCEMENT

¶ With the coming of the Summer season the demand for light weight apparel suggests the use of light weight suspenders.

¶ We make the President Suspender in a Light Weight, weighing approximately two ounces. This model is especially designed for dress and office wear.

¶ A feature which will appeal strongly to careful dressers is the faultless hang of the trousers when President Suspenders are worn. The sliding comfort cord in the back relieves the pressure from the shoulders and the strain from the trouser buttons. They are so comfortable that the wearer is unconscious of them, just as he should be of every detail of his dress.

¶ The Light Weight President is the coolest and most comfortable of trouser supports.

¶ The lisle webbing comes in dainty designs, in plain light colorings and in the latest fashionable shades to match the fabrics in clothes and neckwear.

¶ All Dealers should be able to supply the Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, in regular and extra lengths. If not, we will supply you upon receipt of price, 50 cents. State color and length desired. Every pair unconditionally guaranteed.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
1703 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using only the Washburne Patent Adjustable

"O.K" PAPER FASTENERS

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "*they always work.*" Made of brass, 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!

All Stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. *Liberal discount to the trade.*

The O. K. Mfg. Co. Syracuse, N. Y.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

DURING THE SUMMER

avoid that red, shiny complexion caused by perspiration. Use **Lablache**, the great beautifier, and have no fear of exposure to **the sun and wind. Pure and harmless.**

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 8, 125 Kingston St.
Boston, Mass.

CARTER'S UNDERWEAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Tailored to fit the form."

"I don't know why it is," said a lady customer to a saleswoman in a big store, "but I can't get a garment to fit me like Carter's, no matter how much I pay for it."

"That's easily explained," said the saleswoman, "you see, Carter's Underwear is *tailored to fit the form.* I know of no other underwear so scientifically proportioned. It's in the knitting quite as much as in the designing, too, for see how fine the fabric is."

This conversation, overheard by one of our salesmen, gives you one of the manufacturing secrets responsible for the superiority of Carter's Underwear. Now you know why Carter's is so different—why it wears so well and retains its shape so long.

The beautiful fabrics with their fine *invisible ribs* will appeal to you and so will the beautiful and *durable finish.* All our garments are made and finished in the pure air and sunshine of a Massachusetts village and not peddled from house to house to be hand finished and perhaps contaminated as some goods are. Carter's garments are bleached by an expensive process which does not rot the fabric, and in addition are finally *sterilized* and reach you ready to put on.

Try Carter's. When you see how well it fits and how long it wears you will want your husband and the children to wear Carter's too.

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union Suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands, silk, wool, and cotton.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Insist on the genuine. Send for booklet, samples, etc.

The William Carter Co.
Dept. 05
Needham Heights (Highlandville), Mass.

No Three O'clock Fatigue

Monarch Light Touch is not a mere "talking point." It is a mechanical fact

Monarch Light Touch means "all day efficiency"—no mid-afternoon letting down of the operator's speed through muscular weariness.

Monarch *Light Touch*

increases the output—permits the production of more work in a day and therefore reduces the cost of typewriting to the employer.

Monarch Light Touch and other Monarch features are well worth learning about. Let us give you a demonstration. Write for illustrated descriptive literature.

The Monarch Typewriter Company
Executive Offices, Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York
Canadian Offices: Toronto and Montreal
Branches and dealers throughout the world.

WINCHESTER

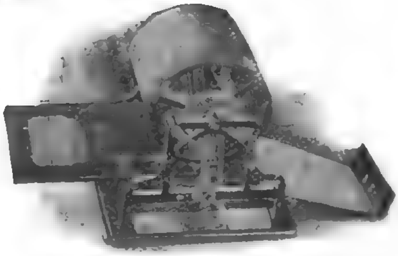
.22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE

For camping, canoeing, automobiling, or any outing, this novel little repeater affords more pleasure than any other gun. Being reloaded by recoil, it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. It shoots clean and inexpensive cartridges, is easy to load and light to carry.

IT MAKES AN OUTING OUTFIT COMPLETE

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition — the Red **W** *Brand — are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere.*

The Quick and Economical



Rotary Neostyle

is the most satisfactory office duplicator. There is no soiling of hands and no complicated type setting. The original stencil is written on typewriter as easily as any letter. Our composite stencil paper is now put up with backing sheet, etc., all ready to use.

The Neostyle prints neat, clear copies, all exact duplicates, at rate of 60 to 100 a minute.

Merely turn the crank and feed the paper—the rotation of the drum brings the printing surface of the stencil to the paper and the ink supply is automatic.

Address for booklet and prices,

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

The Capitol at Washington

is painted with paint containing

OXIDE OF ZINC

The Oxide of Zinc was introduced to make the paint more durable and beautiful.

No other white paint material meets these two requirements, and, incidentally, no other is so economical.

When you select house-paint, ask the dealer or the painter:

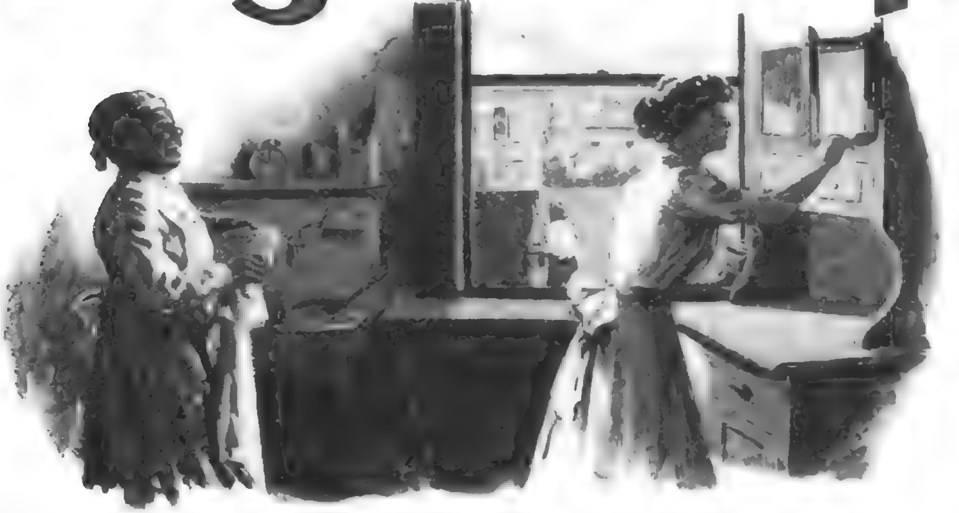
Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

Oxide of Zinc is unalterable even under the blow-pipe

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
National City Bank Building
55 Wall Street, New York

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc paints mailed on request.

Brighten Up

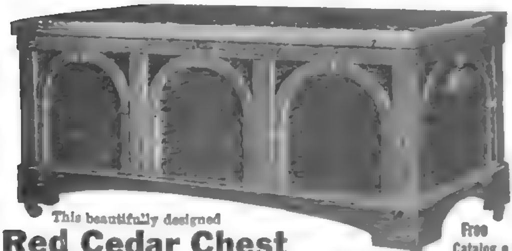


The effect of paint or varnish properly applied to your house and to the things inside and outside of your house will be to brighten up your home wonderfully, provided you use the right paint or varnish.

"Brighten Up" is the name of a line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes intended especially for the use of home-makers.

Go to the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town, tell him what you wish to do, and he will suggest the right Brighten Up finish for your purpose, or write to us and we will send you the Brighten Up booklet, telling all about the different kinds of paints and varnishes in this line.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Address all inquiries to 605 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.



This beautifully designed

Red Cedar Chest

Free Catalog of Various Styles

is a positive home necessity wherever there are valuable articles of clothing to preserve. It is moth, dust and damp proof, and obviates the expense of cold storage. It is one of many elegant designs at various prices, all shipped direct from factory for FREE examination. They are ideal wedding or birthday presents, and are just now in their greatest vogue. Massively constructed of Southern mountain grown Red Cedar, giving to the clothes a fragrant perfume, instead of the odor of moth balls.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. H, Statesville, N. C.

Send for our free Boat Book

Do not think of buying a launch until you see our

Four Launch Bargains

Only $121 for this complete 16 foot launch. 2½ H. P. guaranteed self-starting engine. **$144** for 9½ mile per hour "Speedaway." **$153** for canopy topped "Winner." **$160** for Auto-topped 3 H. P. "Comfort." Special bargains in 18 ft., 22 ft. and 25 ft. launches. Engine result of 30 years' experience. Weedless wheel and rudder. Shipped immediately. Your money back if not as represented. Send postal for our handsome catalogue today—it's a gem.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO.
806 Washington St., Greenville, Mich.

Mentholated Vaseline.
EXTERNAL APPLICATION

Nervous Headaches

so often the bane of the busy modern woman, find quick relief in the use of

MENTHOLATED VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY, PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

Everyone knows the value of menthol for nerve-aches of any kind; your doctor will tell you how much better it is when compounded with Vaseline, the greatest of all family remedies.

Mentholated Vaseline soothes the nerves and stops the ache. It is easily and quickly applied, and the relief and rest are almost immediate. It will pay you to always have this preparation in the house.

Mentholated Vaseline is only one of the *twelve Vaseline preparations* that together make a complete and safe medicine chest. For each little ailment or accident prevalent in every household, there is a special kind of Vaseline that is most effective and best to use.

OUR FREE VASELINE BOOK

tells you all about

Capsicum Vaseline
Pure Vaseline
Carbolated Vaseline
Mentholated Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc
Vaseline Cold Cream
Pomade Vaseline
White Vaseline
Camphorated Vaseline
Borated Vaseline
Perfumed White Vaseline
Vaseline Camphor Ice

Each one is a necessity. Their practical utility will save you money in doctor's bills, not to mention pains and discomforts. All the Vaseline Preparations are described in our Vaseline Book. This tells the special merits of each Vaseline Preparation and gives directions for its proper use.

Write for the FREE BOOK *TODAY*

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
Proprietors of Every "VASELINE" Product
34 State Street, New York
London Office:
42 Holborn Viaduct

A NY CHILD can use the **Hot Point Electric Iron,** because it is perfectly safe and simple. One end of the cord attaches to any light fixture. On the other end is a switch plug.

To heat the iron, push the switch plug in. To cool it, take the plug out.

Putting in and taking out the plug controls the amount of electric current and regulates the temperature.

Shortly after the plug is inserted the iron is hot. From then on you will not need current more than half the time.

The regular household iron weighs 6 lbs., but you never have to lift it—when not in use simply tip it up on the broad end. The stand is attached.

The heat all goes into the ironing. You need no holder. Take it to any room, too; or out onto the porch.

Endorsed by electrical experts throughout the country.

The Hot Point **Automatic** Iron cannot be overheated. Therefore it cannot possibly start a fire. If you forget to pull out the switch plug the automatic device does it for you.

The Hot Point **Standard** Iron is exactly the same as the **Automatic** except the automatic control.

Our Binding Guarantee

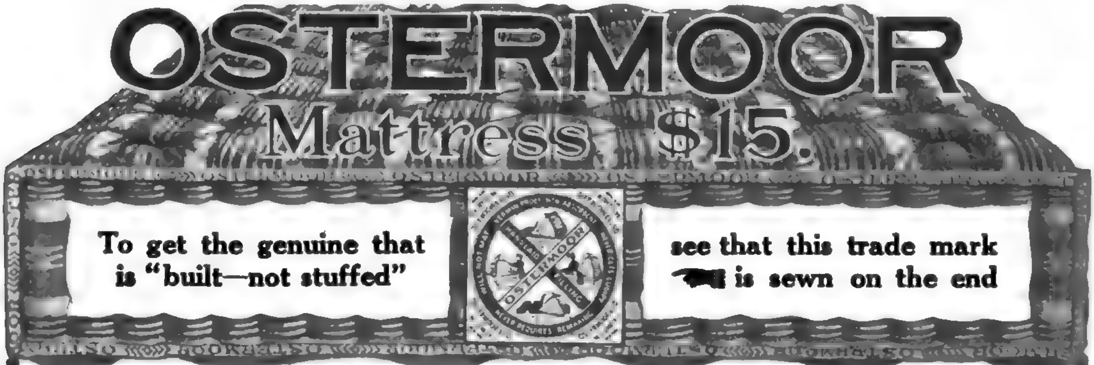
This guarantee is good until July, 1910. It is printed right on the box. If you have any trouble, the Lighting Company or Dealer will make your iron as good as new.

When you go to your Lighting Company or Dealer ask to see the HOT POINT IRON. If they do not have it, order direct, enclosing check.

We deliver one to any part of the United States at the regular retail price of $5.00 for a 4, 5 or 6-lb. STANDARD, or $6.00 for a 6-lb. AUTOMATIC.

Be sure to give voltage. If uncertain, call up your Lighting Company.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Main Office and Factory: Ontario, Cal.
Eaſtern Factory: 63-65 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill
Send order to nearest office.



To get the genuine that is "built—not stuffed"

see that this trade mark ☛ is sewn on the end

Don't You Find Hot Weather Sleeping

is most difficult, but most necessary? The long days of wakefulness and work require absolute rest at night. Summer heat weakens and irritates the nerves of sensation, so that the slightest uncomfortable touch or pressure of the bed produces restlessness. The Ostermoor Mattress is ideal in Summer. It is perfectly sanitary, refreshingly cool and absolutely comfortable. It rests the muscles and soothes the nerves and gives the "balmy sleep" which is "tired nature's sweet restorer."

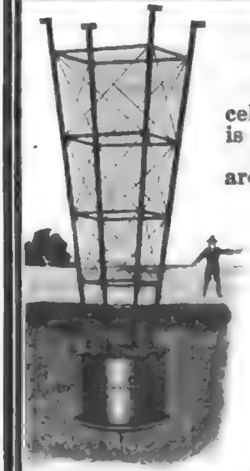
Our 144-Page Booklet, "The Test of Time" and Samples of Ticking Sent Free

With them we send the name of your Ostermoor dealer. When you buy, be sure that the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label is sewed on end of mattress. Then, *and then only*, will you have a *genuine* mattress. **If your dealer has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received.** ***30 Nights' Free Trial granted,*** money returned, if dissatisfied. Send for our free book, "The Test of Time."

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 107 Elizabeth St., New York
Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

THE
KEWANEE
SYSTEM OF
WATER SUPPLY

Keep the Tank—Throw Away the Tower



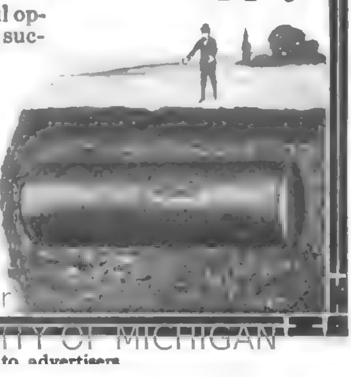
That's what you do when you install a Kewanee System of Water Supply. The Kewanee Pneumatic Tank is buried in the ground or located in the cellar—no elevated or attic tank to freeze, overflow, leak, or collapse. Water is delivered by **air pressure**—an abundant supply on tap at all fixtures. All the conveniences of the best city water works—without water bills, are possible with the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

Over 9,000 Kewanee Systems in successful operation—over 9,000 water supply problems successfully solved by the Kewanee System.

Avoid imitations of Kewanee Systems. Look for our name plates on tanks and pumping outfits.

No charge for expert engineering service. Write for our complete 64-page illustrated catalog No. 8. It is free.



Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Ill.

1566 Hudson-Terminal Building, 50 Church Street, New York City.
1212 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.
305 Diamond Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Paint Talks—No. 5

Painting Cement and Concrete

Cement and concrete are bidding for popular favor as building materials. The only bar to their immediate favor is their liability to discolor and streak.

Paint is their only salvation. But paint—even the best—so often softens and becomes sticky, bleaches or scales off cement. What's to be done?

The whole trouble lies in the moisture and alkali in the cement. Let it stand a year or eighteen months and there is no trouble. To artificially age it, two methods are effective: (1) Wash the surface with zinc sulphate dissolved in water. (2) Wash it with carbonic acid water.

When dry, paint with pure white lead and linseed oil, according to specifications which we will send on application.

Do not use sulphuric or muriatic acids as a wash before painting, and do not try to get along with a substitute for linseed oil. Kill the alkali as directed and use nothing but pure white lead and linseed oil paint.

Write for Houseowner's Painting Outfit "E" Contains specifications for all kinds of painting, color schemes, etc.

Buy of your local dealer if possible. If he hasn't it, do not accept something else, but write our nearest office.

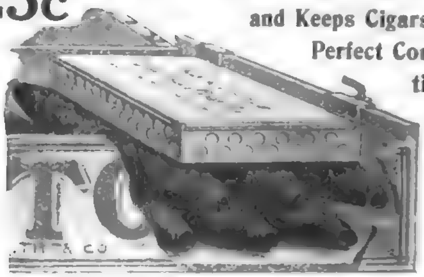
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, John T. Lewis & Bros. Company (Philadelphia) (National Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

Keep Your Cigars Fresh

25c This Moistener fits in Any Box, and Keeps Cigars in Perfect Condition.



25c spent now will preserve every cigar in all boxes you buy in the future. Last cigar in the box as choice as the first.

The J. R. Cigar Moistener

is made of Aluminum and Asbestos and fits on end of any cigar box. A special device locks and tightly closes lid. Is guaranteed to distribute proper moisture evenly within the box. Better than the old-fashioned, expensive humidor. *A boon to travelers.* Requires little space and will not blister cigars. **Send 25 cents** (stamps will do). Your **name engraved on moistener free,** if you send us your dealer's name and address.

Johnson-Rosenthal Sales Company
323 American Express Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Your money back if not satisfied.

Special to Dealers

Show this Cigar Moistener to your customers. They'll buy one as soon as seen. An attractive offer made to dealers on request, one that will increase your box trade. Write for it today.

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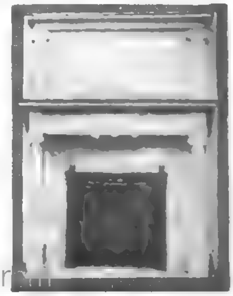
or remodel your house you owe it to yourself to get this De Luxe catalogue of

KING MANTELS

They excel all others in artistic appearance, honest construction, distinctive style and reasonable price.

This big book costs us 50c. but we will send it to interested people only for 12c. to partly pay delivery charges.



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"Under the Search-light"

Clean as a Hound's Tooth.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Communicate with the Home Office or the nearest agent.

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OF NEW YORK

1876 1909

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This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of Insurance for thirty-three years, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is over SIX MILLION THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Its business is protected by assets of over EIGHT MILLION SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, including an unearned premium reserve of over THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS, and a special reserve against contingent claims of over ONE MILLION SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. It has paid OVER TWENTY-NINE MILLIONS to its policy-holders for LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

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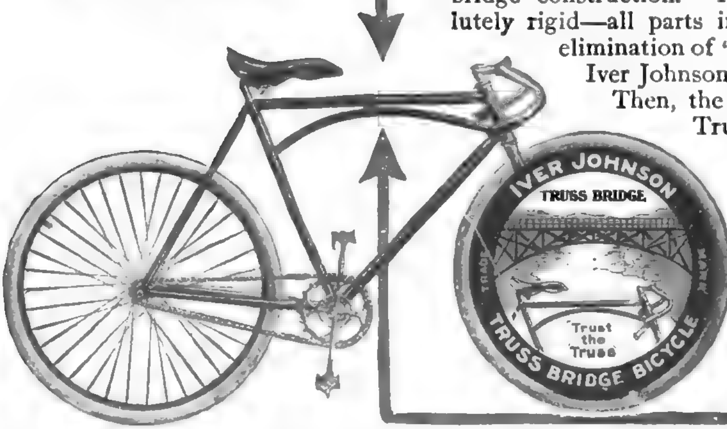
Today, there are a score or more different makes of bicycles.

Yet the Iver Johnson is in a class by itself.

The others are all about alike except in name plates.

One of the distinctive features of the Iver Johnson is the Truss Bridge—the same principle employed in bridge construction. This holds the frame absolutely rigid—all parts in perfect alignment. This elimination of "give" and "play" makes the Iver Johnson wonderfully easy-running. Then, the extra strength given by the Truss Bridge adds immensely to the safety. Think what that means to you.



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giving illustrations and descriptions of all models and name of your dealer.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ["Hammer the Hammer"] and Single Barrel Shotguns.

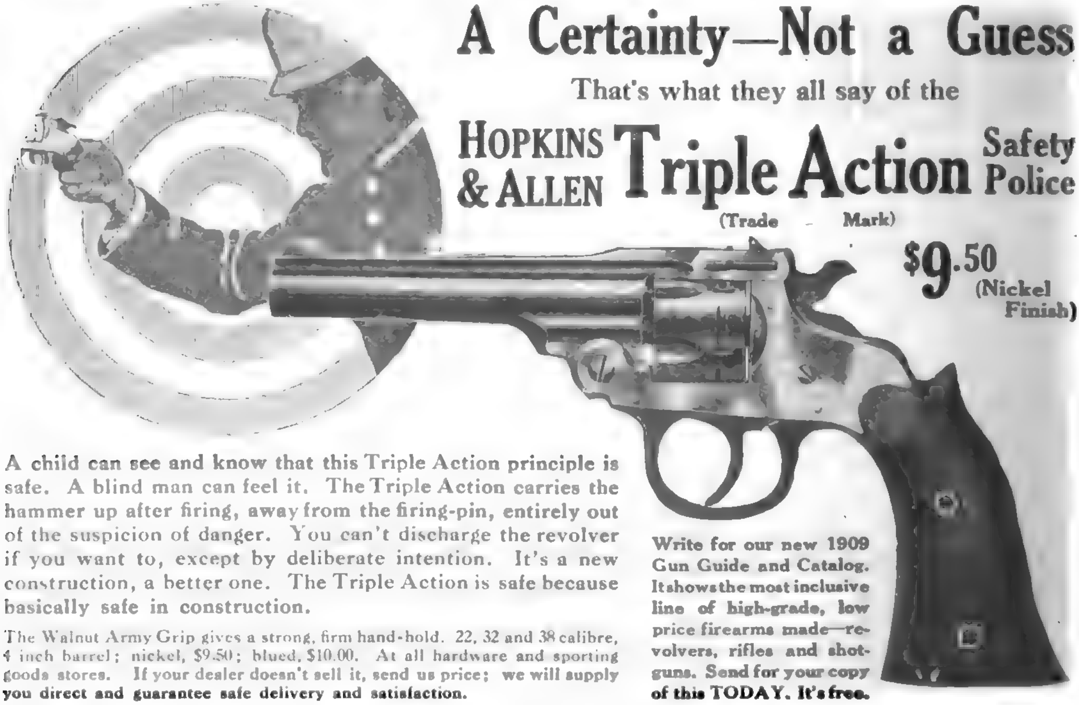
A Certainty—Not a Guess

That's what they all say of the

HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action Safety Police

(Trade Mark)

$9.50 (Nickel Finish)

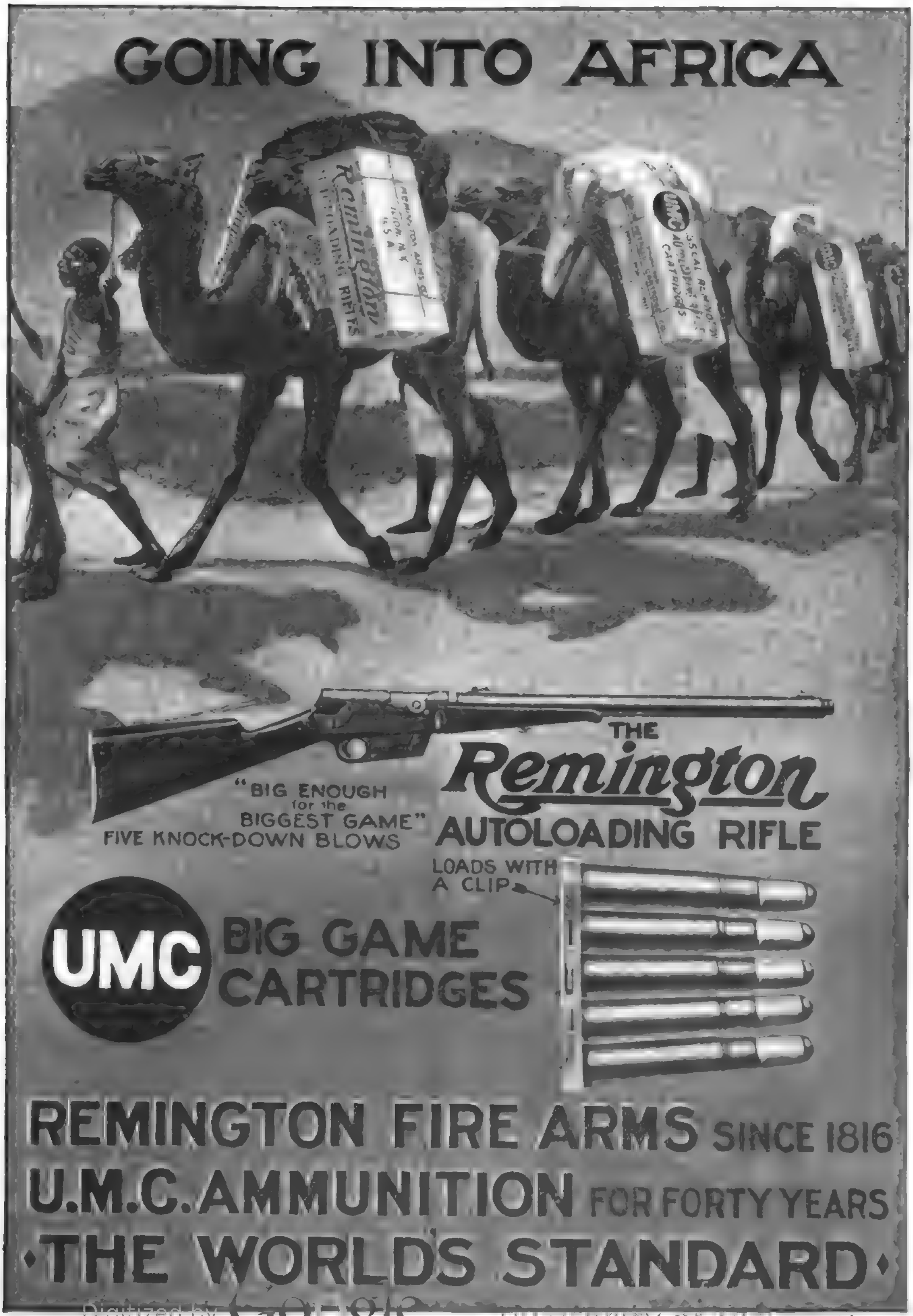


A child can see and know that this Triple Action principle is safe. A blind man can feel it. The Triple Action carries the hammer up after firing, away from the firing-pin, entirely out of the suspicion of danger. You can't discharge the revolver if you want to, except by deliberate intention. It's a new construction, a better one. The Triple Action is safe because basically safe in construction.

The Walnut Army Grip gives a strong, firm hand-hold. 22, 32 and 38 calibre, 4 inch barrel; nickel, $9.50; blued, $10.00. At all hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send us price; we will supply you direct and guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction.

Write for our new 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog. It shows the most inclusive line of high-grade, low price firearms made—revolvers, rifles and shotguns. Send for your copy of this TODAY. It's free.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., 13 Chestnut Street, NORWICH, CONN.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Remington Autoloading Rifles
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"BIG ENOUGH
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FIVE KNOCK-DOWN BLOWS

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REMINGTON FIRE ARMS SINCE 1816
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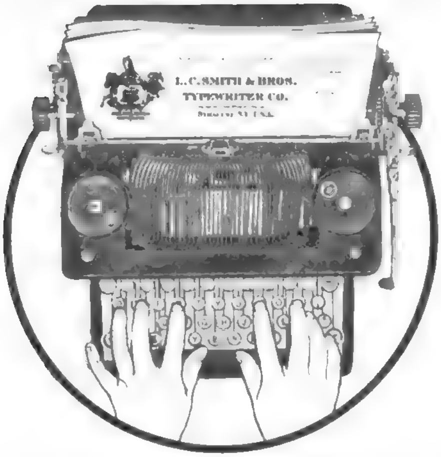
·THE WORLD'S STANDARD·

We Want the Men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Ball-bearings at all frictional points—
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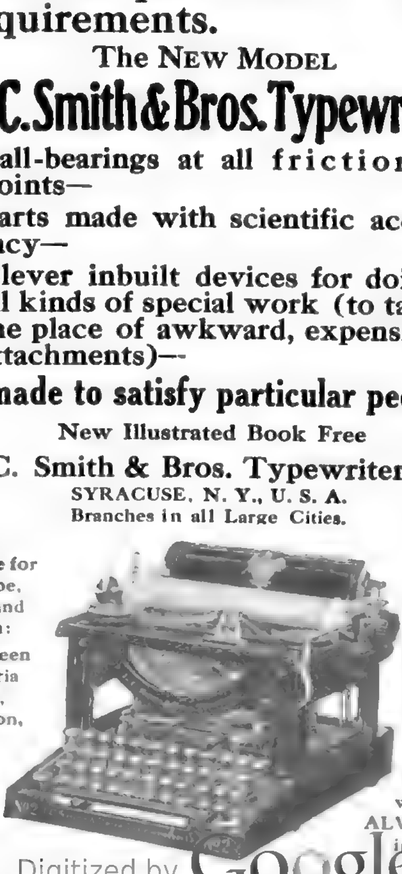

ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

COLT REVOLVERS
THE WORLD'S RIGHT ARM

THE man behind a COLT can look calmly at danger because he knows he has the advantage. There's satisfaction in feeling secure.

For three-quarters of a century "the man who knows"—Cowboy—Soldier—Police Officer—has staked his life on the one arm that never fails, "It's a Colt," always dependable, accurate, and the proven superior of all other revolvers.

You take no chance in choosing a Colt; you run no risk in using it.

There is only one revolver with a "positive lock" insuring against accidental discharge, and guaranteed for use with smokeless powder—"It's a COLT."

Our interesting Catalog No. 20 describes Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols in all desirable calibers and sizes, adapted for all purposes—Protection, Sport, or Target Shooting.

COLT Arms are fully guaranteed for use with *Smokeless* and other powders in standard, factory loaded ammunition.

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COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
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STEVENS
Outdoor
Boy

The Stevens Boy is the kind of boy that makes the manly man. A **Stevens Rifle** is a wonderful all-round exerciser of those faculties which, well developed, make for success in business and profession.

Self-reliance; steady nerves, quick muscles and an active, responsive brain are all Stevens-built qualities.

The boy with the **Stevens Rifle** gets this training in a way that he enjoys and while getting good bodily exercise in the healthful outdoor air.

Stevens Rifles are thoroughly well made arms—accurate, easy-working and safe. Every one is tested before leaving our factory. They are known as the "*Bull's-eye Kind,*" because they have more marksmanship records to their credit than all other makes combined.

Dan Beard's "Guns and Gunning"

An interesting and valuable volume on camping, woodcraft, habits of game birds, which animals are pests and which are not, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Bellmore H. Browne. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Paper covered, 20 cents; cloth covered, stamped in gilt, 30 cents.

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Ask your dealer and insist on STEVENS—there are no substitutes. If you cannot obtain, we will ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of catalogue price

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Little Scout . .	$2.25
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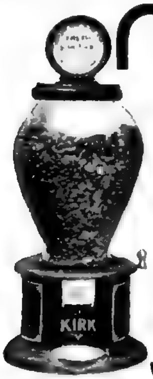

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Here's your opportunity to start on the road to financial independence. A legitimate, pleasant, and the biggest and best business proposition of the hour is now open to you. Buy and install

Kirk Peanut Vending Machines

You require but little money to start. You can buy (10) machines for $80, (20) for $160, or (30) for $240, which will earn at the lowest possible minimum $4, $8 and $12 weekly, or 217 per cent. Where else can you place these amounts to earn two hundred to six hundred dollars a year? And best of all you can look after the machines during the evening.

THE KIRK PEANUT VENDING MACHINE represents finality of construction in the perfection of the newest ideas, simplicity, durability, accessibility of mechanism, sanitary aluminum parts. It's robber proof, finished royal blue enamel, gold striped and built to wear 25 years. It has no peer in the vending machine world.

TO PROVE IT write immediately for our free sample machine proposition and take advantage of this exceptional chance of a lifetime.

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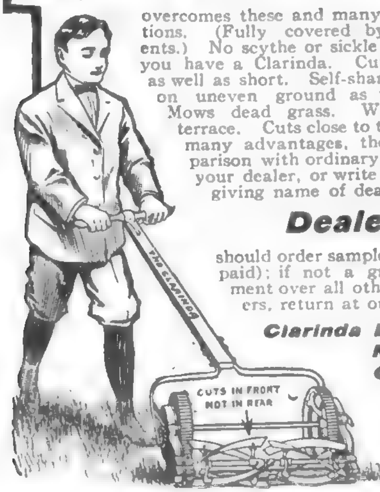
New Front Cut Lawn Mower

Cuts in front—not in rear. Does not roll the grass down. You know how old-style mowers leave ridges of uncut grass which must be gone over the second time. You know how difficult, or impossible it is to cut down the tall grass.

THE
Clarinda Lawn Mower


CLARINDA
CUTS IN FRONT NOT IN REAR

overcomes these and many other objections. (Fully covered by strong patents.) No scythe or sickle needed where you have a Clarinda. Cuts long grass as well as short. Self-sharpener. Mows on uneven ground as well as level. Mows dead grass. Will mow your terrace. Cuts close to trees, etc. So many advantages, there's no comparison with ordinary mowers. Ask your dealer, or write for pamphlet, giving name of dealer.

Dealers

should order sample on trial (prepaid); if not a great improvement over all other lawn mowers, return at our expense.

Clarinda Lawn Mower Company

Dept. A,
Clarinda,
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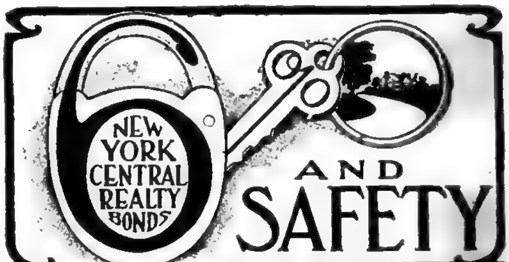
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We want agencies in every city and offer a liberal proposition to men of character. Write for particulars.

The Thousands Who Have Used
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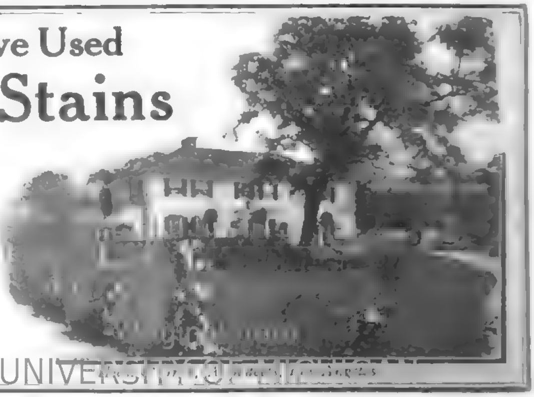
have not done so hap-hazard. They have investigated, calculated—and adopted. They have got beautiful coloring effects, with a depth and richness impossible in paint, and at half the cost—50% cheaper than paint.

Investigation costs a postal card request for samples and catalogue.



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THE THOROUGHBRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD

IT'S poor economy that saves a few cents on the purchase price of a revolver when that saving means uncertainty—a lack of safety—accuracy—and all-around dependability. The most far-sighted revolver purchase is to get a good weapon at the start — a Smith & Wesson — the revolver of already proven worth. The Smith & Wesson is known in every country in the world as the most dependable revolver made to-day — the safest and most sure. Its first cost is a little more, because, first and last, it's worth more.

Guaranteed when standard factory-loaded ammunition is used, either black or smokeless powder. Write to-day for our beautifully illustrated book—"The Revolver"—It tells you what you should know about a revolver. Send for it now. It's free.

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If your dealer does not carry stock, send us $1.00 for 7 in. Combination Plier No. 700. Side Cutter, 2 Wire Cutters, Burner Grip, Reamer, Screwdriver, **holds wire nail for brad awl work.** We pay postage and refund money **for any reason.** "Plier Palmistry" is an interesting folder sent free on request.

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Because, while polishing beautifully it picks up and completely *Carries Away* All Dust, Dirt and "Grime" from

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Leaves All Surfaces Looking Like New.

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Here is my own Casting Rod. I am having it made for all fishermen who want it, at my factory for the first time this season. It has my own pet ideas. That's why you can make a longer and more accurate cast with it.

There's my patent locking reel band which locks and releases the reel by a slight hand movement. This is a two-piece rod with the resilience of a one-piece rod and almost the carrying convenience of a three-piece. I use only select imported bamboo and only the butt cuts (first 6 feet). These are air dried for months.

Of course I guarantee this rod—guarantee it against any breakage from reasonable use. It will outlast any other style of rod made—wood or steel.

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Jim Heddon

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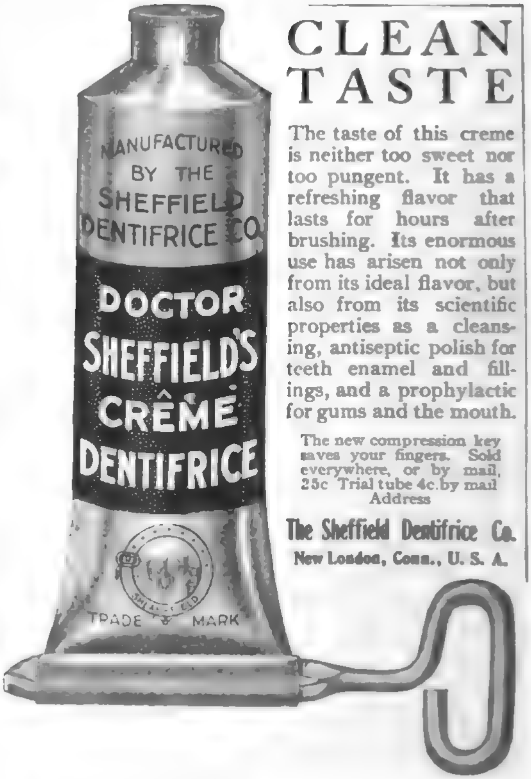
Manufacturers of the famous Dowagiac Minnows —Sold all over the country.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The taste of this creme is neither too sweet nor too pungent. It has a refreshing flavor that lasts for hours after brushing. Its enormous use has arisen not only from its ideal flavor, but also from its scientific properties as a cleansing, antiseptic polish for teeth enamel and fillings, and a prophylactic for gums and the mouth.

The new compression key saves your fingers. Sold everywhere, or by mail. 25c Trial tube 4c. by mail Address

The Sheffield Dentifrice Co.

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A COTTAGE CHEAPER THAN YOU CAN BUY THE MATERIALS

Cornell Portable Cottage in the Beautiful Berkshire Hills

Take your vacation in some beautiful spot away from crowded, hot and uncomfortable hotels and boarding houses with their noise and confusion. Select the place of your heart's desire, either in the woods, on the shore or among the mountains and have a Cornell Portable Cottage shipped there; erect it in a day and enjoy the most delightful vacation you ever had.

Cornell Portable Cottages

are handsome and inexpensive. They are strong, durable and weather proof, and are far better than what local contractors build and cost much less. Built in sections of first-class materials, painted inside and out any colors desired, shipped anywhere, easily and quickly erected by simply bolting the sections together, they become the ideal building in which to spend the summer months.

We build Portable Cottages, Garages, Churches, Studios, Stores, Pavilions, etc., and ship everywhere, freight prepaid. We have the largest and best equipped portable house factory in America and employ only skilled workmen Catalog upon request.

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of the electrical equipment of an automobile or a motor boat, together with an explanation of the proper use and care of every part is contained in the diagrams, blue-prints and booklet entitled "Operation of Motor Cars and Motor Boats" which we SEND FREE to every owner or user of a Motor equipment.

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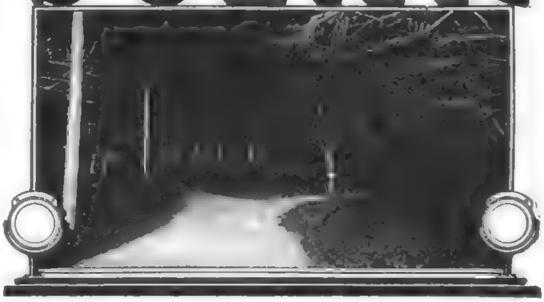

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IS found in SOLAR HEADLIGHTS. It has been proven so by actual photometric tests. This Lens Mirror is the famous Special Solar Bausch & Lomb, used exclusively by us. You will find it in no other lamp—therefore specify Solars and be assured of getting—the most powerful automobile headlight on the market—makes the darkest road as light as day. Write for catalog.

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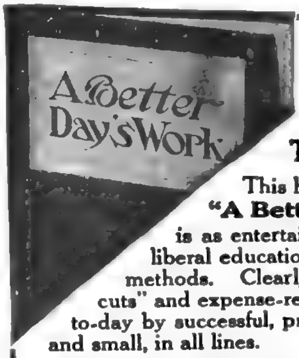

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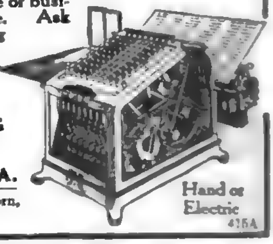

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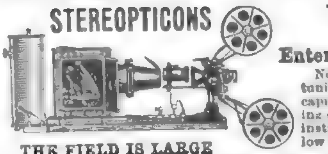

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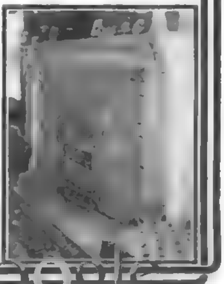

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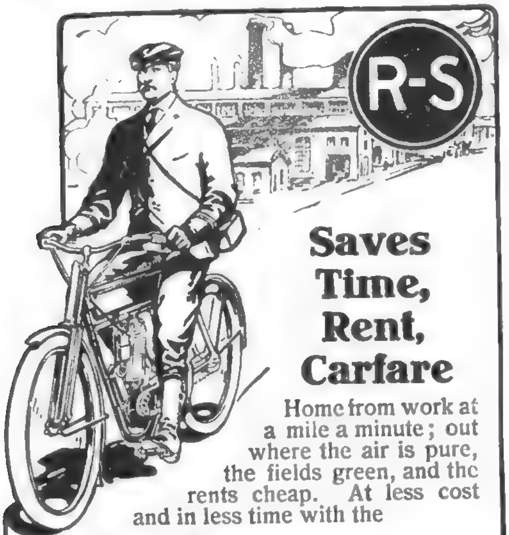

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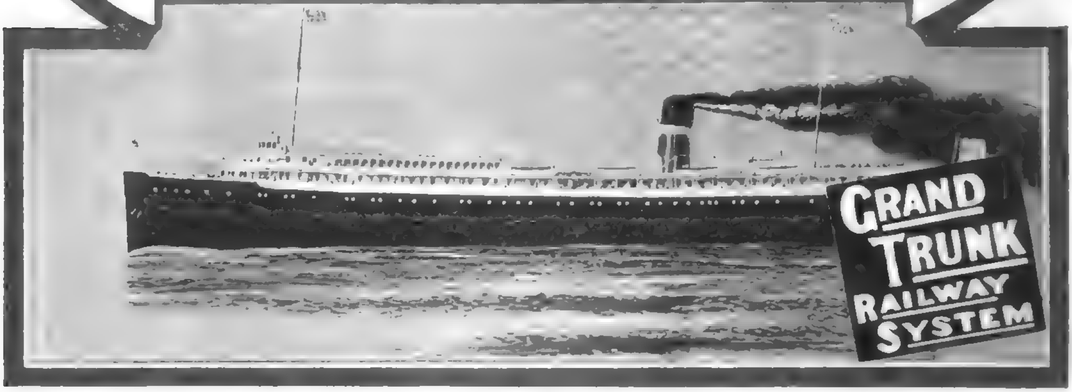

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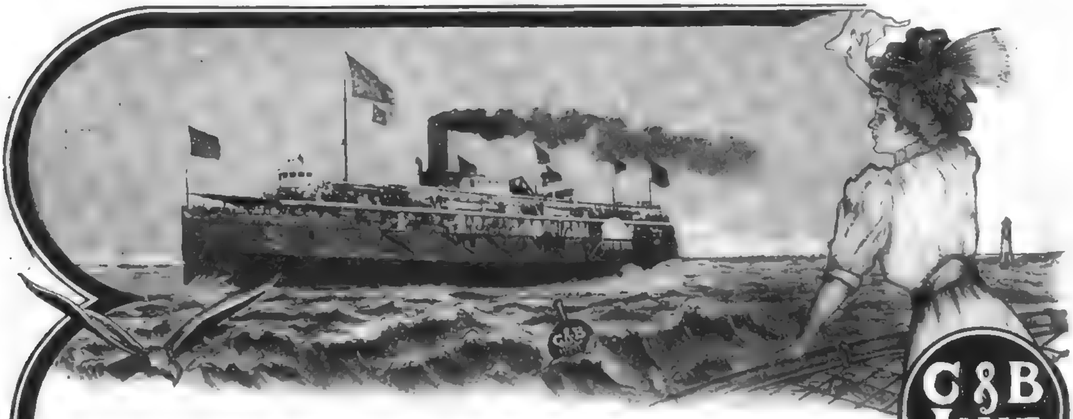

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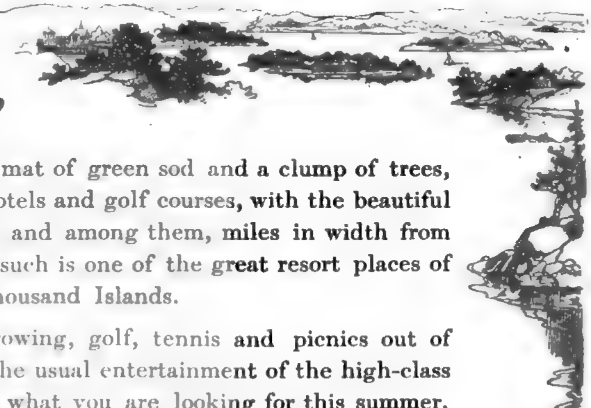

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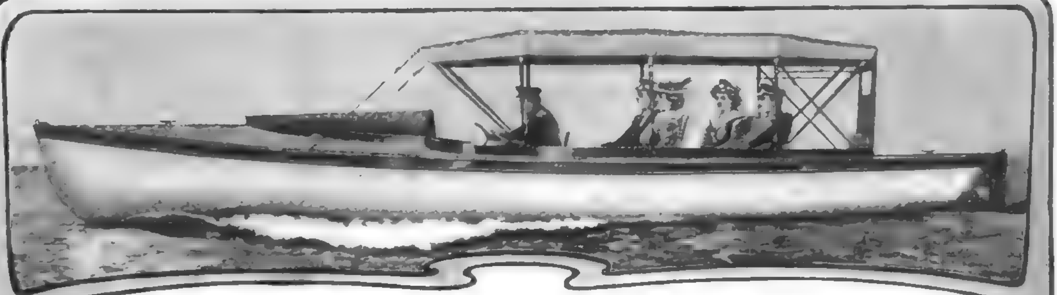

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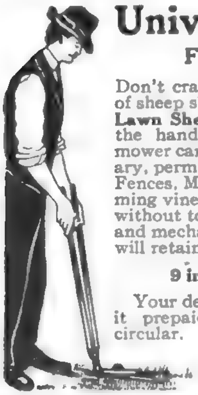

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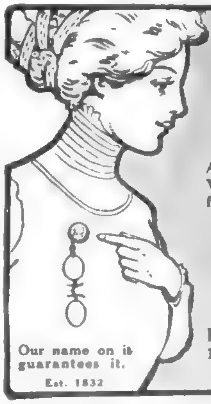
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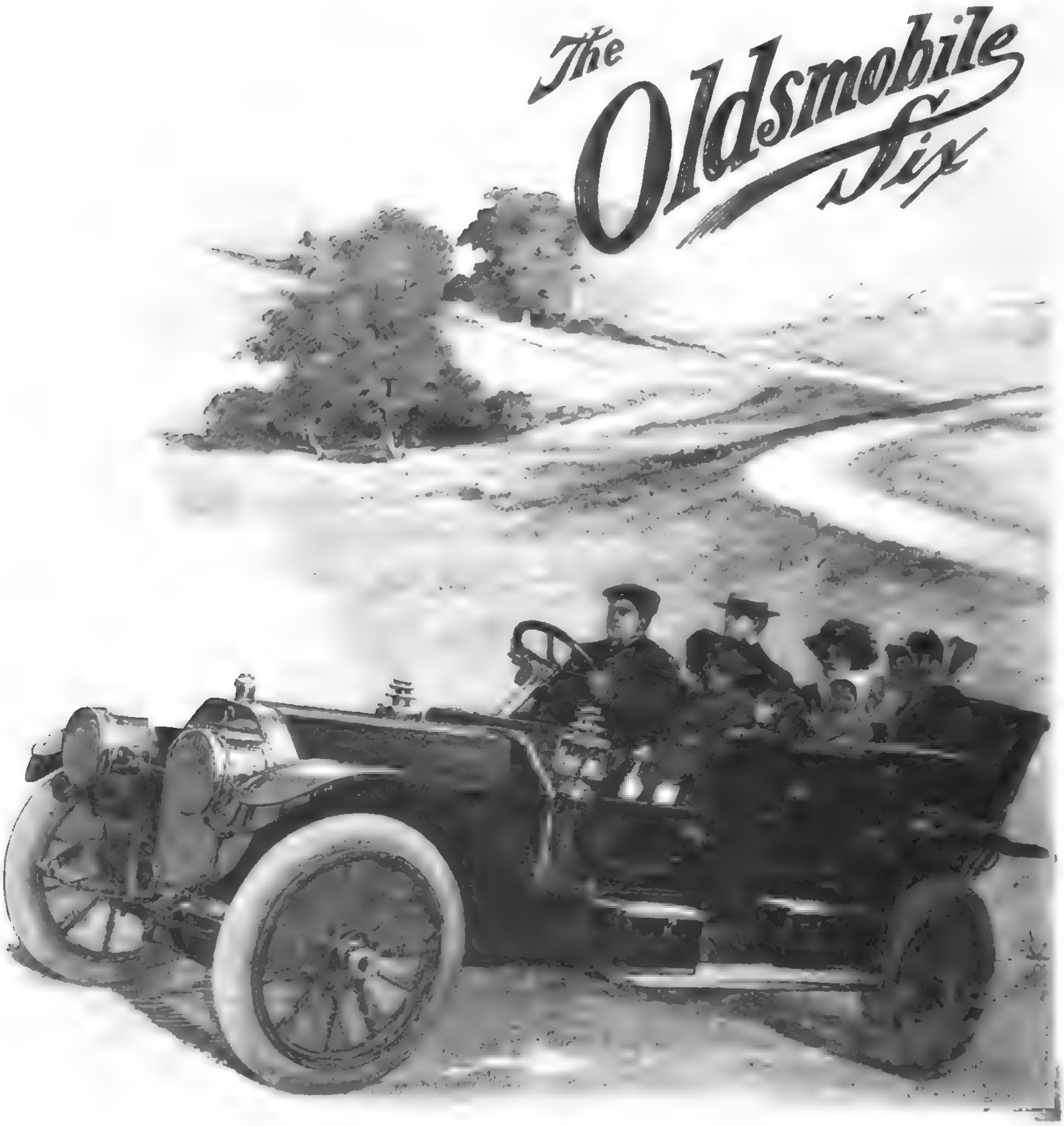

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"GOOD TIRES AND GOOD CARS GO TOGETHER"

Carry Your Tires Ready Flated on Spare Rims

Make Motoring a Pleasure

CONTINENTAL
READY-FLATED TIRES

Continental Flat Tread T. C. Tires "America's Best Pneumatic"

Outwear All Others

The combination of Continental demountable rims fitted with Continental flat tread (T. C.) tires is the equipment automobile owners have longed and waited for. Used by those who have tried and found out by experience their superiority over *all* others. *We can prove it.*

Use the annexed Coupon when writing for our beautiful brochure entitled "Continental Ready-Flated Tires," and receive full information with price.

CONTINENTAL CAOUTCHOUC CO.

Home Office: 1788-90 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FACTORY: CHELSEA, MASS.

Branches and Distributing Agents

Albany, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cleveland, O.
Detroit, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Huntington, L. I.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
Philadelphia, Pa.
San Francisco, Cal.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Toledo, O.

C4

Return this Coupon and we will send beautiful brochure, "Continental Ready-Flated Tires."

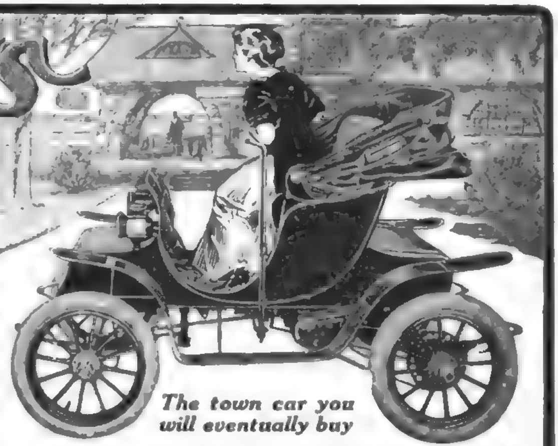
Name ....

Street ....

City ....

State ....

COLUMBUS ELECTRIC



The town car you will eventually buy

Every automobile makes 99 short trips to one tour.

It is true that no electric will serve the purpose of a touring car but is it *rational* to use a big high-powered machine about town when an electric will carry you quickly and cheaper and you can drive yourself?

The Columbus Electric has all the points that appeal to you in a car—noiseless, odorless, smooth running, always ready—but we want to emphasize its *ease of operation.* You have complete control with one lever. There are no foot pedals to confuse you in operating. Simplicity of construction is our greatest achievement. You can learn in fifteen minutes to drive it.

Standard Exide Batteries are our regular equipment.

Write to-day for catalogue showing our 1909 models of four and two passenger Coupés, Stanhopes and other styles. Let us refer you to *users.*

THE COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.
Established 1870 370-450 Dublin Ave. COLUMBUS, O.

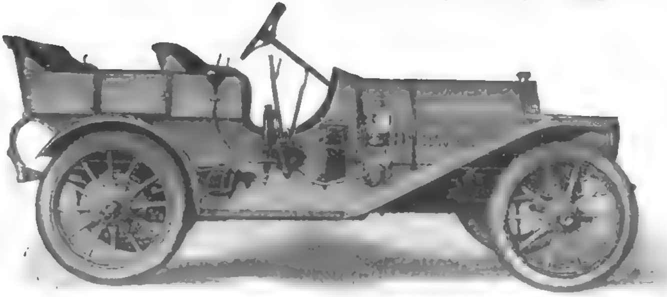
Glide

Model "R" Roadster

$2,250

Standard materials, standard construction cannot be had for less. Better cannot be had for more.

Close Coupled Body Seating Four



Can Be Furnished With Runabout Body Seating Two

A Car Built For Perfect Service

THERE is not a classier car on the roads than the Glide Model "R" Roadster, and not another car—at any price—with more worthy mechanical features. The Glide has many distinct advantages over other good cars. Here are some of the features which contribute to the *superior service* rendered by every Glide—

Correctly proportioned and situated parts—

Constant level oiling system, eliminating piping and automatically maintaining the proper level of oil in the crankcase at all times.

Silent and efficient bevel gear driving system—

Actual 45 H.-P. four-cylinder (cast separately) motor, crank shaft with five bearings—

36-inch wheels; 4-inch tires; wheel base, 106 inches.

Improved selective type transmission placed just forward of the rear axle, which reduces the angularity of the propeller shaft and gives best distribution of weight—

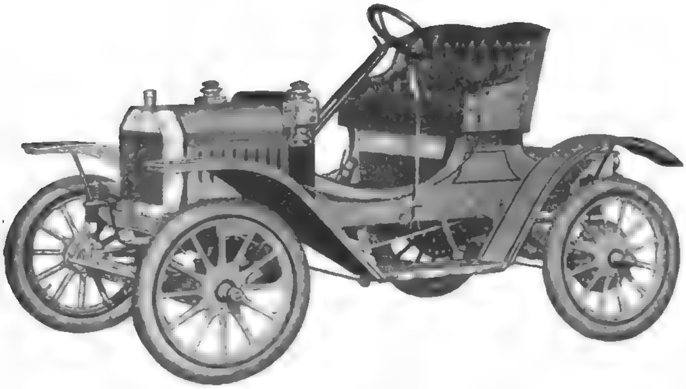
Only one Universal Joint (housed dust-proof and oil-tight) located between the motor and the transmission, and all Universal Joint trouble *absolutely eliminated.* Remember, there are not two joints or three joints, or even four as in other constructions.

GLIDE Model "G" SPECIAL Touring Car—seats five passengers with ample room in tonneau for two extra seats; wheel base, 120 in., tires, 34 x 4½-in. —Price $2,500.

Write for the 1909 Glide catalog and let us tell you more about this perfect car.

THE BARTHOLOMEW COMPANY, Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A. **606 Glide Street, Peoria, Ill.**

The BRUSH RUNABOUT



$550

completely equipped as shown in illustration

No car in the world compares with the Brush Runabout in low cost of maintenance: nor in simplicity, durability, convenience, reliability and ease of riding.

We make these claims knowing our ground absolutely. They are based on facts we have proven during the many years we have been connected with the automobile business, as well as the two years we have been manufacturing and selling the Brush.

You are probably surprised at that statement. You may even say, "Why, I don't believe I ever saw one of your cars!"

Well, we don't doubt it, even though there are almost 2,000 of them in use. When you distribute that number over the United States and eleven foreign countries they can't be very thick in every locality—

But in a few months you will see the Brush everywhere. Watch for the little gray car with the black stripes—and you will always see it deliver the goods.

There is a larger demand for the Brush this year than we can supply, even though we are running our factories twenty-one hours a day. This we know.

We know also that the car is right, so it's only a question of increasing our capacity to meet this demand for a simple, staunch, reliable runabout which will do all that is demanded of it.

Please understand, this isn't a speed car—one of the mile-a-minute kind. It's not an imitation of a big automobile with the complications left in and the strength left out. It's a runabout.

When Brush designed it, he didn't waste a minute trying to copy any of the big cars. His experience had taught him that more is expected of a runabout than of a big car, and that's why he spent over a year on the original designs.

Don't lose sight of the fact that Brush is acknowledged to be the greatest of all small-car designers and that over twenty-thousand automobiles of his design are in use.

Have you noticed what the foreign makers are doing? The manufacturers of such prominent machines as Renault, Clement, De Dion-Bouton and Darracq are building cars similar to the Brush.

No, possibly you are not interested in what the Frenchmen are doing, but you are interested in a tried and proven automobile that you can buy for $550—

A car that will carry two passengers and baggage over any roads (up Pike's Peak if you want to go)—a car which is easily operated—one you can maintain for less than half what it costs to keep a horse and two-passenger vehicle.

If it were possible we would like nothing better than the opportunity to take you through our factories and show you how the Brush is made. This with a chance to demonstrate the performance of the car, would settle the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Since this isn't possible, we want to send you the name of our nearest dealer, with descriptive literature containing illustrations and specifications: also a little story about how the car has won endurance and hill-climbing contests which no car at anything like the price has even entered, to say nothing about winning.

No matter whether you want a car for business or pleasure or both, you will always find the Brush on the job. Its uses are legion. Let us show you what it will do for you.

You know we can sell you exactly the same car on solid rubber tires for $500.

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO.

656 BALTIMORE AVENUE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

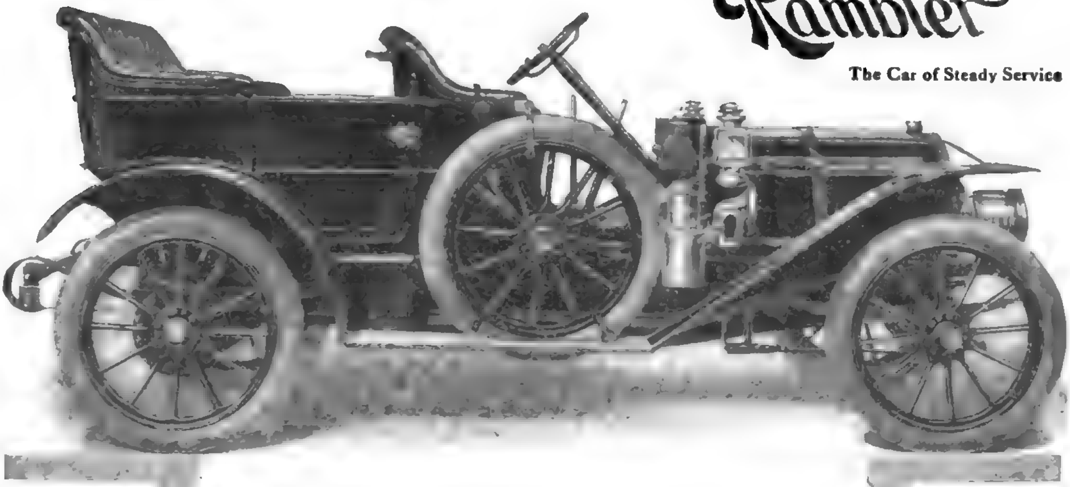
ESTABLISHED 1906

MEMBERS A. M. C. M. A.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Rambler

The Car of Steady Service



Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., $2,250.
Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, $74. Magneto, $150.

Character Coupled with Efficiency

To that purchaser who demands quality without undue elaboration, steady service without sensational performance, and reasonable cost without sacrifice of worth, Rambler Model Forty-four most strongly appeals.

The Offset Crank-Shaft provides for greater power efficiency in hill-climbing and for high-gear work in crowded traffic. The Rambler Spare Wheel obviates all tire worries—saves the task of pumping up the new tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes.

Those big wheels and tires provide comfort in touring, besides saving tire expense.

May we send you the new Rambler catalog or a copy of the Rambler Magazine, a monthly publication for owners? Rambler automobiles, $1,150 to $2,500.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, New York,
Cleveland, San Francisco.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

DETROIT FIRE DEPARTMENT ADOPTS

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

Seeking the vehicle best suited to the exacting, strenuous work of the busy fire chief in a big city, the Detroit city officials found it in the Detroit Electric. So the chief now speeds to fires as shown in the picture.

You do not desire nor require, ordinarily, the speed this fire fighter does—but if you did, you could get it in no electric but the Detroit.

Mileage, construction and appointments will enter largely into your choice of an electric.

Just as the Detroit city officials found, you will find the Detroit giving greater mileage on a single charge than any other electric you have seen.

You will find, further, fifty features and improvements which gives the Detroit a clear title to its leadership, acknowledged almost by common consent.

Detroit's fire chief chose the Detroit Electric, as you will choose it, because of:

Its larger, more powerful battery—13 plate, 24 cell.

Its pressed channel-steel frame.

Hess-Bright and Timkin roller bearings.

Motor mounted on the frame and body instead of on the rear axle.

Its chain drive, doing away with the delicate herringbone gears.

And here are additional reasons why you will give the Detroit preference over the electrics you had thought finest and best:

Its rear cushions, 20 inches deep instead of 18 and 19; its front cushions 15 inches, where others are 13 and 14 inches.

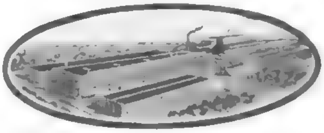
Its larger doors, opening forward instead of back, and its larger windows.

Its control of the five forward and three reverse speeds, the alarm, and motor brake, all in one lever.

The complete accessibility of the motor.

As to dignity and elegance of appearance, the picture below speaks eloquently and convincingly.

Write for the literature, including the booklet which tells of the Detroit's unprecedented and unapproached 1060 mile trip from Detroit to Atlantic City; after which, upon its return to Detroit, the car ran 113 miles on one charge.



Plant of the Anderson Carriage Company at Detroit—a plant representative of years of successful vehicle manufacturing experience

Anderson Carriage Co.

Dept. P, DETROIT, MICH.

Locomobile

The 90h.p. Locomobile with Robertson driving, winning the International Race for the Vanderbilt Cup. The peculiar elliptical shape of the front wheels in the photograph shows the tremendous speed of the car. Even though the exposure was only one-two-thousands of a second the shutter could not move fast enough from the bottom of the plate to the top to avoid the ellipticity of the front wheels. Such tremendous and continued high speed was a supreme test of and triumph for our manufacturing methods. (12 Post Card views of race sent for 10 cents; Beautiful 11-color poster suitable for framing, 10 cents.)

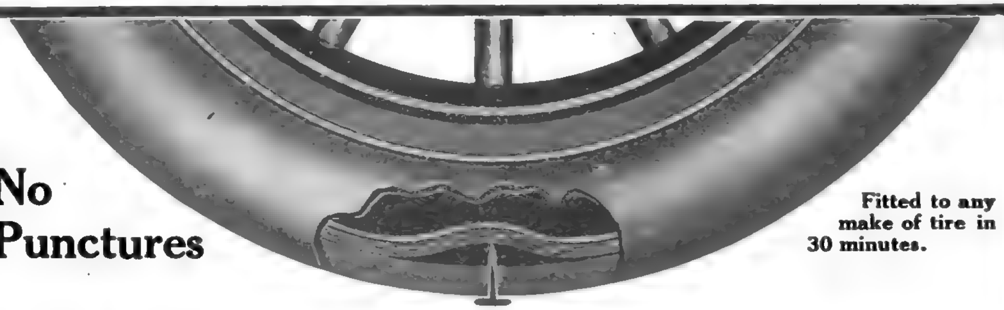
Locomobile MODELS

The New "30" $3500.- A five passenger car. The name "LOCOMOBILE" guarantees superiority in design of shaft drive construction

The Famous "40" - $4500
A seven passenger family car. A logical model for those who want high power.

The *Locomobile* Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW YORK - PHILADELPHIA - CHICAGO - BOSTON - SAN FRANCISCO



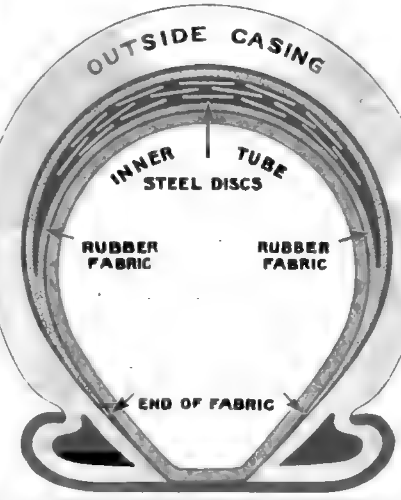
No Punctures

Fitted to any make of tire in 30 minutes.

Atlas Non-Puncture Inner Case

Proof against road punctures from any source. Resilient, lively, strong. Used with any outer casing and inner tube, with any non-skidding appliance.

The Non-Puncture feature in the "Atlas" Intermediate Case consists of round **metal discs** so arranged in a cushion of rubber that, while punctures are not possible, no friction and consequent heat is generated and no internal wear or unusual stress exerted on the case itself.



Placed in position and removal exceedingly simple. No cement or vulcanizing.

Sides extend down to bead of outer case; support or reinforce side or hinge where blowouts usually occur.

No punctures mean—

50 per cent. less anxiety. 50 per cent. more enjoyment.

Reduces expense—repairs, waits, delays.

Removes 90 per cent. of the hazards and increases the availability of your machine proportionately—especially when pressed into emergency service.

You can not puncture The ATLAS. Thousands in use

You can prove it to your absolute satisfaction within an hour's time at your dealer's.

If your dealer is not an up-to-date one—write us—quick. Full information by return mail.

ATLAS RUBBER COMPANY
Office and Factory
885 Niagara Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.
BRANCHES: NEW YORK, 253 W. 57th Street. CHICAGO, 135 Lake Street
BOSTON, 751 Boylston Street. PITTSBURG, 123 Sheridan Street

Canoe by Motor

That's the easy way; perfectly safe, "perfectly fine," if you're in a CARLETON motor model. Handsome, clean, swift craft, handled as easily by women as by men; wonderfully low cost. Pictures, full description and prices in our new catalogue—free on request. Carleton paddle and sailing canoes also shown.

CARLETON CANOE CO., - 145 MAIN STREET, OLD TOWN, MAINE

---

14 Ft. LAUNCH $94^{50}

WITH 2H.P. ENGINE

16-18-21-25 and 30 footers at proportionate prices. Let us send you testimonials from people who are using them. Boats and engines guaranteed one year. Shipment made the day we receive order. Motor the simplest made, starts without cranking, anyone can drive them. We are the largest builders of pleasure boats in the world and sell direct to user. **Free catalog.**

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1113 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Original
UNIVERS

The Essence of Convenience

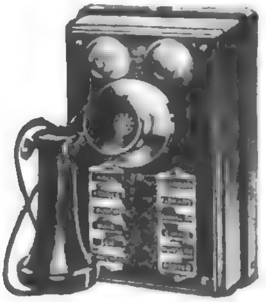
is obtained by installing a

Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone System

in the home. Such a system, including types of telephones suitable for every room, enables you, by simply pressing a button, to get in instant touch, from any part to every other part of the house, and the outbuildings, the stable and garage.

It obviates the necessity of tiresome stair climbing, when instructions are to be given to servants and tradesmen.

A reliable home telephone system is the greatest of modern conveniences. It is a time-saver which adds tone and dignity to the modern up-to-date home. Such a system calls for no operating expense.



Our Intercommunicating Telephones are of the same guaranteed efficiency as the celebrated "Bell" Telephones of which we are the manufacturers.

Write our nearest house for illustrated Bulletin No. 7943 and suggestions

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Eastern
New York
Philadelphia
Boston
Pittsburg
Atlanta

Central
Chicago
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
Minneapolis

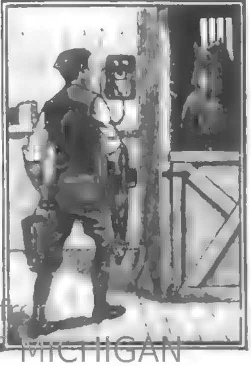
Western
Saint Louis
Kansas City
Denver
Dallas
Omaha

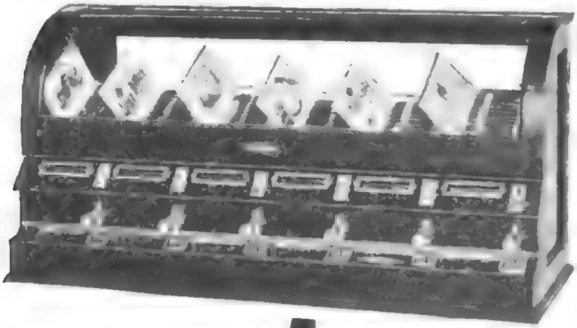
Pacific
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Salt Lake City

Northern Electric and Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg

Manufacturer of the famous "Bell" Telephone with which every business man is familiar.

Intercommunicating Telephones a Specialty





This Machine

will earn its owner a clear profit of from $1.00 to $5.00 a day if properly located.

Ten of them will earn ten times as much and will serve as the beginning of a business that will grow to gigantic proportions. We do not speak by guesswork but can furnish names and addresses of owners of hundreds of these machines that are making large incomes.

International Cigar Vending Machines

combine accuracy, quality and beautiful and durable construction. Built for strength, simplicity and unfailing operation. The more you know about mechanism and mechanical construction the surer you are to be enthusiastic about this wonderful machine. **No clock work or complicated machinery to get out of order—as simple as A B C.** The only one of its kind ever made and the only one that can ever be made, as we own all basic patents on this simple, accurate cigar machine construction. We are prepared to prosecute all infringements to the limit of the law.

Eliminates clerk hire, store rent, light and heat bills, free cigars and credit losses making your profit on each cigar sold much larger than a storekeeper's. Complies in full with Government requirements. **We will sell you a number of machines, give you exclusive right to operate them in your choice of towns or counties** (if not already sold) and protect you from competition for all time to come. **Write to-day.** State what territory you desire.

International Vending Machine Co.
219 Chestnut Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

Make Your Money Double Itself

Write for our plan for putting you into an independent, money-doubling business, which will require but a modest initial investment and will take but a few minutes each day of your time. We furnish you with advertising literature and cuts, contract blanks and full directions for placing machines and starting plant, and guarantee each and every machine. Handles any and every brand of cigar made.

Smokers are guaranteed clean, sanitary good cigars in buying from these machines. If you want sure delivery be sure it's an International

---

2 HORSE POWER DETROIT ENGINE $29.50

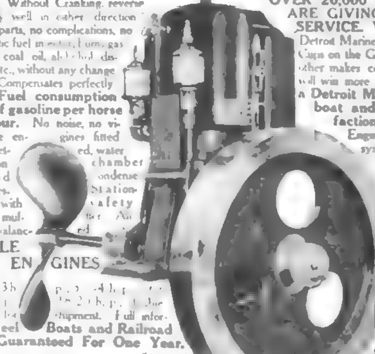
OTHER SIZES AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES IN STOCK READY TO SHIP

REVERSE GEARS

Reverse gears from 1½ h. p. up to 120 h. p. Suited for work boats and speed boats. **All moving parts enclosed in oil tight case.** All gears are spur gears hardened and cut. **All gears** run in bath of oil, impossible to wear [illegible] All gears tested before shipment [illegible] No external revolving parts to catch [illegible] Reverse band [illegible] the drum and heat up. The Detroit Gear is compact, simple and reliable. Special proposition on first gear purchased in a community

MARINE ENGINES

Engines Start Without Cranking, reverse and run equally well in either direction. Only 3 moving parts, no complications, no troubles, automatic fuel [illegible] gasolene, kerosene, coal oil, alcohol, distillate, naphtha, etc., without any change in equipment. Compensates perfectly at all speeds. **Fuel consumption ⅛ of a pint of gasoline per horse power per hour.** No noise, no vibration. Marine engines fitted with water-jacketed, water sprayed expansion chamber which cools and condense the exhaust gasses. Stationary engines fitted with safety type, stationary [illegible] All engines counterbalanced



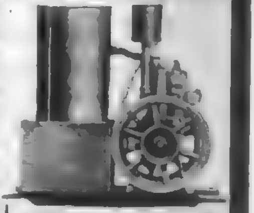
REVERSIBLE MARINE ENGINES

2 h. p., 2[illegible] h. p., 3 h. p., [illegible] h. p., 7 8 h. p., single cylinder; 8 h. p., 10 h. p., 12 14 [illegible] 20 h. p., [illegible] cylinder; 50 h. p., four cylinder. Sizes in stock ready for shipment. Full information about engines for **Launches, Stern Wheel Boats and Railroad Track Cars. All Engines and Gears Guaranteed For One Year.**

DETROIT ENGINES START WITHOUT CRANKING

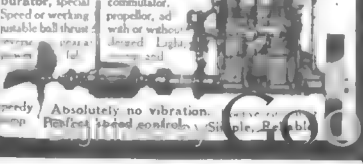
STATIONARY ENGINES

OVER 20,000 DETROIT ENGINES ARE GIVING THE BEST OF SERVICE. Write for Testimonials. Detroit Marine Engines won more Trophy Cups on the Great Lakes last summer than other makes combined. Detroit Engines will win more cups this summer. **Place a Detroit Marine Engine in your boat and have absolute satisfaction** (every Detroit Marine Engine has a water proof ignition system, suited for fresh or salt water). **All bearings of plastic white bronze** (no cheap babbit used). **All bearing surfaces ground to a mirror finish.** Piston pin of hard steel and turning in hard bronze bushing. **Crank shaft drop forged steel.** All parts interchangeable and fitted to 1-2000 of an inch. Connecting rod of selected steel (I beam section) and adjustable for wear. **Centrifugal ring oiler on crank pin.** Piston and cylinder oiled by separate lubricator. Marine engines fitted with [illegible] of crank case and **instructions** [illegible] how to place [illegible] Stationary engines [illegible]



REVERSIBLE GOVERNING STATIONARY ENGINE

Starts without cranking. Sizes 2 h. p. to 8 h. p., complete outfit, mounted [illegible] all ready to run. Speed controlling lever starts, reverses and stops motor. Burns gasolene or coal oil (kerosene)



Two-Cylinder Engines in sizes from 8 h. p. to 20 h. p. **Float Feed Carburator,** special commutator, Speed or working propellor, adjustable ball thrust with or without reverse gear [illegible] Light, powerful [illegible] speedy [illegible] Absolutely no vibration. [illegible] Perfect speed control. Simple, Reliable

We desire an Agent Demonstrator in every community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Write for full information.

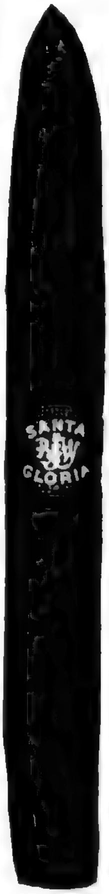
Write For Free Catalog, to

Dept. A,	Marine Engines	Dept. B,	Stationary Engines
Dept. C,	Marine Reverse Gears	Dept. F,	Launch Hardware and Boat Fittings

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
[illegible] JEFFERSON AVENUE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

With a Detroit Stationary Engine you can **save the hired man's wages.** It will run a pump, a lighting dynamo, a washing machine, a sewing machine, a churn, a cream separator, a printing press, ensilage cutter, a feed mill, a corn sheller. **It will light your house with Electricity** and [illegible]

A pure Havana filled cigar for 2 cents



Yes—Pure Havana

Grown on the Isle of Cuba—
Imported by us from Cuba—
Put into this cigar by us—
Guaranteed pure Havana by us
Is there any way to make it stronger?

Mr. Smoker—you don't have to be told that there is such a thing grown as real Havana tobacco.

You know there is.

You have tasted it. You know that no other tobacco ever gave you that delightful, rich, tasty, smoke that Havana tobacco does.

But the point you want to know—have to be shown—is this:

Is it possible to sell a genuine, pure Havana filled cigar, of "decent" size, for 2 cents?

It certainly is—

Most positively is—and here it is.

Santa Glorias Box 50 Prepaid $1.00

Exact size and shape shown. A clean, thoroughly cured York State wrapper with genuine Havana filler. A quickly rolled cigar--not expensively finished—but substantially made. Will please 99 out of 100 experienced, exacting smokers.

There's just one Havana Tobacco—that which actually grows on the Isle of Cuba.

Tobacco growers the world over, have tried, time ,and time again,to duplicate Havana tobacco—using the same seeds, same plants.

"Seed" Havana or transplanted Havana, in any shape or form, never had, cannot have, that genuine natural Havana flavor, taste, aroma. It takes the sun, soil—the peculiar tropicalclimatic conditions of Cuba—found nowhere else in the world. The fact cannot be dodged that there is actual and gross misrepresentation about Havana tobacco among the millions of cigars offered—in stores and by mail. But here is real Havana, grown in and imported from Cuba. Our 49 years of honorable business dealing is back of that statement

SANTA GLORIAS can be had of dealers everywhere. If you have the slightest difficulty in locating them just enclose a dollar bill with your name and address in an envelope to

49th Year—
600 Employees
R. & W. JENKINSON CO.
1174 LIBERTY AVE.
PITTSBURG

For the Craftsman Style

of architecture and interior finish, the designs and construction of **Morgan Doors** are in perfect keeping. They are finished in the white and may be stained any color.

MORGAN DOORS

are perfect doors. Built of several layers with the grain running crosswise, making shrinking, warping or swelling impossible. Veneered in all varieties of hardwood—birch, plain or quarter-sawed red or white oak, brown ash, mahogany.

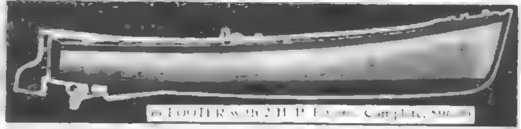
Morgan Doors are light, remarkably strong and absolutely perfect in every detail of construction. Each **Morgan Door** is stamped "*Morgan*" which guarantees quality, style, durability and satisfaction.

In our new book, "The Door Beautiful," **Morgan Doors** are shown in their natural color and in all styles of architecture—Colonial, Empire, Mission, etc., and it is explained why they are the best and cheapest doors for permanent satisfaction in any building. ***A copy will be sent on request.***

Architects: Descriptive details of Morgan Doors may be found in Sweet's index, pages 678 and 679.

Morgan Company, Dept. Z. Oshkosh, Wis.

Morgan Sash and Door Company, Chicago, Illinois.
Morgan Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
Morgan Company, Baltimore, Maryland.



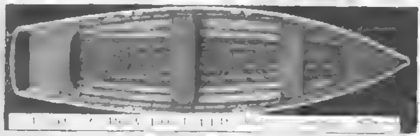
[illegible] FOOTER with 2 H. P. Engine, Complete, [illegible]

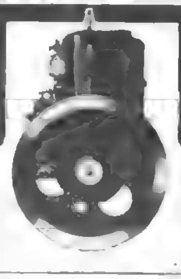
18-FOOT Auto Express, 3 1-2 H. P. Engine, Complete, $147.00

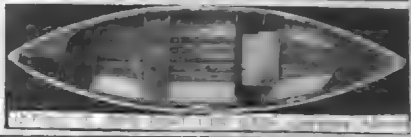
W[illegible] riveted steel boats [illegible] testimonials received unsolicited from livery men who have used [illegible]

21-FOOTER, 5 to 6 H. P. Engine, Complete, [illegible]

[illegible]







16-foot Launch $96.00

18, 21 and 25-Foot at Proportionate Prices

All Launches fitted with Detroit Two-Cycle Reversible Engine. Starts without cranking—has positive speed control, only three moving parts piston, connecting rod and crank shaft. White bronze bearings, piston and crank shaft ground and polished, drop forged steel crank shaft, centrifugal ring oiler on crank pins, exhaust water-jacketed and water-cooled Muffler. Fuel Injector burns gasoline, kerosene, coal oil or alcohol.

Over 40 Different Styles to choose from.

ON HAND AND READY TO SHIP

ROWBOATS, $20.00 AND UPWARDS

We are the largest manufacturers of Pleasure Boats in the world and carry in stock several thousands of each style boats so that orders can be filled the day they are received if necessary. Every boat and engine guaranteed and thoroughly tested before shipment, insuring a perfect working outfit. MICHIGAN STEEL BOATS need no boat house, can be left out on the beach for months at a time and when put back in the water are perfectly water-tight, as they don't crack, check or rot and are impervious to the effects of the weather. One Boat Livery has 125 of our Special Livery B 14-foot square stern rowboats in use. They are money makers and a source of comfort and pleasure to all who use them. They propel with one-third less power than other boats of the same size, are lighter and more buoyant, more seaworthy, longer lived and better in every respect. Send for FREE CATALOG and description of the trip taken in a Michigan Steel Boat through the Canyons of Colorado and Arizona. The only boat that ever successfully completed this trip.

WRITE US FOR LIST OF USERS OF OUR PATENT STEEL BOATS.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT COMPANY, 1280 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

The Sock That Won't Punch Through

It can't—the **warranty** says so—and it's one of those gilt-edge guarantees of wear that protects every purchaser of *WUNDERHOSE*. Better quality cannot be had at more money—equal worth cannot be had at the *WUNDERHOSE* price.

There's quality—there's fit—there's a perfected method of dyeing that makes *WUNDERHOSE* the **best** stocking for each member of the family.

Innumerable threads of fine linen knitted into the toes, soles and heels give wondrous wear resistance to the fine, soft-feeling yarn.

For Men,—Four pairs of socks warranted to wear **four** months, **$1.00 per box.** Colors—Pearl, Navy, Tan, Black, and Black with White Feet.

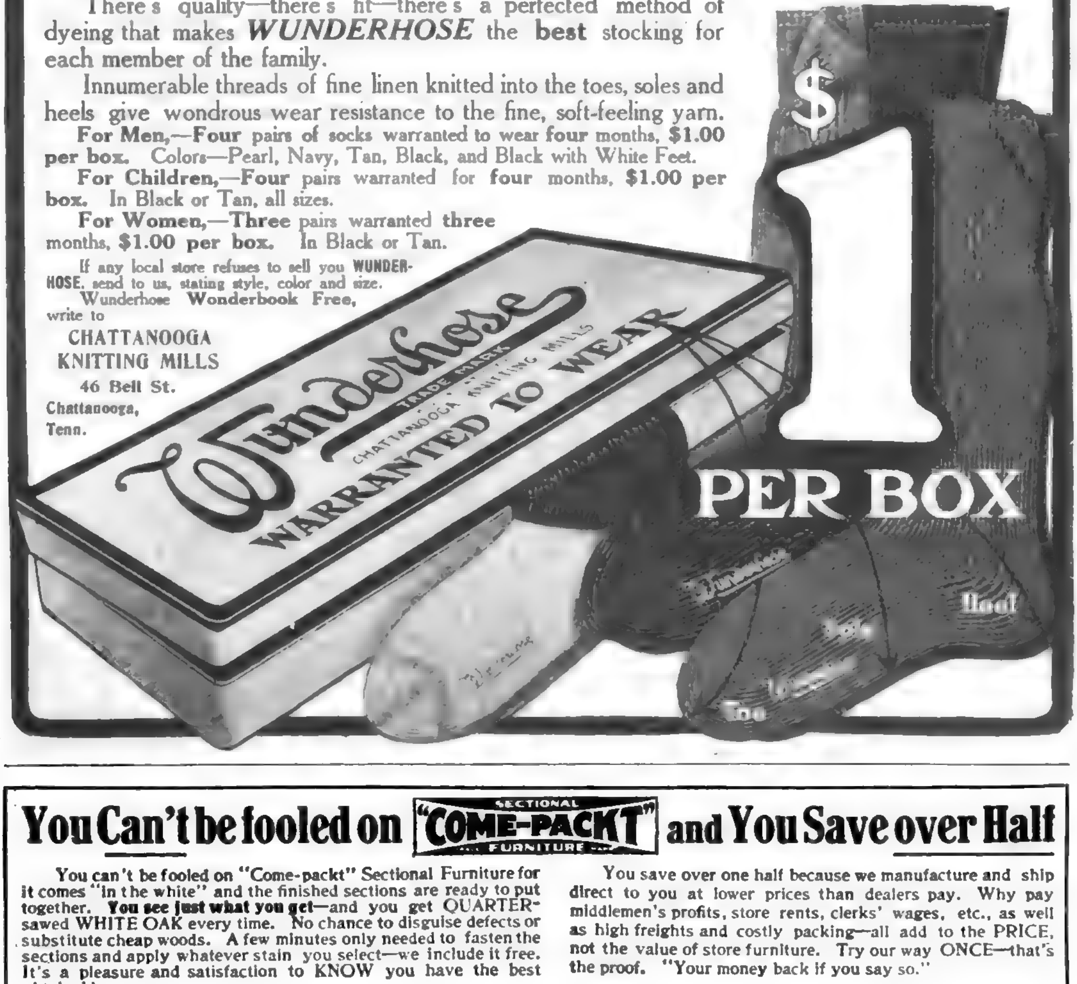
For Children,—Four pairs warranted for **four** months, **$1.00 per box.** In Black or Tan, all sizes.

For Women,—Three pairs warranted **three** months, **$1.00 per box.** In Black or Tan.

If any local store refuses to sell you **WUNDERHOSE**, send to us, stating style, color and size.

Wunderhose **Wonderbook Free,** write to

CHATTANOOGA
KNITTING MILLS
46 Bell St.
Chattanooga,
Tenn.



You Can't be fooled on "COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE and You Save over Half

You can't be fooled on "Come-packt" Sectional Furniture for it comes "in the white" and the finished sections are ready to put together. **You see just what you get**—and you get QUARTER-sawed WHITE OAK every time. No chance to disguise defects or substitute cheap woods. A few minutes only needed to fasten the sections and apply whatever stain you select—we include it free. It's a pleasure and satisfaction to KNOW you have the best obtainable.

You save over one half because we manufacture and ship direct to you at lower prices than dealers pay. Why pay middlemen's profits, store rents, clerks' wages, etc., as well as high freights and costly packing—all add to the PRICE, not the value of store furniture. Try our way ONCE—that's the proof. "Your money back if you say so."

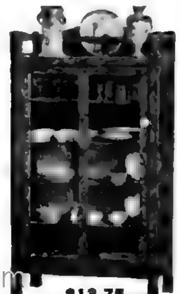
"It comes in SECTIONS, not in pieces" so that it is only an evenings pastime to put together and finish—no tool work needed. **QUARTER sawed WHITE OAK** is used throughout—rich in beautiful flake and grain. Your choice of seven finishes. **ONE HUNDRED** other splendid pieces, from $3 up, all sold under our absolute **GUARANTEE to satisfy YOU** or your money refunded.

$7.50 with cushions

[illegible] with cushions

$14.50 with leaves

Extends 8 feet



$12.75

WRITE TODAY for beautiful catalog, free.

INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO. 606 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company

and

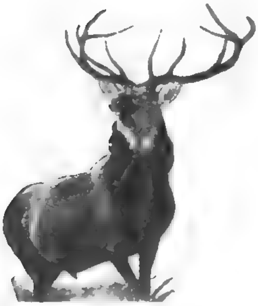
The National Association of Credit Men

The National Association of Credit Men, representing the leading mercantile houses of the United States, in addressing merchants throughout the country on the need of adequate and responsible fire insurance protection, says:

> **"Through the guarantee which it has given you an insurance company may suddenly become your debtor. Might it not be well to know ahead of time what kind of a debtor it is likely to be?"**

The points which the Credit Men say ought to be considered in selecting a fire insurance company are given below. See how well they describe the Hartford.

What Credit Men Ask	What the Hartford Is
1. "What is the net surplus above capital and all liabilities?"	1. The Hartford's surplus January 1st, 1909, above capital and all liabilities—$5,061,592.
2. "Has it (the insurance company) a record of paying its debts (losses) promptly and without unjust deductions?"	2. After San Francisco, in putting the Hartford on its **Roll of Honor,** this same National Association of Credit Men said, "Considering that its gross loss was the immense sum of $10,275,000, the Company is worthy of the highest commendation."
3. "Are the men who manage its affairs men of character and high standing in the community, upholding the principles of business which assure a long and honorable existence?"	3. The Hartford's reputation for commercial honor is its most cherished asset, and its continued observance of good faith with its policy-holders is attested by its popularity and success. It is 99 years old and does the largest fire insurance business in the United States.



The service which the Hartford affords the public continues throughout the year and is not limited to payment of losses. It has published a book, "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance," with separate chapters for Householders, Merchants and Manufacturers, showing each how danger of fire may be reduced in his particular property. The book also gives valuable advice concerning insurance and may save you thousands of dollars no matter in what company you are insured. It is free if you mention EVERYBODY'S. Send for it.

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.

Incorporate in Arizona

Laws the most liberal. Expense the least. Hold meetings and transact business anywhere. Blanks, By-Laws and forms for making stock full-paid for cash, property or services, free. President Stoddard, FORMER SECRETARY OF ARIZONA, resident agent for six thousand companies. Reference: Any bank in Arizona.

STODDARD INCORPORATING COMPANY, Box 8-H, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

SIX PER CENT

When money is deposited with this bank, it is surrounded with every banking safeguard and draws interest at the rate of 6%.
Please write for our booklet "E."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL $100.000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers
Tin Rollers

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection.

CREX

GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

TRADE MARK

Summer on the Porch

WITH the approach of Summer when Nature is clothed in all her beauty with blossoms and green grass there comes a longing for the "Out-of-Door Life" and the Porch really becomes the living room.

Hammocks are hung, rockers and settees installed, potted plants, palms and ferns give a decorative effect and on the floor are spread the very latest in porch comforts, the new, clean, sanitary

Crex Grass Rugs

CREX imparts a cool, refreshing atmosphere, even during the hot, sultry summer days and at such season one becomes fully convinced of its true value. No summer cottage, bungalow, club or home is complete without CREX.

Carpets Solid Colors — plain and striped effects—in all widths. **Rugs** All sizes, in a large variety of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

CAUTION—Avoid imitations. The genuine bears the CREX label.

Sold by all Up-to-Date Carpet and Department Stores. Send for free Booklet E., beautifully illustrated, in colors.

CREX CARPET COMPANY, 377 Broadway, New York

HAVE YOU TRIED *Knotair* "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality"

A fine, sheer, light, lisle-like hose equal to the hardest wear. A SEAMLESS stocking; looks sightly and fits snug.

Knotair comes in all the fashionable shades, especially the Pure Silk Lisle—

SIX PAIRS GUARANTEED TO WEAR SIX MONTHS

or new hose—FREE. That's the "**Knotair**" kind. Made from the best American long staple yarn. Triple cross-woven at the vital points where ordinary hose give way. We guarantee the dye will not fade or crock.

If you're not acquainted—try our

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Clip off attached coupon, mail to-day with **25c.** (in any convenient way) and we **will send you, prepaid, One Sample Pair of MEN'S or WOMEN'S Lisle-like Hose,** with the privilege that, after you have examined the hose and are pleased with them, you can have the remaining Five Pairs and a guarantee for the Six Pairs against wear for Six Months for **$1.75.** For **35c.** we will send you Pure Silk Lisle Hose and the remaining Five Pairs and the guarantee for Six Pairs, Six Months, for **$2.65.**

MEN'S and WOMEN'S lisle-like hose (Black, Tan, and Grey). Women's with *Interlaced Garter Stocking Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months* . . . **$2.00** the box

WOMEN'S Lisle-like OUTSIZES in Black and Tan . . . . **$3.00** the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green and Purple. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, Taupe, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with *Interlaced Garter Stocking, Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months* **$3.00**

WOMEN'S SILK-LISLE OUTSIZES in Black and Tan . . . . **$4.50** the box

Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for booklet "Knotair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." **IT'S FREE.**

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FILL IN — CUT HERE — MAIL TODAY.
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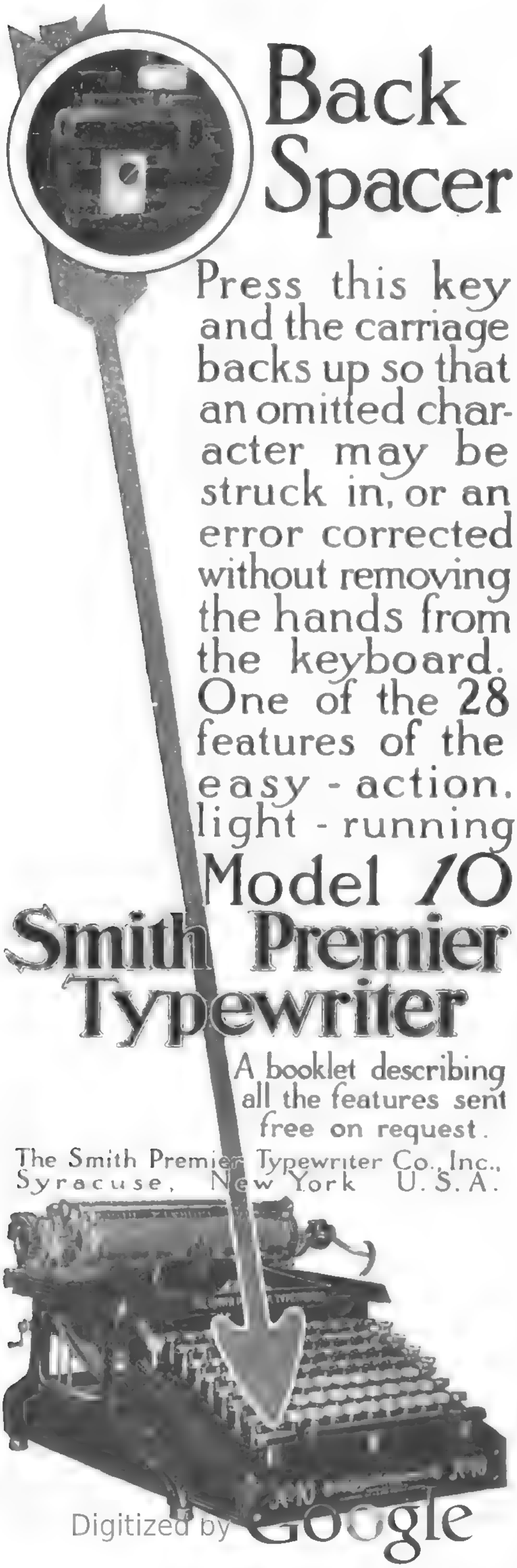
5395 Westminster Avenue, W. Philadelphia, Pa.
Knotair Hosiery
Women
Color



Back Spacer

Press this key and the carriage backs up so that an omitted character may be struck in, or an error corrected without removing the hands from the keyboard. One of the 28 features of the easy-action, light-running

Model 10 Smith Premier Typewriter

A booklet describing all the features sent free on request.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.,
Syracuse, New York U. S. A.

Our Most Popular Bonds

We make a specialty of bonds secured by first liens on valuable farm lands. Some of them are tax liens—municipal obligations.

They pay 6 per cent—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any other large class equally well secured.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

Short time or long time, as you prefer.

We sell a general line of municipal, railroad and other public utility bonds, but we consider these particular bonds the most attractive in the market. They are preferred by a large majority of our customers—people who know about them.

We have written a book about these bonds—a book of unbiased facts and clear information. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. The book is free. Simply write us a postal, or send us this coupon. Please do it now.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds

First National Bank Bldg.
CHICAGO

50 Congress Street
BOSTON

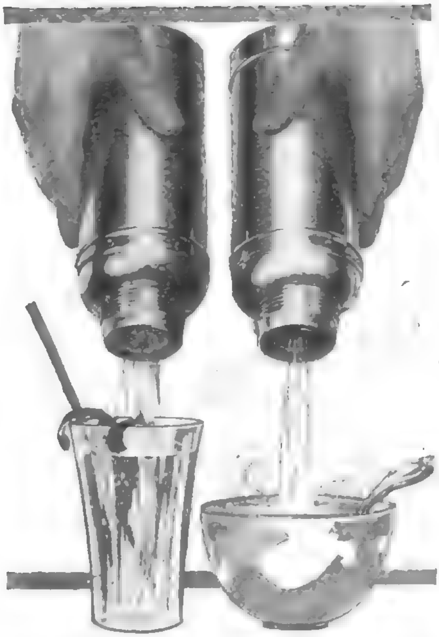
Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name..

Town..

State.. 23

THERMOS THE BOTTLE



A Freezing-Cold Drink On A Burning-Hot Day

In mid-summer, when the sun's rays beat down with tropical fierceness, and you lack ambition—lack inclination—lack the desire to do anything other than keep out of its range—then, and surely then, you'll thank yourself for having made the comfort-investment of a THERMOS BOTTLE.

The refreshing coldness of the liquid within—the ice-cold liquid that *stays* cold—ice-cold for three days—that's always ready—will stimulate you and add immeasurably to your hot-day comfort. The same bottle in the winter keeps liquids piping hot for 24 hours.

It doesn't matter what you pour into the Thermos—ice-cold milk, lemonade, champagne, coffee, tea, water—*it will stay ice-cold without ice for 72 hours—ready for instant use.*

In the New Model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented.

Pints from $3.00 up. Quarts from $5.00 up.

If you don't already own a Thermos, get one today. It's guaranteed by 30,000 dealers. Be sure to look for the name "THERMOS" on the bottle. It's your guarantee that the bottle is genuine. The others are merely weak—worthless imitations.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
1161 Broadway New York City

Column Finder & Paragrapher

Press the key designating the column or paragraph position you desire to reach, and the carriage immediately moves to that position without shock or jar. "It's like express service." One of the 28 features of the easy-action, light-running

Model 10 Smith Premier Typewriter

Complete description of all features sent free on request

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc.
Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.

Summer Dust Troubles Overcome

By the

Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by Hand — ***It Eats Up the Dirt*** — **Or Electric Motor**

The season of open windows and doors is the season of the housekeeper's greatest trouble with dust.

Every vehicle that passes stirs up the dust, and every fitful breeze that blows carries it into the home, there to be ground into carpets, rugs, upholstery, and wall decorations, and to fill every nook and cranny.

With broom, brush, or carpet-sweeper, the work of getting out this dust is an endless task—a continuous round of hard, laborious toil.

How different it is with the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER!

With the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER, you just take the nozzle and gently agitate carpet, rug, upholstery or curtain, and—whisk!—all dust and dirt, all germs, moths and eggs of vermin, are sucked out of it and gobbled down into the machines's capacious maw, never to trouble you again.

Sent to You Direct for $25

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is in the great majority of cases operated by hand. It requires no strength or skill of any kind—compared with sweeping, it is play. Weighs only 20 pounds, and is easily carried about.

Completely equipped for hand operation, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER costs only **$25.** So tremendous is the saving it effects—in time, labor, health and actual money—that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

The electric motor attachment of the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is not a necessity, but a luxury. The motor is of the best standard type. It is readily attached to your electric light fixture, and uses only about two cents worth of electricity an hour.

Equipped with motor for direct current, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER costs $60; with motor for alternating current, $65. When ordering, give voltage as well as kind of current.

Any physician will tell you that summer's dust is laden with the germs of disease. Both at city residence and country home, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER will serve you well and faithfully in keeping everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet.

This neat, strong, compact, portable machine brings within your easy reach the only thoroughly efficient and strictly sanitary system of cleaning that the world has ever known. How can you afford to be without it? Get ready for the summer by ordering one at once.

Send to-day for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It gives complete information about every phase of the cleaning problem.

PRICE $60 or $65

THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

ROYAL

$65.00

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Designed and built by the master minds of the typewriter world—those who have "grown up" with typewriter making since its inception—those who have studied the whys of every success, the reasons for every failure, and have *profited* by their experience. That is *why* the Royal Typewriter is meeting with such phenomenal success, that is *why*

You can *PAY* more
But you cannot *BUY* more

A demonstration will convince you

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-6 Broadway, N. Y
BRANCHES IN EVERY PRINCIPAL CITY

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"Onyx" *Hosiery*

GUARANTEED ONYX STAINLESS

Extract from speech delivered in Congress,
April 6, 1909, by

Hon. Sereno E. Payne

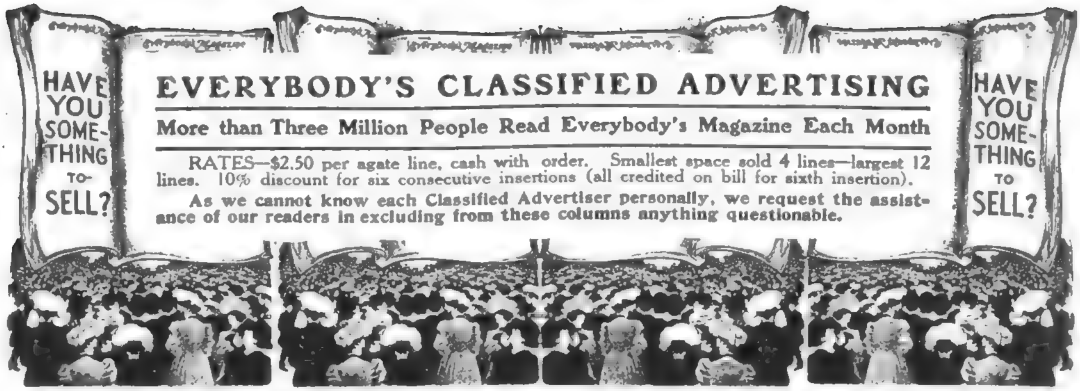
Chairman Ways and Means Committee

"LORD & TAYLOR are the largest Importers of Hosiery in this country. These people buy in the regular way and do not knowingly handle any merchandise made by the smaller manufacturers, preferring the merchandise made in the large establishments, where better regularity of manufacture is maintained, thus handling the somewhat expert grade of merchandise."

This official statement of facts should cause the consumer to demand the "*Onyx*" Brand. For Men, Women and Children. From 25c. to the highest grade made. May be had from most first-class shops in every part of the United States. Accept no substitute.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Dept. J, and we will direct you where to procure *"Onyx" Hosiery*.

Lord & Taylor ***New York***



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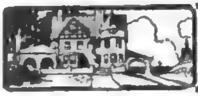
More than Three Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

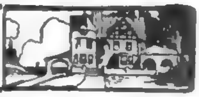
RATES—$2.50 per agate line, cash with order. Smallest space sold 4 lines—largest 12 lines. 10% discount for six consecutive insertions (all credited on bill for sixth insertion).

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable.

HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?



REAL ESTATE



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IRVINGTON, ALA., FARM LANDS—Wonderfully productive Fruits, Nuts and Staple Crops—Abundant harvests. Rain plentiful, healthful climate, pure water, good markets, good schools, good neighbors. Help and advice given settlers. Agents wanted. Free booklet. Irvington Land Co., 9th Floor Association Bldg., Chicago.

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ORANGE, ALFALFA, VINEYARD AND FRUIT LANDS in San Joaquin Valley, California. Unequalled soil, abundant water, $60 an acre and up. Make you independent in few years. Booklet "The San Joaquin Valley" and 6 months' subscription to our journal, "The Earth," free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1172 E Railway Exchange, Chicago.

COME TO KINGS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, AND DO BETTER. Good land, water plenty, sure crops, corn, cattle, hogs, dairying, alfalfa, raisin grapes, peaches. Send for booklet and local newspapers free. Learn the truth. Address Chamber of Commerce, Dept. E., Hanford, Calif.

ALL ABOUT CALIFORNIA; its fruits, vineyards, dairying, cattle, poultry; unequalled money making opportunities; people with small capital making fortunes; send for free literature; Tatum-Winstanley Co., H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

$3 PER ACRE MONTHLY WILL BUY RICH FROSTLESS Orange and Grape lands in fertile El Cajon Valley, a famous beauty-spot in Southern California's most delightful climate. Have subdivided 300 acres into small homelands. A good living in 5 acres. Unusual opportunity. Write immediately for free illustrated booklet. Address J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, California.

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IRRIGATED ORCHARD HOMES, 2½ miles from Denver, overlooking city. Apples, cherries, plums, truck, small fruits, poultry. Big high-priced home market. Easy terms. Literature shows plan and our responsibility. Write The Denver Suburban Homes and Water Company, 617 Commonwealth Building, Denver, Colo.

COLORADO HOMESTEADS ON MOFFAT ROAD FREE TO YOU. Homestead 160 acres of land with rich soil, pure water and fine climate, on Moffat Road (Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Ry.) in Routt County, Colorado. We have no land to sell—it's absolutely free from the Government and now open for settlement. Law allows you to return home for 6 months after filing. We help you locate. Oats 90 bushels to acre, wheat 45, barley 70. Act now and get a good farm. Write for free book, maps and full information that tells how to get this land free. Address W. F. Jones, General Traffic Manager, 752 Majestic Bldg., Denver, Colo.

INVEST IN DENVER LOTS. Fortunes will be made during the next year. Thousands moving here every year. Send for beautiful illustrated booklet "50 Years of Hustle," mailed free. Inform yourself about the "Queen City of the Plains." Learn of building lots in the magnificent Boulevard System, where the best people are locating. Just twenty minutes from the business center on car line with excellent service. Prices now are $250 to $1,000, cash or time. Magnificent homes going up on all sides. Denver is growing rapidly. These lots are the best possible investment—with every prospect of doubling in value in one year. Deeds delivered through bank and guaranteed. Highest references. The La Shar Investment Co., 608 Empire Bldg., Denver, Col.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

WHY LIVE NORTH? Freeze to death in winter. Die of sunstroke in summer. Long life at Jacksonville, the New York of the South. Don't scatter in wild southern feud towns. Our "Tell-the-Truth" booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

TYPICAL, TROPICAL TAMPA, FLA., Population 50,000, 177 Factories, annual Pay-roll $13,000,000.00, Wholesale center, annual business $11,000,000.00. Deep Water Port. Rich in natural resources, excellent opportunities for Investments, industries and enterprises. For particulars write Clyde Glenn, Sec't'y, Tampa Publicity Club, Tampa, Fla.

FOR BARGAINS IN ORANGE GROVES AND LAND in Lots from 10 acres up to 10,000, suitable any kind of farming, orange growing, cattle, horses and hogs raising. Healthy; convenient to schools and churches. Write W. E. Wilder, [illegible]lly, Desoto County, Florida.

FLORIDA

TWO AND FIVE ACRE SUBURBAN GARDEN tracts and city lots in Tampa, Fla.—Selling rapidly—Paved streets through these lands just ordered built by County Commissioners. Write for illustrated Booklet. Address The Mutual Realty & Investment Co.

IDAHO

LICHTY & BABCOCK—TWIN FALLS, IDAHO. SOLICIT correspondence regarding largest tract irrigated fruit and grain lands in the world—City of Twin Falls now has population of 5000, Churches, schools and all conveniences of eastern cities.

MINNESOTA

INFORMATION ABOUT MINNESOTA. 200-PAGE BOOK compiled by the State describing industries, crops, live stock, property values, schools, churches and towns of each County, and Minnesota's splendid opportunities for any man. Sent free by State Board of Immigration, Dept. E. 2, State Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MISSISSIPPI

ASK ME HOW YOU CAN BE INDEPENDENT. It's free. $35 secures 10 acres Miss. Coast land capable of producing $2,000 to $4,000. My book tells all about it. Climate is healthy, mild and delightful. Address Edwin B. Lang, Durham Block, Gulfport, Miss.

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GREAT MONEY-MAKING RANCH AND FARM opportunities in Montana. For investor—successful 8,000-acre stock ranch at $6 an acre. For colonizer or farmer—$10 land yielding $12-an-acre net profit. Many others. Write for full particulars. J. E. Webb, Choteau, Montana, or P. O. Box 557, New York City.

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$5 MONTHLY BUYS 5 ACRES FOR $100, GOOD LAND near Atlantic City, N. J., adapted to fruit, truck and poultry. In thriving community, near manufacturing town. Two mainline railroads, large river. Excellent shipping facilities to resorts, New York and Philadelphia. Mild, healthy climate, pure water. Early spring forces products into market at fancy prices. Title insured. Booklet free. Daniel Frazier Co., 671 Bailey Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BIG OPPORTUNITIES IN BLUEWATER VALLEY, New Mexico. Irrigated land ten acres and up; best water rights; fine soil and climate; close to Railroad and schools; ready markets; big free range; $15 per acre cash, $15 per acre yearly. No taxes, no maintenance charge and no interest for three years. Address W. F. Shelton Land Agency, 214 Sheidley Building, Kansas City, Mo.

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NEW YORK CITY LOTS, ON LIVE NEW TRANSPORTATION development. Whole section gaining 25% in value yearly. No sacrifice, but splendid investment offer, cash or time. For full particulars address F. Morell, 253 Broadway, New York.

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$250 BUYS ONE ACRE LONG ISLAND BUNGALOW SITE. High ground, wooded, rich soil, fine view of bay and Atlantic. Industrial development will quickly increase value. Write at once for Map and postcard views. Address E. Haverhill Realty Co., Metropolitan Building, New York.

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GOVERNMENT LAND NOW OPEN FOR ENTRY, IRRIGATED under the Carey Act, in Central Oregon. Water Rights $40 per acre. Write for Booklet E. Address Land Commissioner, Deschutes Irrigation & Power Co., Bend, Oregon. No Blizzards, Floods nor Cyclones.

SOUTH DAKOTA

FOR SALE—CENTRAL SOUTH DAKOTA FARM LANDS AND stock ranches in the Missouri River country, the artesian basin, tributary to the Capital of the State, and in the corn belt. $18 to $35 per acre. Write for terms of payment and booklet—"Resources of South Dakota." Address William W. Waite & Co., Blunt, South Dakota.

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VIRGINIA FARMS AND COLONIAL ESTATES near Washington, D. C., from $25 to $150 an acre. Fox hunting, good fishing. Pleasant Social life. For full Particulars address J. Preston Shannon, Purcellville, Va.

REAL ESTATE—Continued

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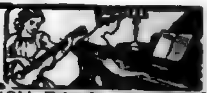

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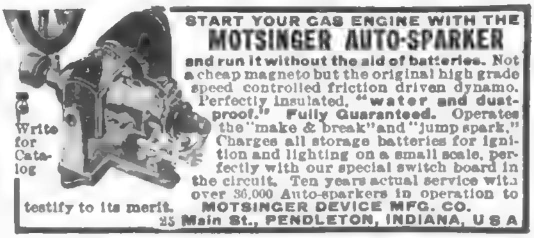

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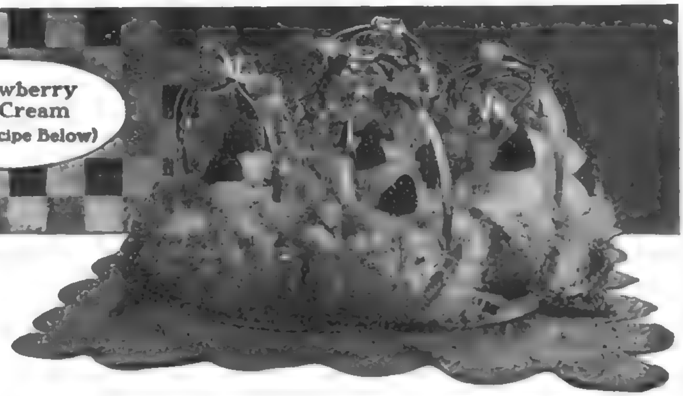

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Pick the strawberries, sprinkle over them three tablespoonfuls of the sugar, let stand in a cool place for one hour, then rub through a sieve. Make a custard with the two eggs, milk, and the remainder of the sugar. Dissolve the Gelatine in the water; strain into the custard and allow to become cool; then stir into the fruit pulp, add the lemon juice, red coloring and cream. Freeze, and when frozen allow to ripen for two hours.

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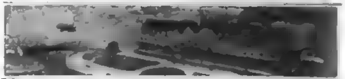

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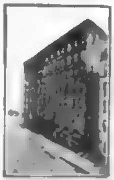

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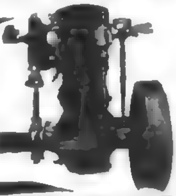

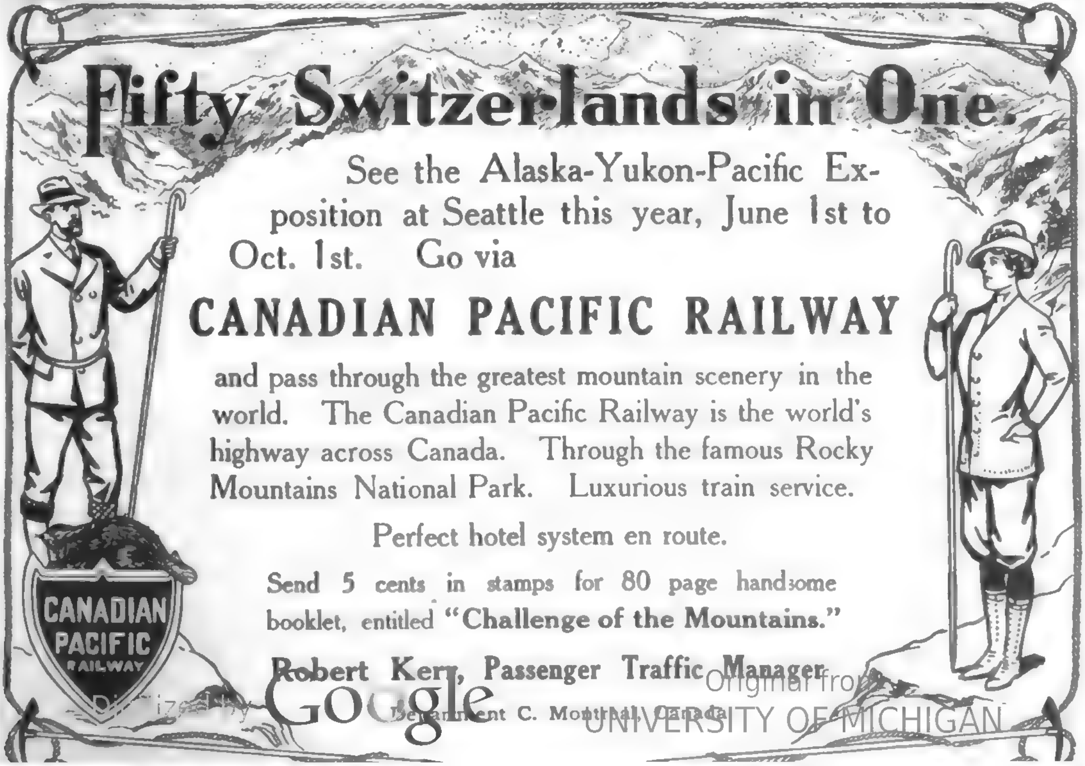

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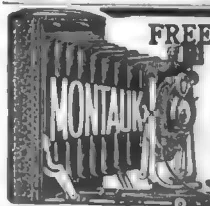

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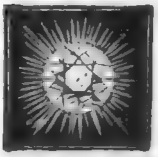

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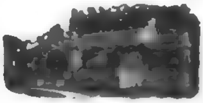

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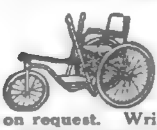

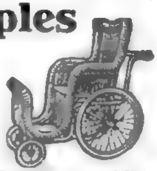

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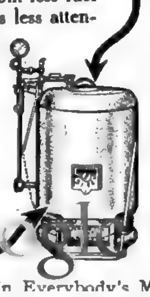

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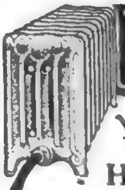

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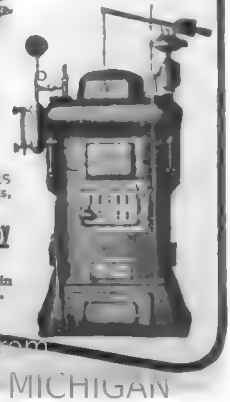

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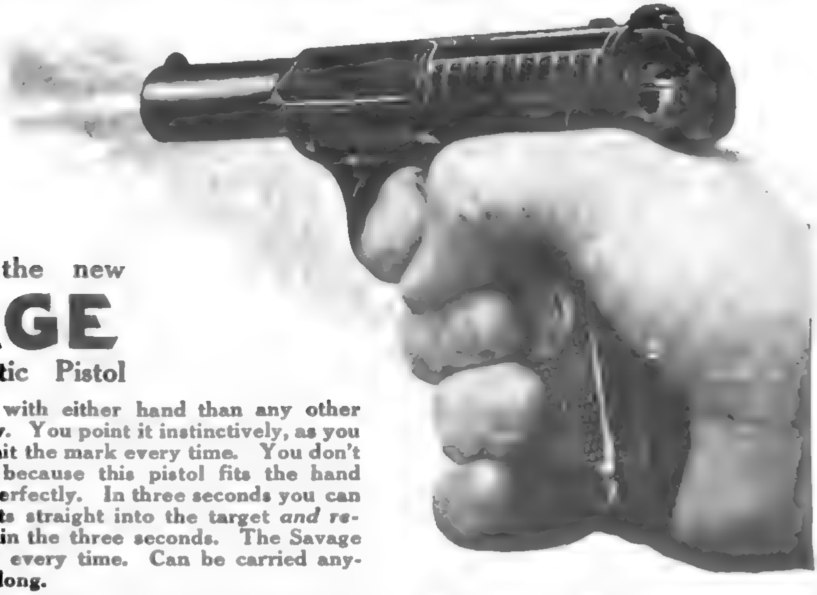

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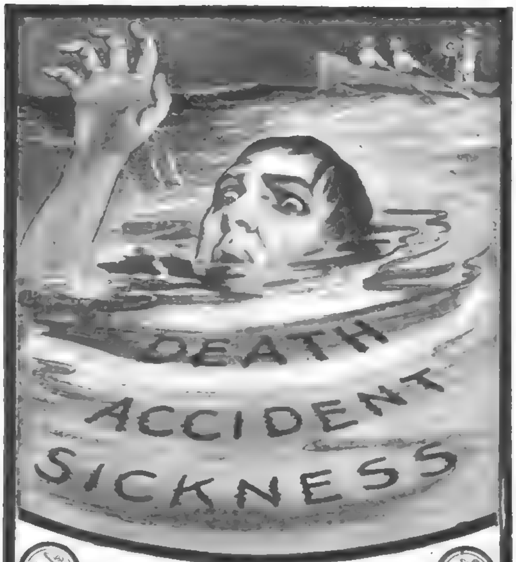

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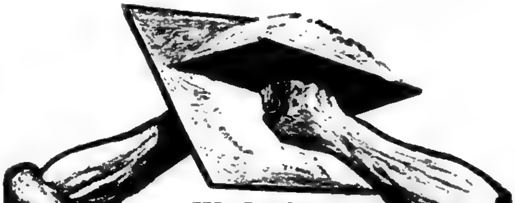

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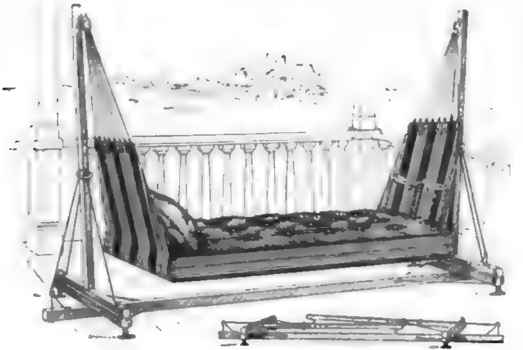

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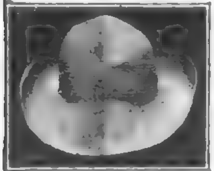

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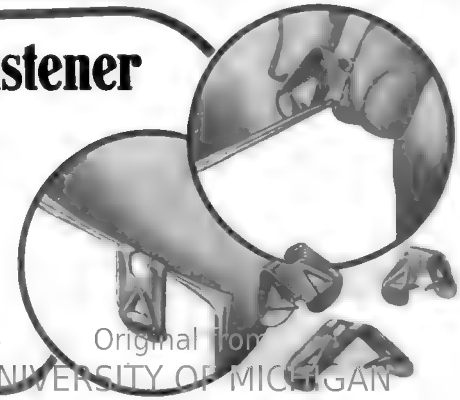

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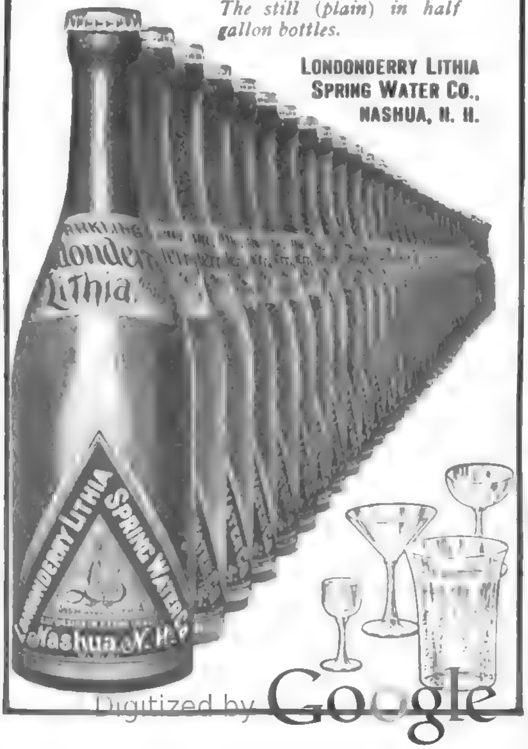

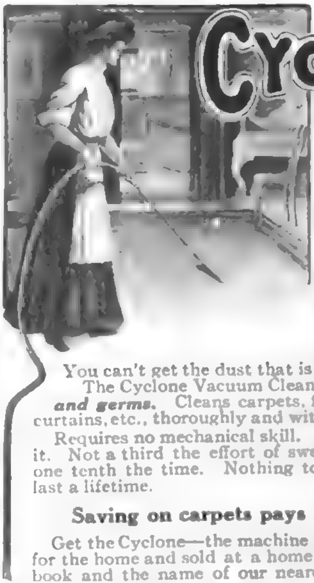

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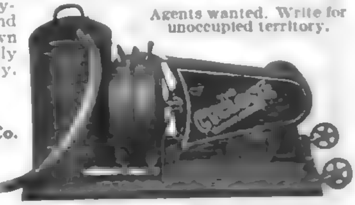

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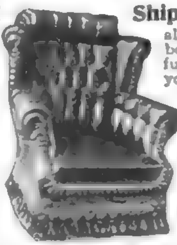

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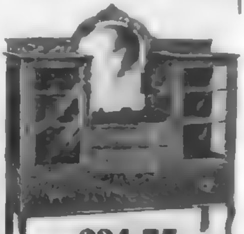

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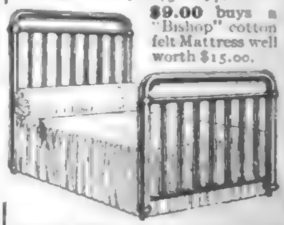

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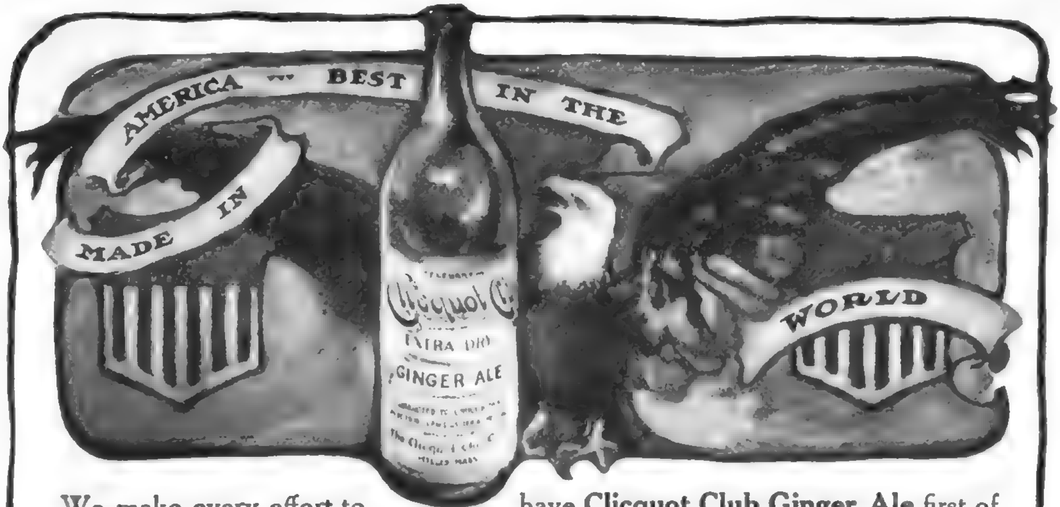

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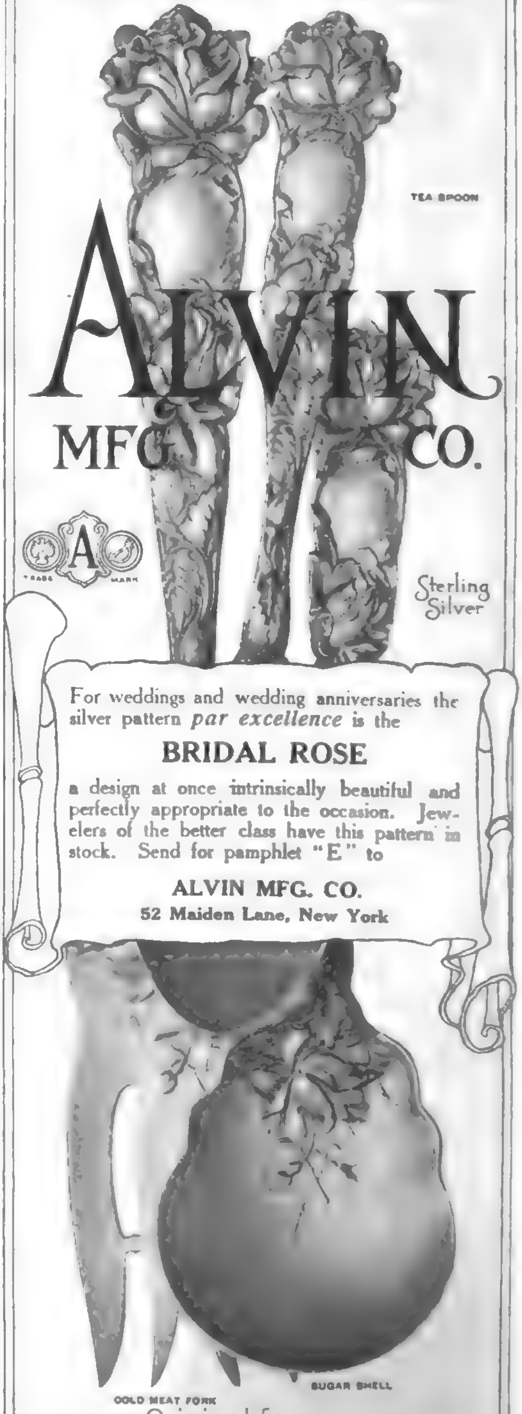

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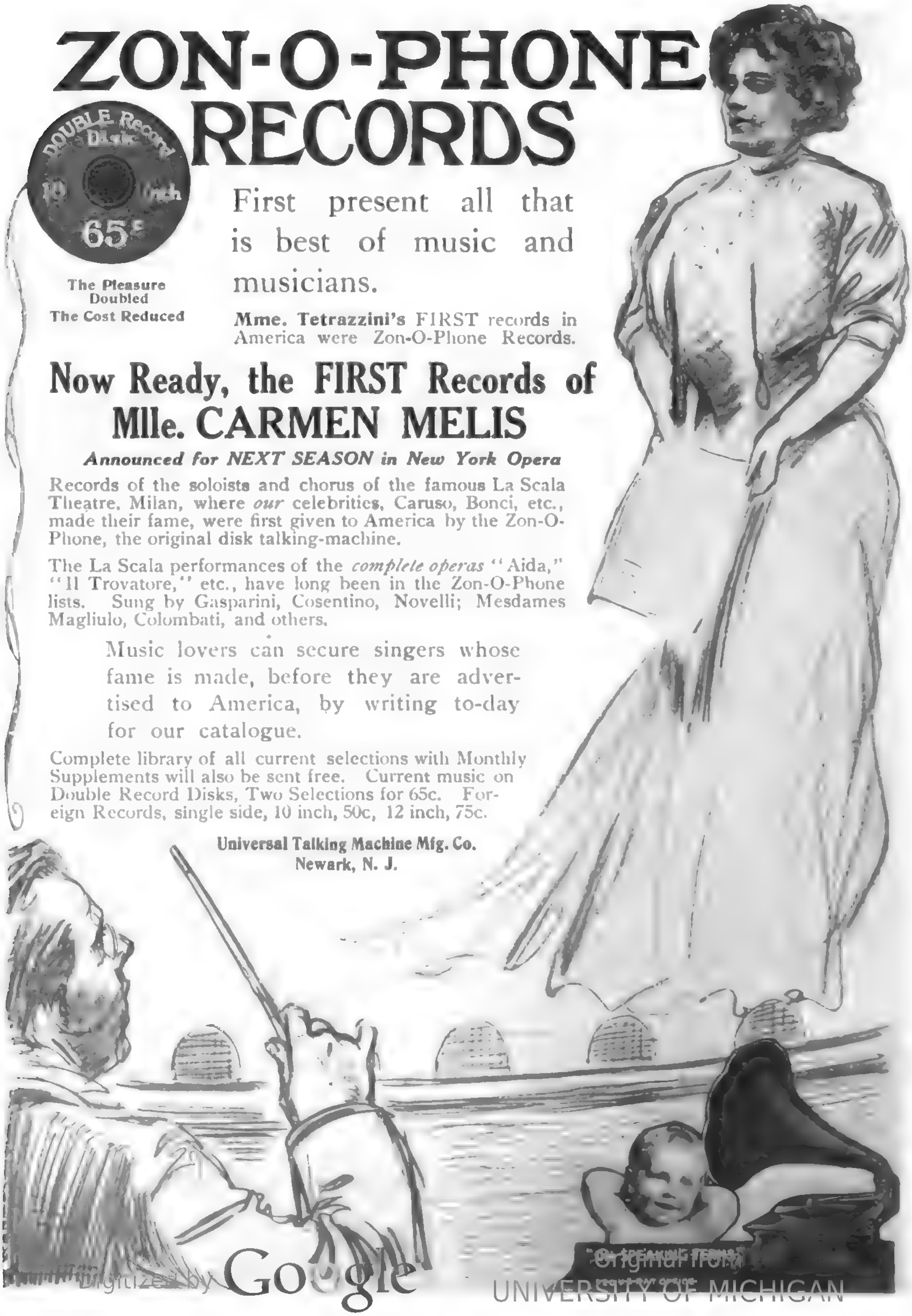

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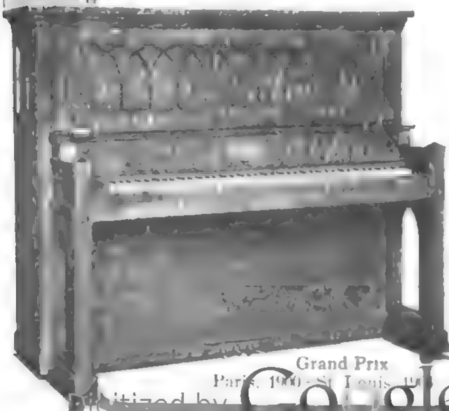

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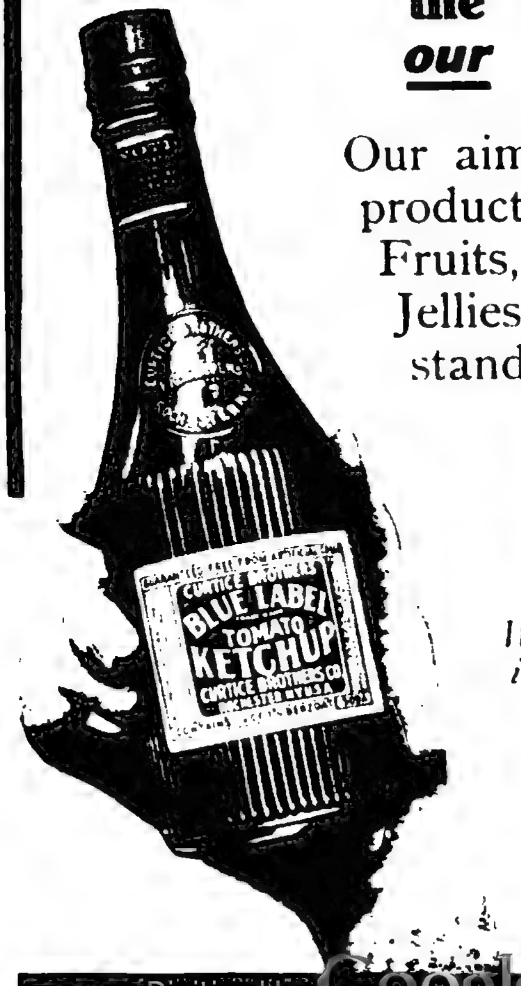

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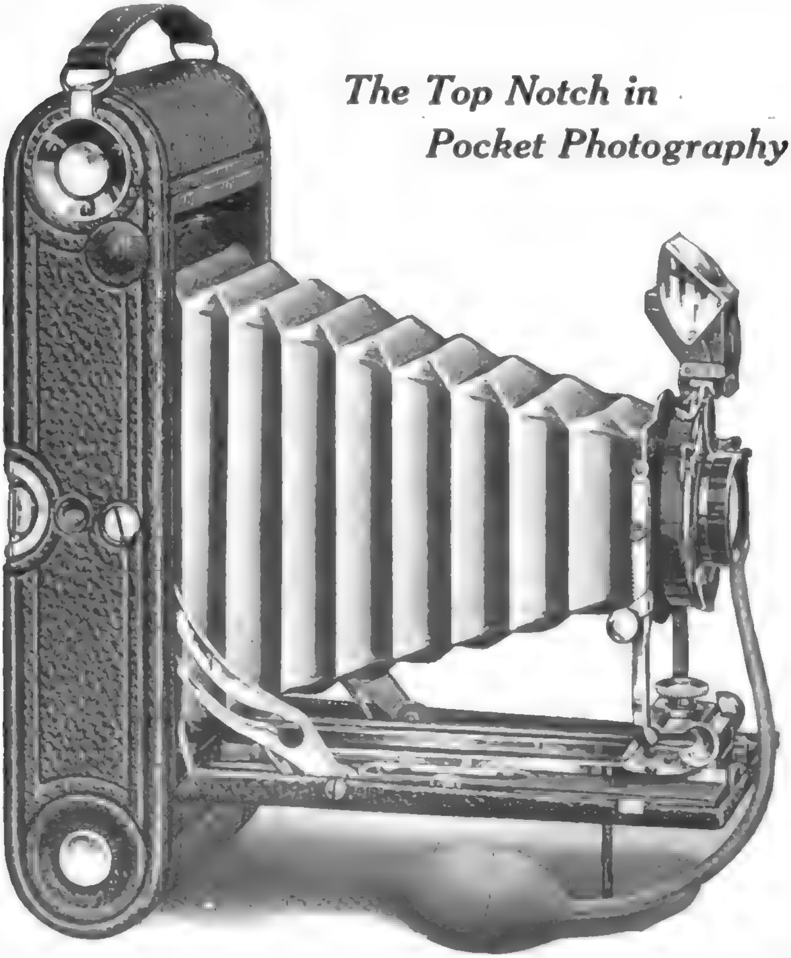

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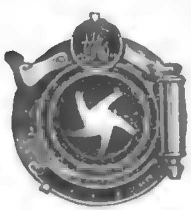

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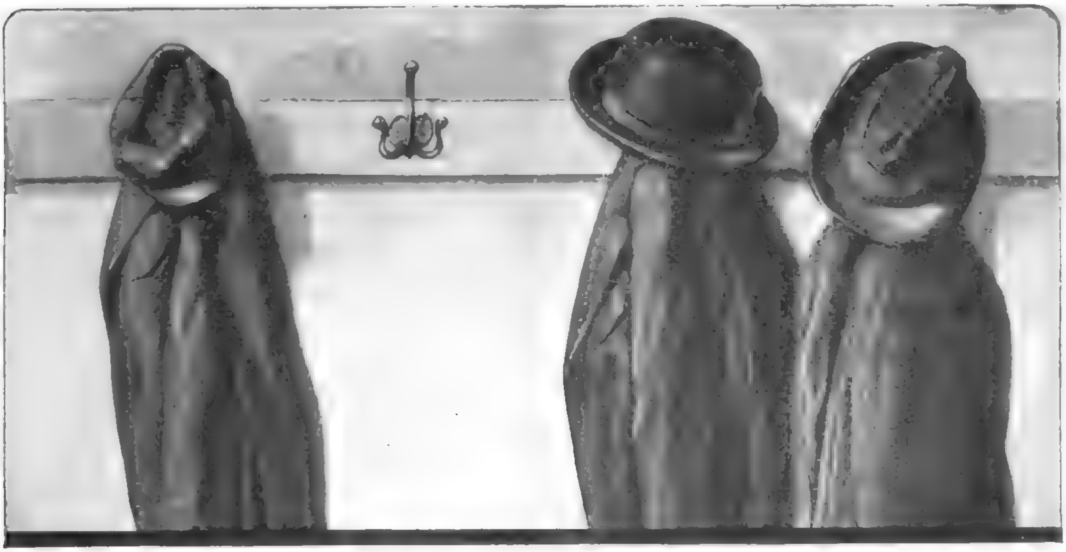

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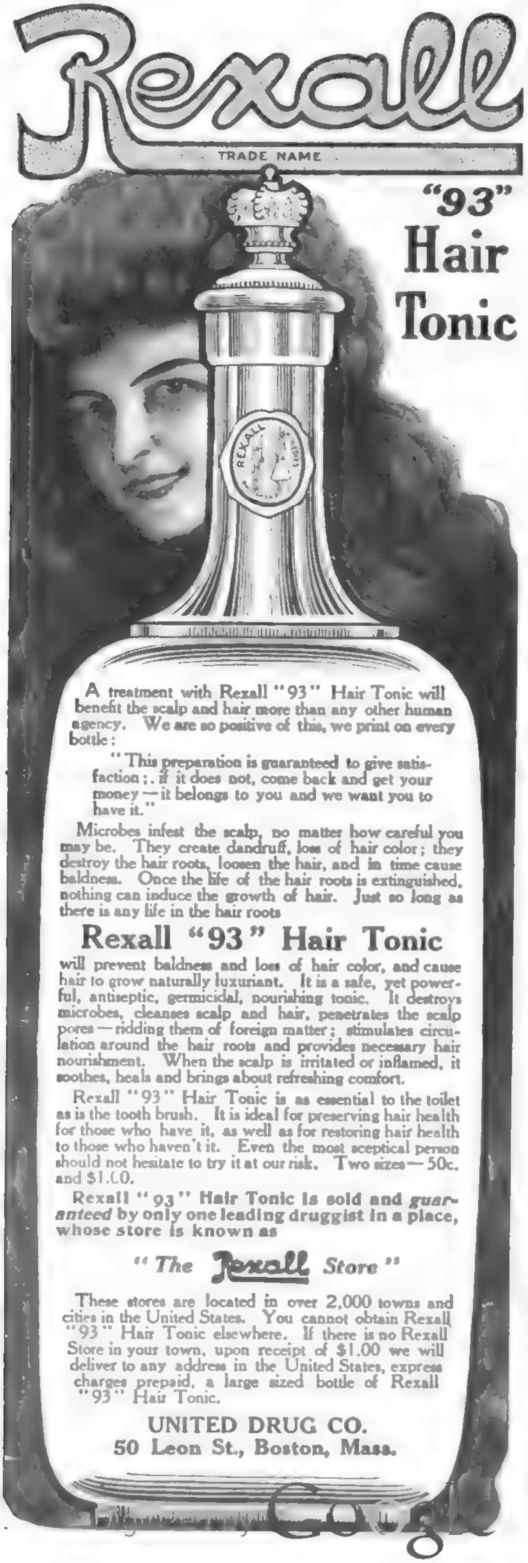

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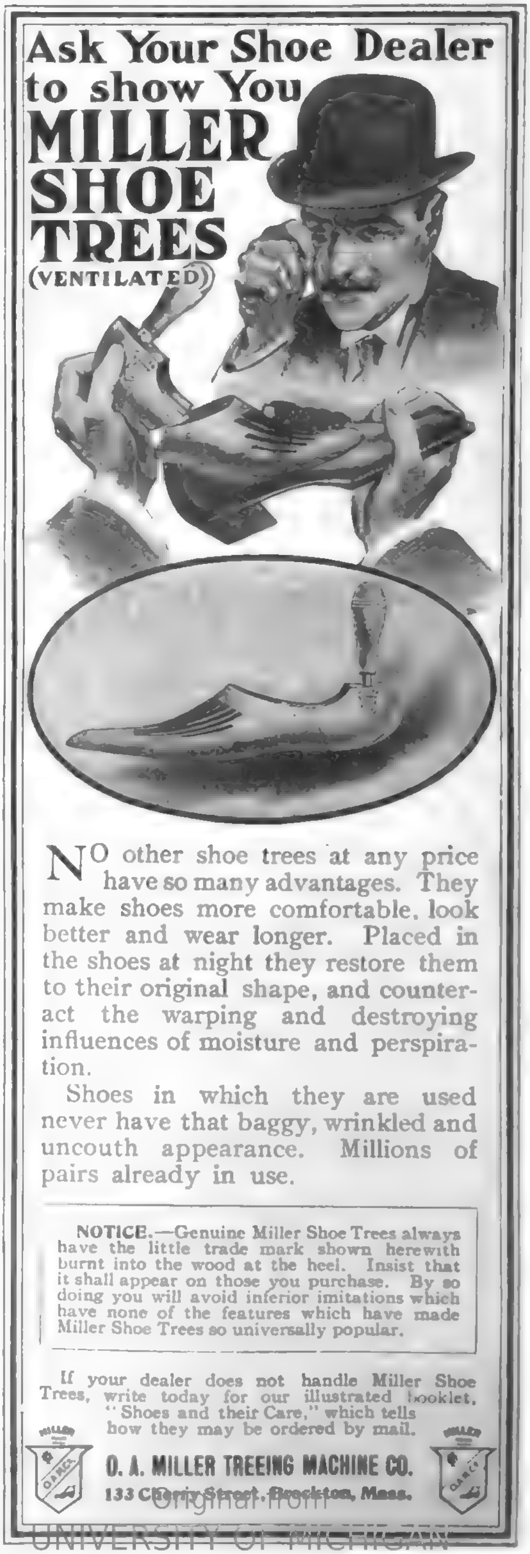

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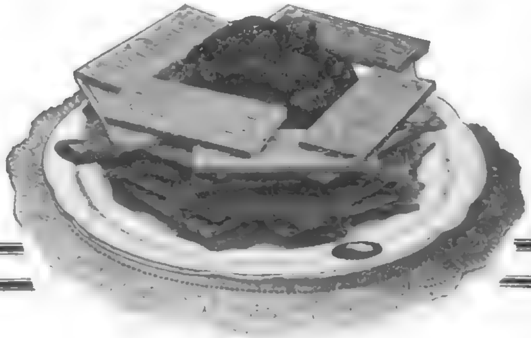

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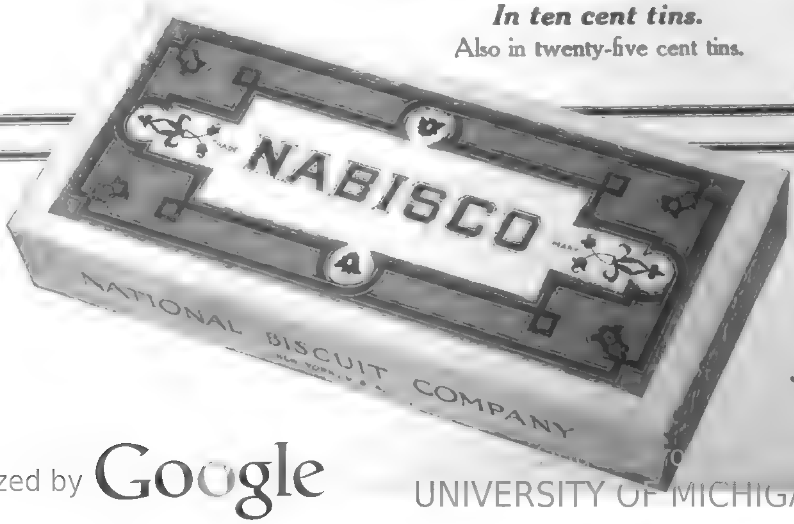

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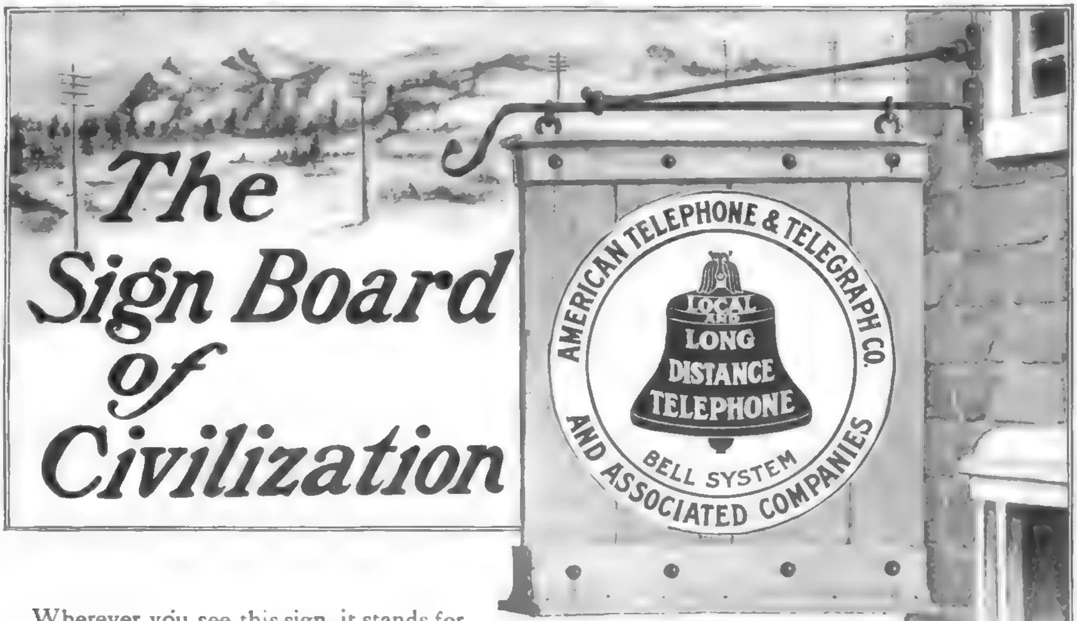
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Bell telephone service has brought the entire country up to the same instant of progress.

It has unified the Nation.

As soon as a new town springs up in the woods, on the plains, at the cross-roads, or walled in by mountains, the signpost of civilization is erected—the sign of the Bell. Telephone service puts the people of that town into communication with one another and with the outside world.

It puts the town on the map.

You can see this march of progress right in your own neighborhood. Every little while some neighbor has a Bell telephone put in. If you have one, every new subscriber enlarges the scope of your personal contact. If you have not, every new telephone makes you the more isolated—the more cut off from the activities about you.

Just as individuals in your locality use the telephone for mutual convenience, so towns and cities in *different* localities are served and advanced by the long distance telephone.

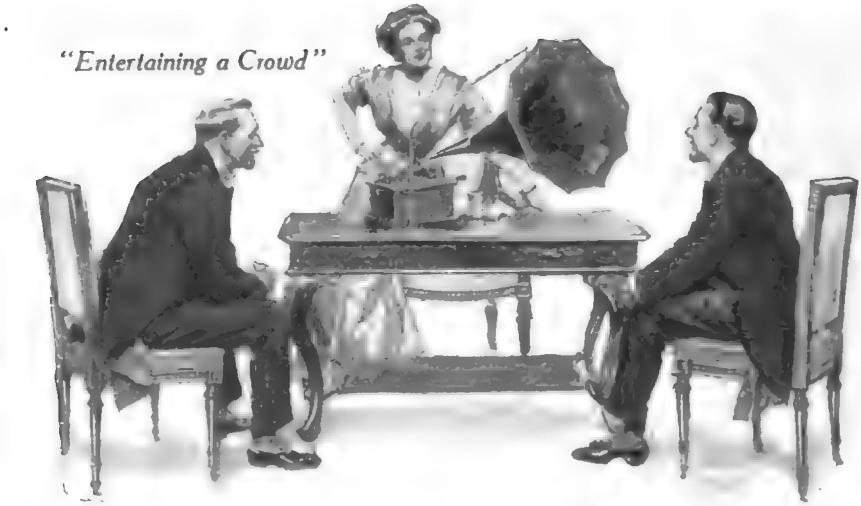
Each contributes to, and benefits by, the broad universal service of the Bell.

The busy man who wants to accomplish more than he is now doing can well afford to make use of the Bell Long Distance service. It is the most efficient office assistant imaginable. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance station.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



"Entertaining a Crowd"

Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in Edison Amberol Records

MUCH of the world's best music has heretofore been too long for any record of any sound-reproducing instrument. If used, it had to be cut or hurried. Such music, executed as the composer intended it, is now offered in Edison Amberol Records.

Amberol Records play twice as long as standard Edison Records and longer than any other records of any kind.

Thus Amberol Records bring to Edison Phonograph owners an exclusive and unusual list of songs and musical selections.

The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison Phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense.

No instrument, except the Edison Phonograph, plays Amberol Records; so if you want the music that Amberols have made possible your instrument must be an Edison Phonograph.

ANY Edison dealer will play these new Amberol Records for you and supply you with both Phonograph and Records. Any dealer will change your present Phonograph to play both standard Edison Records and Amberols. Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

EDISON RECORD TALENT

Mabel McKinley

Grace Cameron

Anthony & Harrison

Manuel Romain

Will Oakland

Cal Stewart

Billy Murray

Steve Porter

Marshall P. Wilder

Harry Lauder

Ada Jones

Len Spencer

These people are among the greatest entertainers in their lines in the country

YOU know them, at least by reputation. They have spent the best part of their lives in perfecting themselves for the sole purpose of entertaining others. Each is a specialist; all are among the best that the field of opera, music hall, concert, musical comedy and vaudeville has produced.

They represent a few of the artists now contributing to the monthly programs offered in the form of Edison Records. The owner of an Edison Phonograph commands the services of this array of talent; not for himself alone, but for his family and friends; not on occasions, but all of the time.

The Edison Phonograph does not specialize. Its great and ever-increasing popularity is due to the fact that its powers of entertainment are as broad as the land—offering to each what each prefers.

IF all of the artists who have contributed to the June list of Edison Records were billed to appear at a single performance, neither distance nor price would keep you away. Yet they can do no better in their various lines than they have done in making these new June Records.

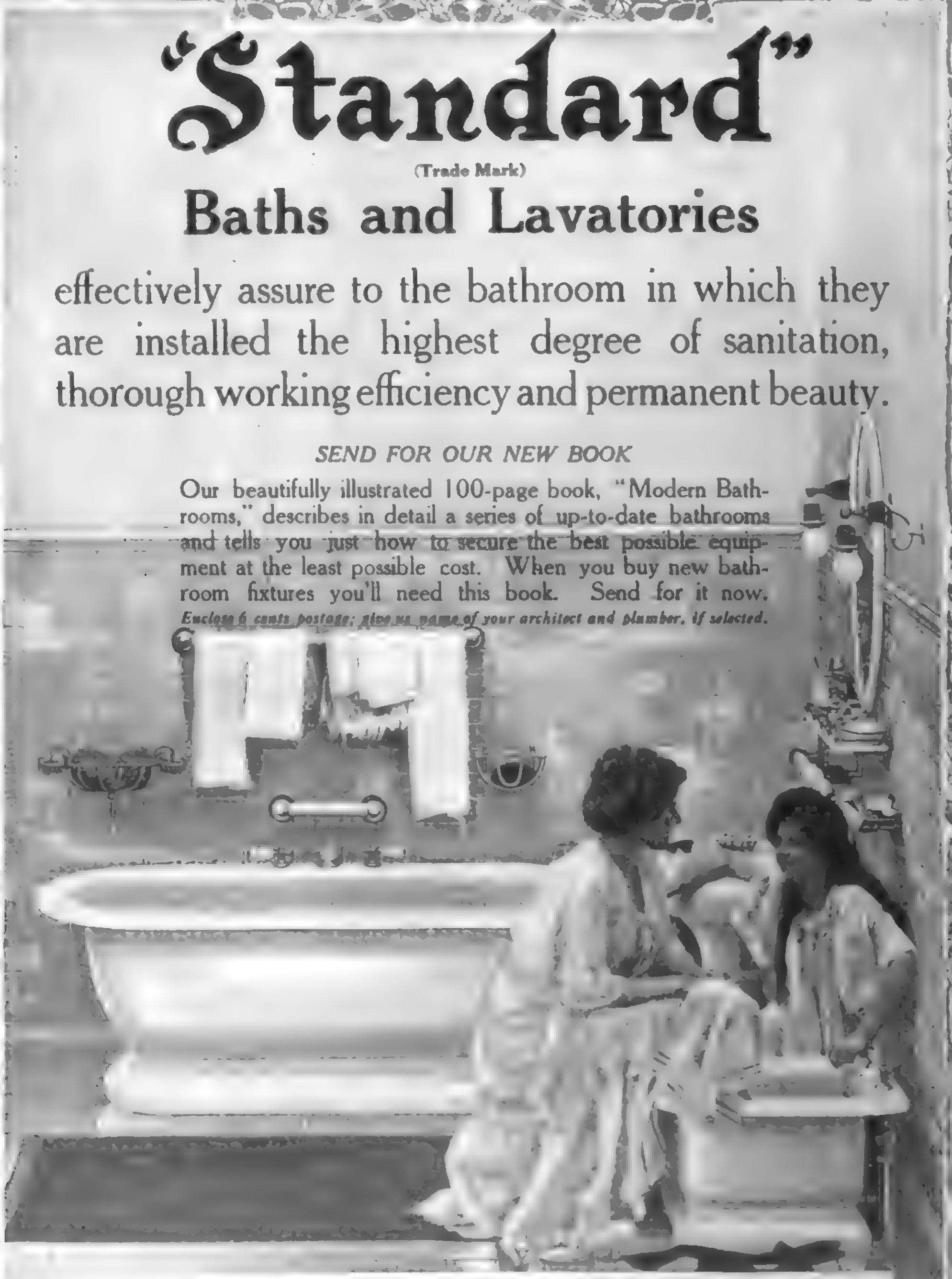
There are forty Records from which to choose, twenty of them Amberols.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—$12.50 to $125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.



"Standard"

(Trade Mark)

Baths and Lavatories

effectively assure to the bathroom in which they are installed the highest degree of sanitation, thorough working efficiency and permanent beauty.

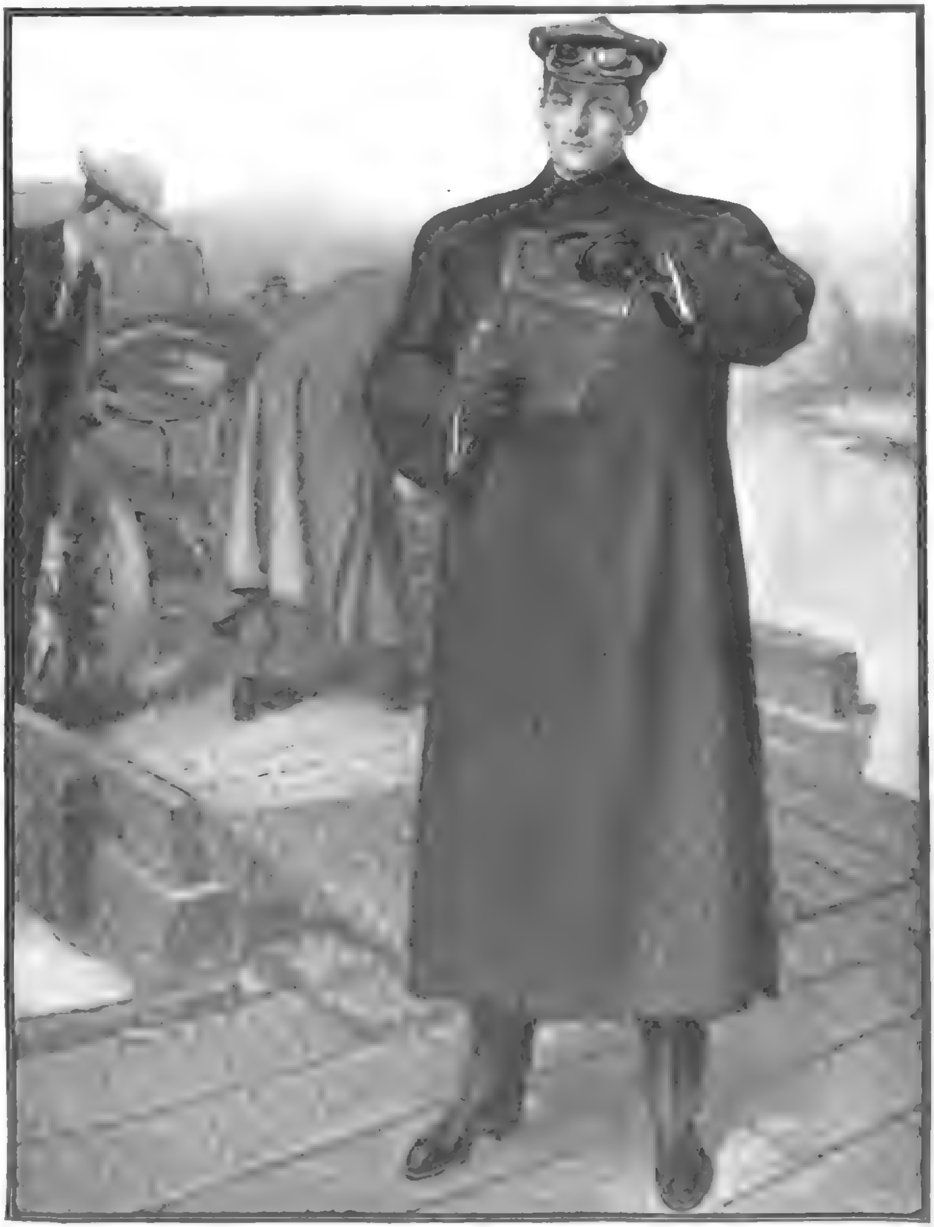
SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOK

Our beautifully illustrated 100-page book, "Modern Bathrooms," describes in detail a series of up-to-date bathrooms and tells you just how to secure the best possible equipment at the least possible cost. When you buy new bathroom fixtures you'll need this book. Send for it now.

Enclose 6 cents postage; give us name of your architect and plumber, if selected.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**, Dept. G. - Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms. New York: 35-37 West 31st Street. Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Avenue. St. Louis: 100-102 North Fourth Street. Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street. Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut Street. New Orleans: Corner Baronne and St. Joseph Streets. Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E. Toronto, Canada: 59 Richmond Street, East. Montreal, Canada: 39 St. Sacrament St.



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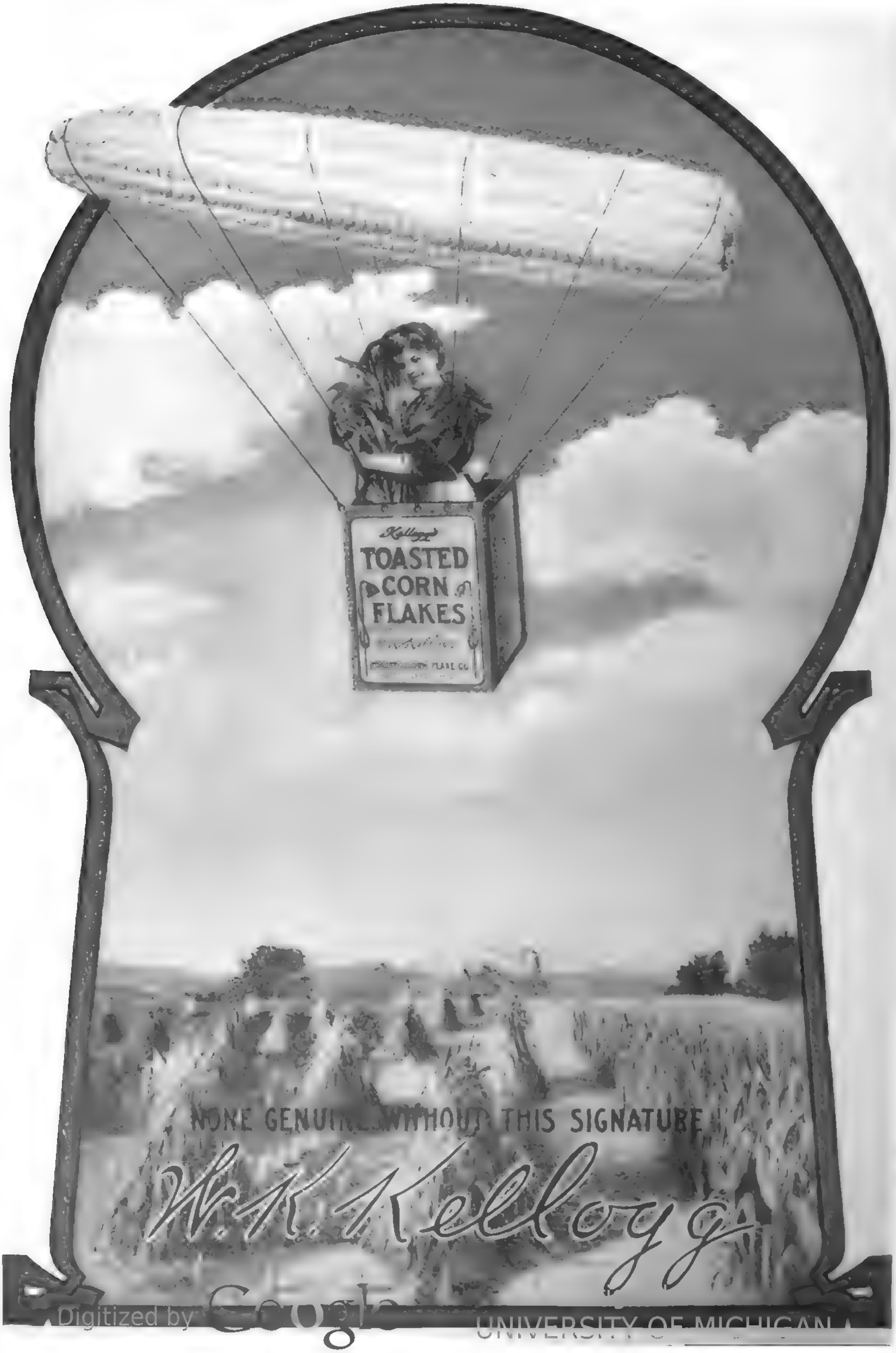
FOR summer tours, you'd better wear the best clothes; all-wool; style you're not ashamed of; tailoring right.

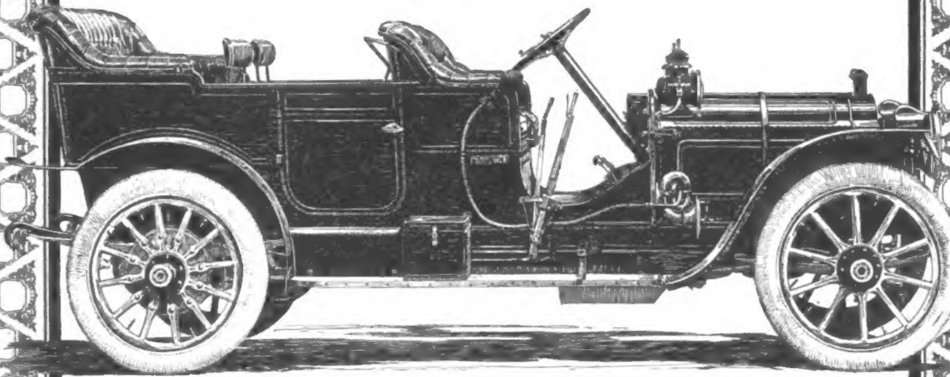
Find our mark in them; small thing to look for, big thing to find. Send six cents for the Spring Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York


Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
FLAKE CO
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg

Packard
MOTOR CARS
1910



The Packard "Thirty" Touring Car

HERE is the climax of twelve years of consistent progress in the manufacture of motor cars of the highest type.

Packard "Thirty"

Touring Car	Runabout
Limousine	Close-Coupled
Landaulet	Phaeton

Packard "Eighteen"
Town Car

| Open Car | Runabout |
| Limousine | Landaulet |

Complete information from any Packard dealer, or, write for catalog.

Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

The uses of Ivory Soap are extraordinarily varied.

It is, as almost everybody knows, the best—because the purest—of bath, toilet and *fine* laundry soaps.

Because of its purity, it can be used for a great many purposes for which ordinary soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory.

One use of Ivory Soap, with which comparatively few people are familiar, is in connection with flowers.

Ivory Soap will keep them clean.

It will keep them healthy.

It will rid them of all sorts of plant pests.

Professional florists use Ivory Soap in preference to anything else. They like it because it is harmless, effective, easily applied and leaves no disagreeable odor behind it.

DIRECTIONS: Shave a cake of Ivory Soap very thin and dissolve it in two quarts of boiling water. When dissolved, add cold water and use at once. The amount of cold water which you should add depends upon what you intend to use the solution for. If for roses, carnations, violets, chrysanthemums and plants with leaves of similiar texture, add 10 gallons. The compound should be sprayed on, care being taken to see that it reaches the under side of the plants. Rinse with clear, soft water half an hour after applying. In small quantities use a sixth of a cake of Ivory Soap, dissolved in a pint of boiling water; and add one and a half gallons of cold water.

For begonias, ferns and all tender and bulbous plants, add 15 gallons of cold water. Dip plants in this or spray it over them. Rinse with clear, soft water. In small quantities, use a sixth of a cake of Ivory Soap, dissolved in a pint of boiling water. Add two gallons of cold water.

Ivory Soap – 99$^{44}/_{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

These directions appeared in the magazines of June, 1907, and are now reprinted by request.

CREAM OF WHEAT

-NONE BUT THE BRAVE
DESERVE THE FARE-

At least such fare as

CREAM of WHEAT

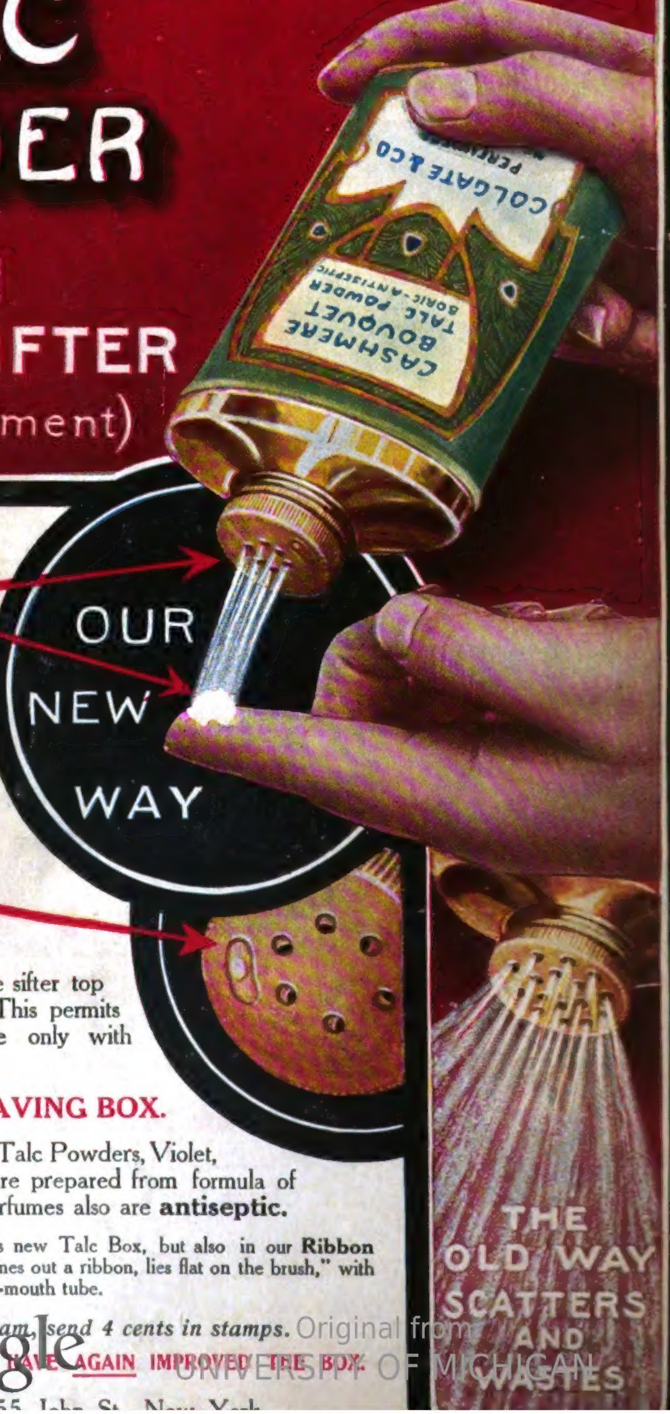
Dainty for Breakfast
Appetizing for Lunch
Delicious for a Dinner Dessert

CREAM OF WHEAT CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

WITH SIX HOLE SIFTER

(Another Improvement)



CONCENTRATES ON THE SPOT

ECONOMY:—No scattering, no waste, no sprinkling dress or coat. The position and number of the holes put the distribution of powder always under your control.

You can both concentrate on a cut or the tiny fold of baby's skin, and just as easily spread it over a large surface by merely moving the hand.

REGULATES THE FLOW

DOUBLE ECONOMY:—By turning the sifter top the six holes are made smaller or larger. This permits the most careful economy, and is possible only with **this non-leaking screw** top.

THE SAFETY POWDER IN THE SAVING BOX.

The antiseptic and soothing ingredients of our Talc Powders, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, Dactylis and Unscented are prepared from formula of an eminent physician. The three exquisite perfumes also are **antiseptic.**

COLGATE ECONOMY is shown not only in this new Talc Box, but also in our **Ribbon Dental Cream;** which in our now famous tube "Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush," with only half as much flow of cream as from the old round-mouth tube.

For trial size of either Talc or Cream, send 4 cents in stamps.

WE COULDN'T IMPROVE THE POWDER, so WE HAVE AGAIN IMPROVED THE BOX.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. F. 55 John St. New York